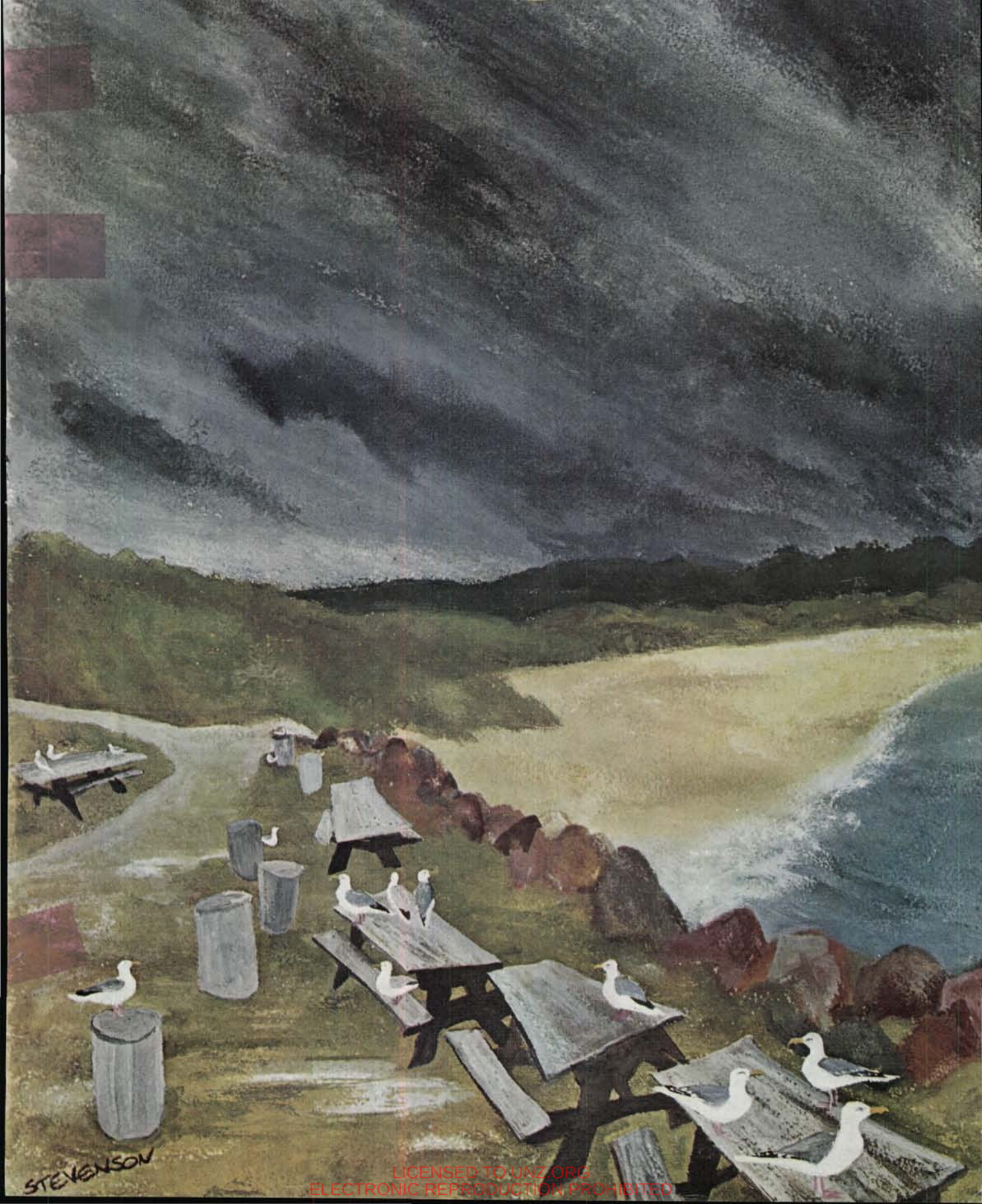


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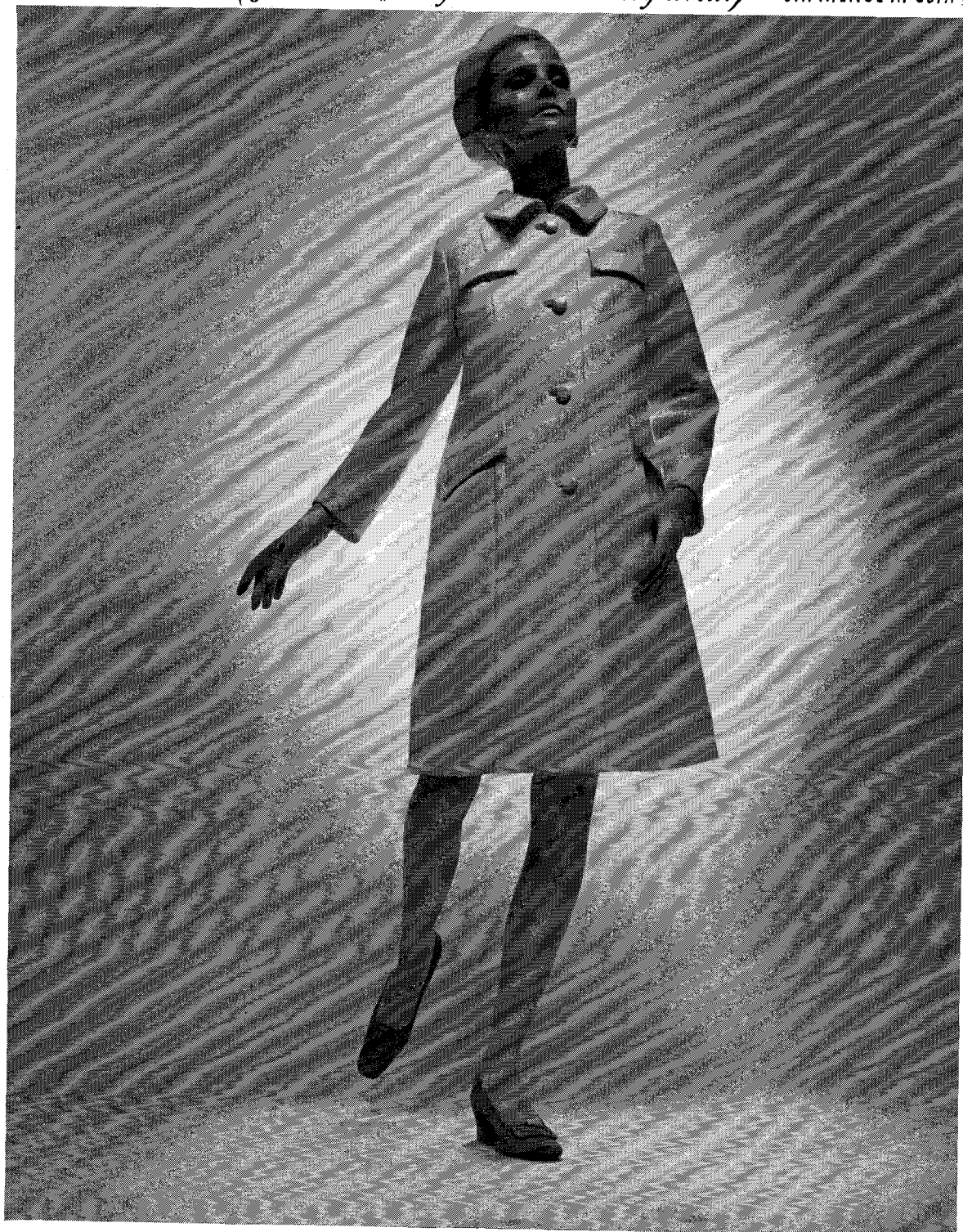
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A DELICATE BALANCE—A rich suburban family living empty, loveless lives is suddenly saddled with a couple of neighbors who are too scared (of something nameless) to stay in their own house and want to take up permanent residence with the family. This makes for a moral dilemma: shall the family let them stay or put them out? Edward Albee's play is uneven, but it is fortunate in having the likes of Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy in its cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A HAND IS ON THE GATE—Eight Negro actors reading Negro verses and singing folk songs in a program arranged by Roscoe Lee Browne (who is also one of the performers) that is only sporadically compelling. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Moves on Monday, Oct. 3, to the Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WAIT UNTIL DARK—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Monday, Oct. 3, to the George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. Starting Monday, Oct. 3, Mike Kellin will replace Mr. Hingle. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

DINNER AT EIGHT—A revival of the George S. Kaufman-Edna Ferber play. The cast in-

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cludes Robert Burr, Mindy Carson, Ruth Ford, Arlene Francis, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Walter Pidgeon, Pamela Tiffin, and Blanche Yurka. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees this week on Thursday and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Ethel Merman in a ten-week return engagement of Irving Berlin's musical, staged by Jack Sydow. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAME—This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SWEET CHARITY—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are vivacious. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WAIT A MINIM!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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LONG RUNS—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Pearl White. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

HELP STAMP OUT MARRIAGE!—A London comedy (né "Say Who You Are") by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, with a cast of four—Roddy Maude-Roxby, Ann Bell, Francis Matthews, and Valerie French. Directed by George Abbott. Opens Thursday, Sept. 29. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE INVESTIGATION—An adaptation by Ulu Grosbard and Jon Swan of Peter Weiss's play. The cast, under the direction of Mr. Grosbard, includes Vivian Nathan and Tom Pedi. Previews through Monday, Oct. 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 4. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE—A comedy by Frank Marcus, imported from London. Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins, Lally Bowers, and Polly Rowles make up the cast. The director is Val May. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE LOVES OF CASS MCGUIRE—Ruth Gordon and Dennis King in a play by Brian Friel. Staged by Hilton Edwards. Opens Thursday, Oct. 6. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—CITY CENTER DRAMA COMPANY: Jennifer Jones, Rip Torn, and Joseph Anthony in a revival of Clifford Odets's **THE COUNTRY GIRL**. The first in a series of three plays by American writers. Opens Thursday, Sept. 29, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 16. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Through Saturday, Oct. 1: **CARMEN**. ... Starting Friday, Oct. 7: **MANON**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING AND DAY OF ABSENCE—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 32, October 1, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00; other foreign, \$11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 3.)

ISRAELI MIME THEATRE—The company, appearing here for the first time, in a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE KITCHEN—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

THE MAD SHOW—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THORNTON WILDER PLAYS—Three early one-acters—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden"—all of them written years before "Our Town" and all of them containing hints of Mr. Wilder's great plays to come. The company does the first and second only fairly well and the last very well indeed. With John Beal, Susan Towers, and Bette Henritze. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Moves on Tuesday, Oct. 4, to the Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St., OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

MANUELA VARGAS—With her company of flamenco dancers in a two-week engagement. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)

MISCELLANY

FESTA ITALIANA—An entertainment including a Roman chariot race; Neapolitan, Sicilian, and Sardinian dances and songs; the joust of the Saracens; and a verification of the Quantum Theory. A two-week engagement that starts

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Thursday, Sept. 29, and will run through a matinee on Wednesday, Oct. 12. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Martin, caliph of a fantasy city founded upon shifting sands, has come east from Nevada for his annual visit and song recital, which he turns on at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The music of the Lee Evans orchestra is also a song recital, carefully thought out, as well as an invitation to the dance. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new wine in this celebrated old bottle is the transplanted décor of the late Little Club, not to mention dance music (the small squadron run by Horace Diaz). The music goes on from nine to two during the week (Sundays, too) and from nine to three on Saturdays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall's little band sounds off in the restaurant from eight until after the theatre. No music Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A landmarks-preservation committee has at least got the main hall of the barony in operation again, and a couple of orchestras urge on the guests from eight until three-thirty every night but Sunday.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's varsity crews has practice sessions in the Café Pierre night after night, and the team is in midseason form.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—There are times when the peace-loving old Persian Room sounds like a café in Roaring Gulch Camp, so come-on are the songs of the generally sentimental Jane Morgan. Her saint-and-sinner impersonations take place during dinner and supper; Mark Monte's revellers and Burt Farber's orchestra roll along all evening. On Wednesday, Oct. 5, John Gary, midnight-matinee idol, will take on the job of singing. Closed Sundays. ... ♪ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. ... ♪ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linser Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the timberline, behind windowpanes from which the world's largest smog can be viewed with impunity, Peter Duchin and seven faithful followers are making their one New York stand of the

season. On Saturday, Oct. 8, Bob Crosby and the Bob Cats (turning time backward in its flight) take over the podium. The clamor runs from eight until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave., at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The age of steam in both river navigation and orchestration. The orchestration is Cab Calloway's, and its impetus is not to be denied. On Monday, Oct. 3, another breeze out of the past—Sammy Kaye's orchestra—becomes the noisemaker. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Better than any pair of jacks as a reopener is Julie Wilson, queen of the night, who has brought back to life a pleasant memory—full-bodied entertainment in the Maisonette. Aside from her artful carolling, this involves George Cort's four-wheel-drive band and Quintero's opulent Latins. She is a dinner-and-supper event; they are perpetual. Closed Sundays. ... ♪ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He swings and sways from six to two. Closed Sundays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Brave in the face of threatened Indian-summer raids on the thermometer, the guests dance from eight to one every night (Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin assemblage do the honors) under a roof made of nothing but old sky. Everybody indoors with Chicken Little if the sky does fall.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—You wouldn't want to live in the Paris that Maurice Chevalier sings about, mainly because it never did exist, but it will be a great place to visit when he's there, which he will be (as of Sunday, Oct. 2) at ten o'clock during the week and at nine on Sundays, in the just-revived Empire Room, where Charles Turecino's band will be the dance master. ... ♪ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays; just across the threshold, a trio plays for dancing from eight to one on Fridays and Saturdays.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy for customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this jaunty crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. ... **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, pride of Danville, Illinois, now is a big-city boy, even a big-world boy, as witness the songs he sings and the piano he plays as the dawn comes up like his own thunder. As always, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks. The Short shrift is offered every blooming night. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. ... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave. at 60th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St.



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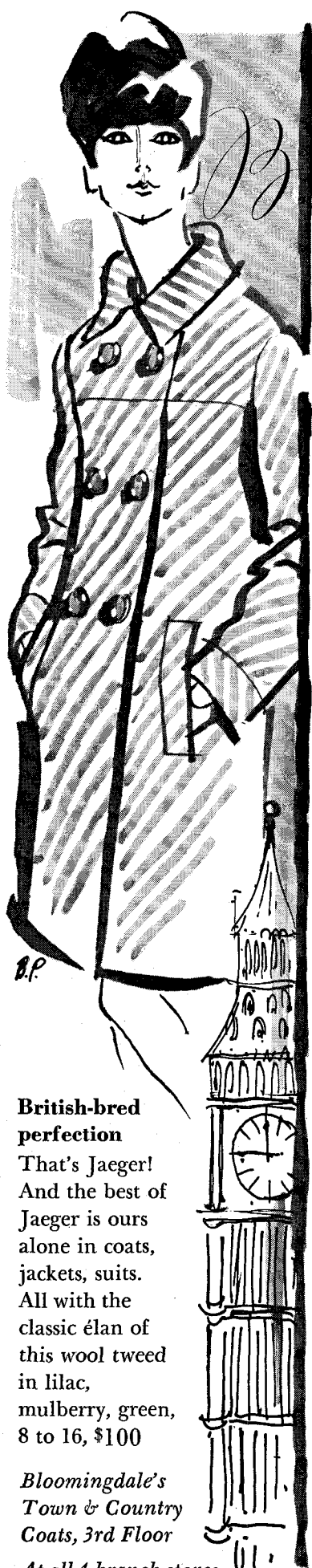
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out... **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): There's a noticeable amount of jump in this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. As of Monday, Oct. 3, the jump will mount, for Marian McPartland's jazz threesome will be added to the scenery. They will all be absent Sundays... **JANSSEN'S**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of the *basso profundo/robusto* belonging to Aldo Bruschi will find it operating (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Chicken fortissimo, veal viva voce are served up by the energetically operative staff until late at night. Closed Mondays... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week nights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways have not changed at all. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced near enough to the flame, is currently best represented by these establishments: **SHEPHERD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at eight-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, but a lot of it is woven on the spot by the trio of Dorothy Donegan, whose cottage-industry instruments are hammer and tongs. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays... **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays... **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race; the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Sunday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies... **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings (as of Tuesday, Oct. 4, the Chambers Brothers) and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath the sidewalk café of the same name lies an airy underworld whose Orpheus is a young man with two turntables. His Eurydices are mostly lovely young things turned out in the height of the new simplistic fashion, and the ambience is a sight to see. Nourishment from the café; gentle noise from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

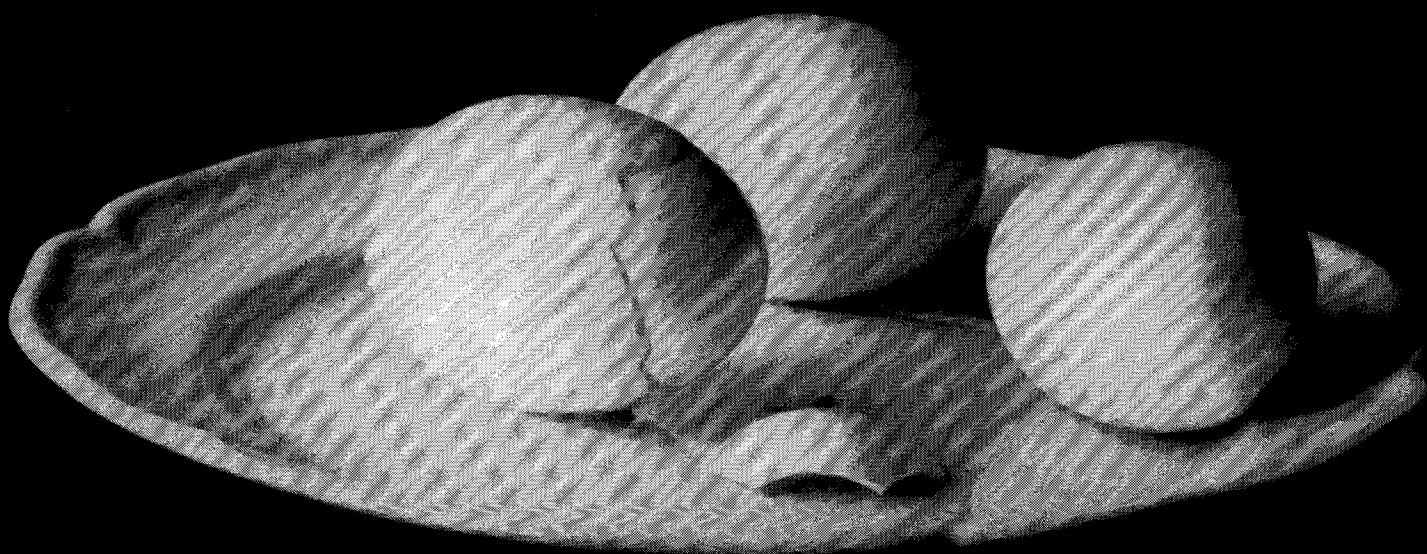
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano is in action from six to one. Sundays, someone else gets to use

the keyboard... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The residents of the walled garden love to sing about marriage Italian style in the mood and manner of Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al., et tu, Brutus. In addition, on Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston's platform manner turns him momentarily into Shakespeare, Kipling, and a few more mythical characters, and Thursday through Saturday every week there are modest interludes of dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who is the operatic impresario the rest of the week. Closed Mondays... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, and excellently well, with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who amble about from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The landscaping of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except on Sundays... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on. Kurt Maier's Viennese piano is available from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Ralph Strain, whose piano does not let the best songs of the generation ever be bygones, has found the proper setting for himself in the elaborate bar-restaurant, which he inhabits from nine-thirty until one except on Sundays. Enzo Lembo's guitar works every night but Monday... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner's well-considered piano again occupies the noble Casino-on-the-Park from six-thirty until midnight, except on Sundays... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood, and Viennese is the piano of Karl Inwald, who, on Wednesday, Oct. 5, turns its keys over to George Feyer, the customary incumbent. The music goes on from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays... **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for conversational dining while self-propelled musicians play on, play on. Closed Sundays... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Mondays... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-8398): The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme love being married to each other, and their small talk (often fitted to music) is ample proof. Also on hand: the Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer in her own right, and Bill Selby, the sort of song-and-prance man this town has long been looking for; Pat Cooper, the current wit, should be looking for new jokes. Dancing... In the lounge, which has the air of being next door to Caesars Palace, there is onstage whooping and hollering from ten until dawn by the crew labelled the Personalities and other nocturnal beings... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-



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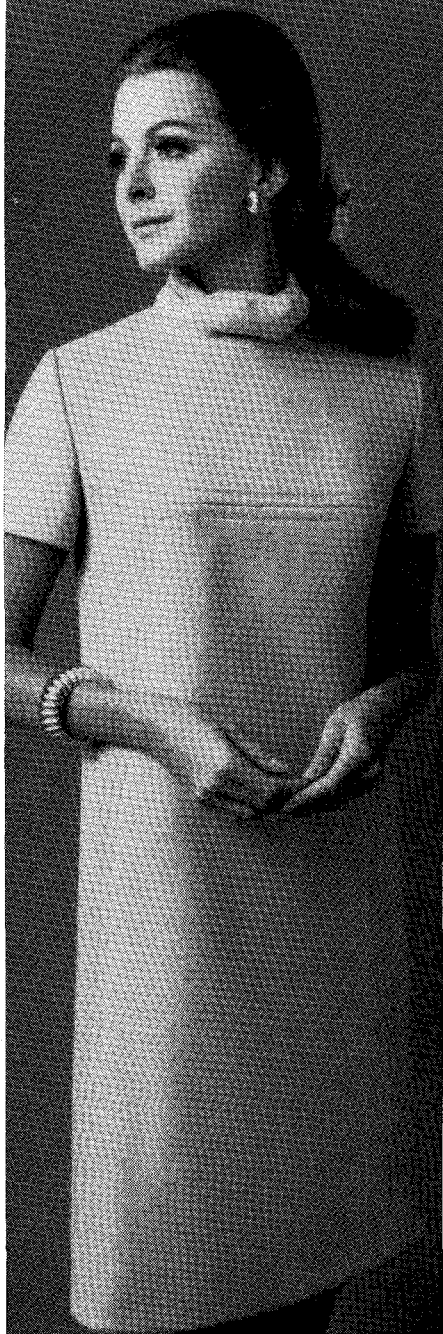
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. • SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST. • BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE • HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. • CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1735): Darkling little flowers ripened by an Oriental sun, and a set of stately American hollyhocks—this is the Garden of Eden arranged by the management. With a scattering of countrymen (singers, jugglers, and such) this collection of girlhood makes a long, splendid spectacle of itself. Dancing.... **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting effects and the music, both of which are live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Good news—Mel Tormé, a jovial singer as well as a completely musically one, along with Woody Herman's firecracker band and the humor of John Byner, who knows a thing or two about his art form. On Monday, Oct. 3, a new cast of characters is due. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Hear now a bird rare in the machine age—a lark that truly sings at heaven's gate, and sassily swings on it, too. She is Nancy Dussault, returned from the musical stage to Julius Monk's peerless drawing room. With her go Cambridge University's Tony Hendra and Nick Ullett, spokesmen with pockets full of wry. Mr. Monk, naturally, is *conférencier*. The background is double and dashing piano by Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous.... **In the neighborly Flamenco Room**, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): No new vistas on the national scene are opened up by "Below the Belt," the revue on display, but a great deal of what it has to say is said so brightly and brashly by Richard Blair, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin that it doesn't matter. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): On Monday, Oct. 3, comes the return of Joan Rivers, who is putting herself through a four-year course in self-analysis. The rough-and-ready results are in evidence twice a night during the week, thrice Fridays and Saturdays, but not before nine-thirty at the earliest. Closed Sundays.... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them does an after-theatre turn in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The band is owned by Miles Davis, from whose horn leap cries of alarm or sounds of deep mourning. Every Monday the property reverts to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen able and eager sidemen.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Sunday, Oct. 2, is the last night for Herbie Mann's drummer boys; the local gag man, Dave Frye, stays put. The all-powerful Miriam Makeba will be singing Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1. Monday, Oct. 3, is assigned in toto to Symphony Sid and his Latin musicians; Tuesday, Oct. 4, brings in the rocking-rolling Byrds.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. Joe Williams and his stentorian blues depart on Sunday, Oct. 2; the jolly quartet of Zoot Sims remains in action. On Tuesday, Oct. 4, June Christie's trio will be added. Closed Mondays.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-

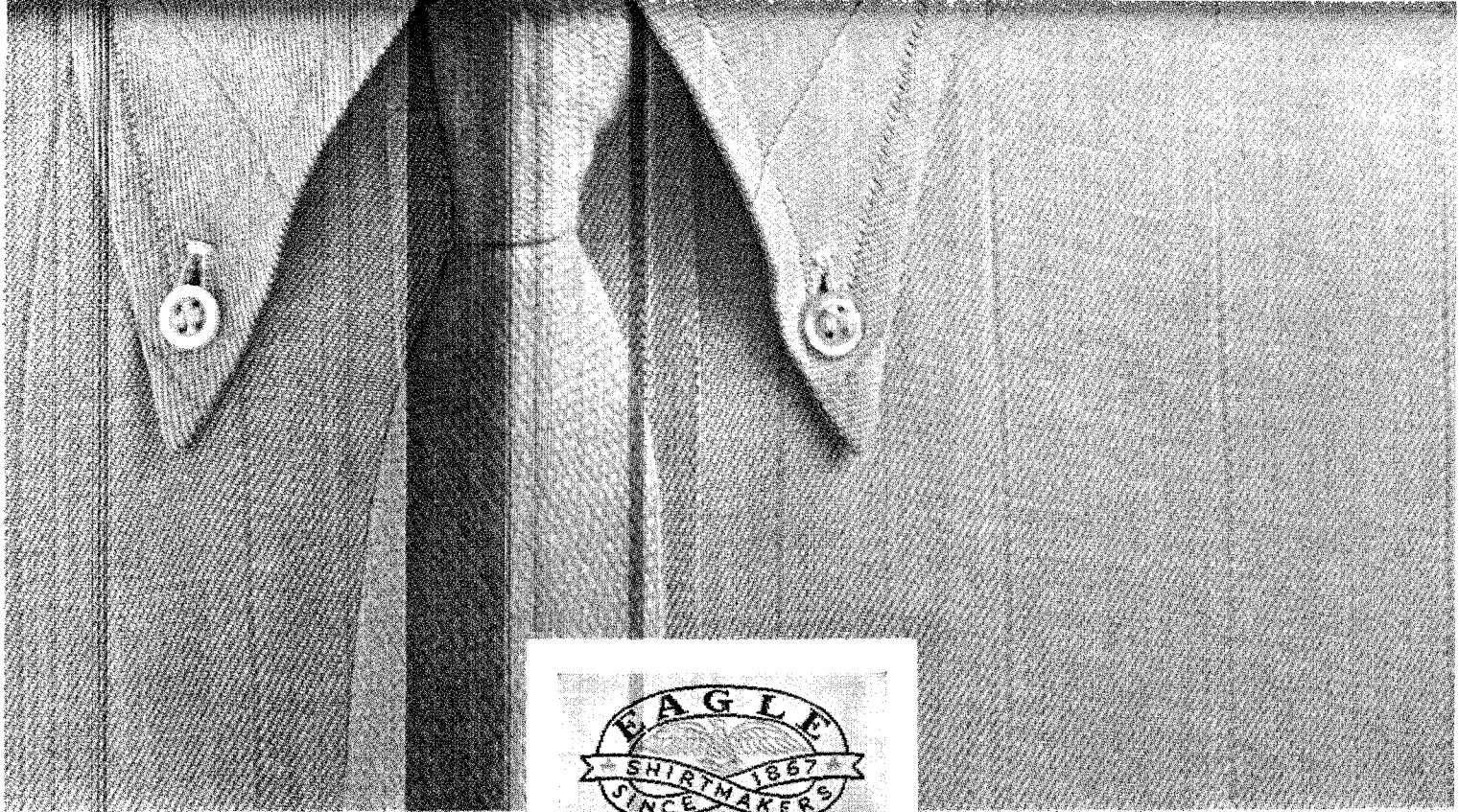
7804): The land of the coffee bean. The Serendipity Singers will be in full frolic through Monday, Oct. 3. On Wednesday, Oct. 5, Maxine Brown, soul singer, and Flip Wilson, a fast man with a joke, move in. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Hank Mobley's quartet and the carolling Irene Reid pull out on Sunday, Oct. 2. The musicians who will ensue are anybody's guess.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna, and Bob Wilber. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome makes music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is his starting time.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): An at-ease brewery, a set of junior citizens, an aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine.... **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together (or put asunder) by Kenny Dorham's quintet. On Tuesday Oct. 4, Yusef Lateef's eerie quartet will inherit the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARC CHAGALL AND ARISTIDE MAILLOL—Seven paintings by our Opera House muralist, along with small bronzes and figure studies by Maillol; through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
ARTHUR GETZ—Originals of some seventy *New Yorker* covers; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)
BERNHARD HEILIGER—Abstract bronzes; through Oct. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
RICHARD LYLE—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings from the twenties, the forties, and the sixties; through Oct. 22. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
BRUNO MUNARI—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
JACK NELSON—Constructions and assemblages—that is, remnants from the attic carefully arranged in open boxes; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)
SHAY RIEGER—Stone and bronze figures and animals; through Oct. 15. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
PETER STROUD AND JULIUS SCHMIDT—Paintings by Mr. Stroud and sculptures by Mr. Schmidt; through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
MARIE TAYLOR—Semi-abstract sculptures of animals, chosen not so much for their beauty as for their character—a frog, an insect, and

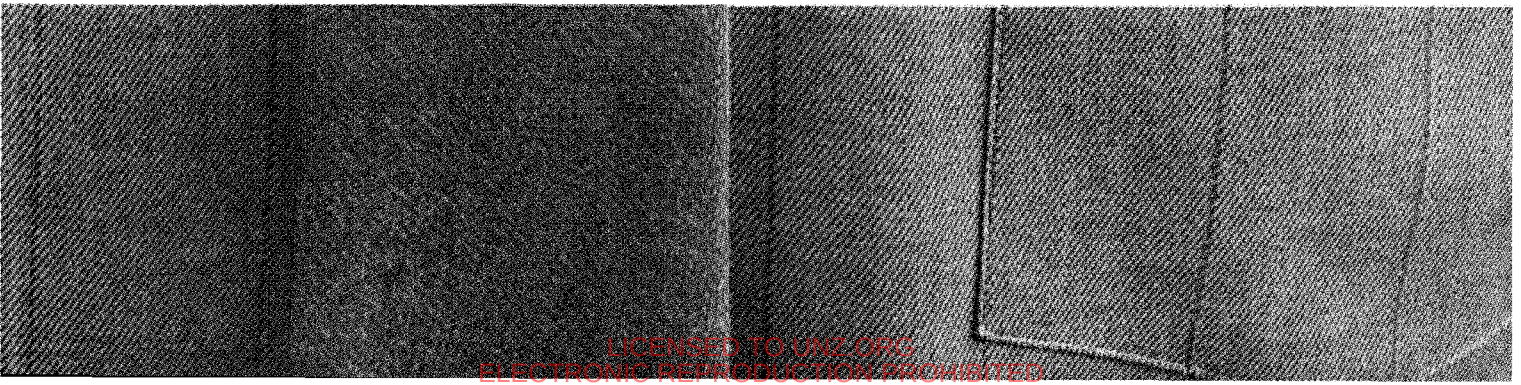


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NO, Heather Covert is a new Eagle shirting in both solids and stripes. It is so named because it has the mixy character of cottage spun yarns—by which we don't mean once-upon-a-time, but right now. ★ Yes, you can buy a Heather Covert Tromblee, with button-down collar *and* pocket, for about \$8.00 wherever Eagle Shirts are playing. If you can't find the box office write Louella Afflerbach on location below and she will send you an Exclusive. ★ The ground colors are named Heather Blue, Heather Yellow, and Heather Green. ★ If these shades do not seem as poignant as, let us say, Heather-and-Yawn or Thou Shalt Not Covert, at least you know where you stand, hue-wise. ★ The stripes appropriately, are in Keeler Ruby, Diggers of 1933 Gold, and Cat Ballou.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

an especially sad sea denizen; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK—Paintings; through Oct. 29. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

NEIL WILLIAMS—Vivid colors painted in a geometric fashion on multisided canvases; through Thursday, Oct. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK ZAJAC—Abstract bronzes; through Oct. 15. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—Sculptures in wood, shell, and bone from Peru; through Oct. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk art, including portraits, genre paintings, trade signs, decoys, and weathervanes, in a variety of styles and mediums; through Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Waldo Pierce, and Hans Moller; through Oct. 22... **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Rosemarie Beck, Alan Gussow, and Richard Miller (to name a few); through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition on loan from the Bowdoin College Museum, of Colonial and Federal portraits (mostly of the Bowdoin family itself) by Robert Feke, Gilbert Stuart, and others, plus a group of old-master drawings; through Oct. 15.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Dubuffet, Herbin, Picasso, and other twentieth-century painters; through Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists as Courbet, Miró, and Chagall; through Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

TENTH STREET—Five downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Oct. 13) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members—At the **AEGIS**, 89 E. 10th St.; **ASPECTS**, 100 E. 10th St.; **BRATA**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **GALLERY 84**, 84 E. 10th St.; and **STRYKE**, 86 E. 10th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Three recently acquired monumental mural paintings on subjects of Roman history by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, together with sketches by Tiepolo and other eighteenth-century Venetian works by Guardi, Canaletto, Bellotto, and Longhi... Another exhibition of new acquisitions—objects of Egyptian art (including tomb and temple sculptures and a variety of stone vessels, bronze mirrors, and ointment jars), ranging from prehistoric times until the merging of Egypt into the Roman Empire. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Lithographs and serigraphs by twenty young painters and sculptors, among them David Hockney, Jim Dine, and James Rosenquist; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—“Gauguin and the Decorative Style,” a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23... A showing of systemic paintings by Al Held, Larry Poons, Frank Stella, and others; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The doors of its new inverted-pyramid home have just opened with a show of paintings and sculptures entitled “Art of the United States: 1670-1966” and filling four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 30... A showing of satirical prints

“I tell you Marjorie,
I found a grand new place
to buy clothes while
I was looking for a quoit set.”



Given to just a fleck of theatrics there, Mrs. Hanson. What with all the changing we've done—a body could think our fashion floors never been here before. Fuel to the fire when you see the things we've filled them with. Cotton corduroy, collared, belted, pocketed in military style, and then magic-ed: a tattersall lining—loden green outside; or cognac color, Ancient Plaid lining. 8 to 16. \$85. Nice to have a new place to shop.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgia Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A series of thirty-one etchings of scenes of Venice done by Antonio Canaletto in the seventeen-forties, on loan from the Smithsonian Institution; through Oct. 16. . . . Paintings by the Polish Impressionist Jan Cybis; through Nov. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Nov. 6. . . . Figure paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz; through Nov. 6. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"New York: The State and the City," a selection of autograph manuscripts, letters and documents, printed books, and historical prints; through Nov. 5. . . . Illuminated religious texts in a variety of old scripts, twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the Book of Job, and a number of other books illuminated by him; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The Bed," a collection of various objects used for sleeping, ranging from a Queen Anne cradle to the more recent stacking plastic bed and a folding cardboard bed; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of past and promised gifts to the Museum collection, notably weathervanes, toys, samplers, and paintings; through Nov. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Techniques of Primitive Art," examples of weaving, carvings, ceramics, and metal works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Friday evening, Sept. 30: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejc, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi. . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 1: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . Sunday evening, Oct. 2 (postponed from Sept. 24): The Metropolitan's first presentation of Richard Strauss's "Die Frau ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Monday evening, Oct. 3: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Tuesday evening, Oct. 4: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . Wednesday evening, Oct. 5: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . Thursday evening, Oct. 6: "Die Frau ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa

Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . Friday evening, Oct. 7: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Saturday matinee, Oct. 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Diaz. (Evenings at 8; Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7. Matinees at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Beverly Wolff, Donna Jeffrey, Placido Domingo, and Nolan Van Way. . . . Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Norma Newton, Norman Treigle, Donald Gramm, Placido Domingo, Malcolm Smith, and William Metcalf. . . . Saturday, Oct. 1, at 7:45: A new production of Puccini's "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, William Beck, and Malcolm Smith. . . . Sunday, Oct. 2, at 1:15 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Noel Jan Tyl, Michael Devlin, William Ledbetter, and Herbert Beattie. . . . Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7:15: "Julius Caesar," with Maureen Forrester, Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Spiro Malas. . . . Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Beverly Wolff, Donna Jeffrey, Placido Domingo, and Nolan Van Way. . . . Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "The Consul," with Patricia Neway, Evelyn Sachs, Beverly Evans, Julia Migenes, David Clatworthy, William Chapman, and David Smith. . . . Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, John Alexander, Herbert Beattie, and David Smith. . . . Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Norma Newton, Muriel Greenspon, Joan Summers, Spiro Malas, John Reardon, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: "Aida." . . . Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: "La Traviata." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 30, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 3, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 10, at 7:30 (all with David Nadien, violin).

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Sheldon Shkolnik, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

MUNICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Hans Stadlmair conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR—Edith Möller directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ANTON KUERTI—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

DOUGLAS NORDLI—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 5:15.)

ENSEMBLE MUSIC PLAYERS—A Schubert-Dvořák chamber-music program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 5:30.)

JASCHA HEIFETZ, JACOB LATEINER, AND BROOKS SMITH—Mr. Heifetz, violin, and the Messrs. Lateiner and Smith, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7.)

LILI KRAUS—The first in a series of nine concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano concertos, with the Mozart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

GINETTA LA BIANCA—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

HYMAN BRESS—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF SERKIN AND PINA CARMIRELLI—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beethoven cycle of piano-and-violin sonatas. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

PETER, PAUL & MARY—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—French pop singer. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—The Mitchell-Ruff trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Wednesday, Oct. 5, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the National League Champion. The first two games will be played there, the next three in Baltimore, and the final two, if required, in the National League city. Games will start at 1 on weekdays and at 2 on Sunday. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

DOG SHOWS—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, Sunday, Oct. 2.) . . . Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 8.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 1: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 2. . . . Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . Yale vs. Rutgers, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 8: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 1:30.) . . . Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Shea Stadium, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:05.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Stroke Championship. (Century Country Club, Purchase, Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 4-6.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, starting Monday, Oct. 3. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 5, and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Oct. 11.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2.

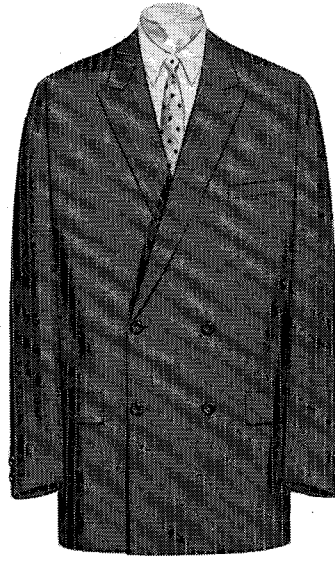
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—By the NEW YORK CITY OPERA: A performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 1:15.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall, JU 2-2424, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the B. GAY PUPPETS: "Three Wishes" and "Monkey and the Snake," Saturday, Oct. 1, at 1:30. . . . "Cinderella," Saturday, Oct. 8, at 1:30. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Royal Playhouse, 210 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647, Saturdays and Sundays at 1.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283, Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop—Tools and Techniques"



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

will demonstrate the methods employed in pictorial art and include examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. Starting Sunday, Oct. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Life Beyond the Earth." Starting Tuesday, Oct. 4, there will be a new show, "The Night the Stars Fell." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Cinderella," a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3 and 5.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Landmarks from an Elegant Past," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2:30. Meets at St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 1:45: Early French, English, and other furniture and decorations; collected by Sarah Mellon Scaife and others. ... Thursday, Oct. 6, at 1:45: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 1.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections will be Tuesday, Oct. 4, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Saturday, Oct. 8, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Monday, Oct. 10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 18 and 22 and Nov. 3, 5, 8, 12, and 15.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Joey Archer, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 21.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Oct. 16... Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Oct. 23... Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Nov. 6... **SHEA STADIUM**: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Oct. 23... Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Oct. 30.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 19 and 23 and Nov. 6, 9, and 13.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 15-22)... National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 25-Nov. 1)... Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Nov. 3-8.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 15)... Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 22)... Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 29)... Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 5)... Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 12.)

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 12-Nov. 12... UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Oct. 27-28... LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 29-Dec. 31.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 9... LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Oct. 15.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Oct. 19-Dec. 15.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 15... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20... Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 11 and Nov. 1... Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Oct. 12 and 14... Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Oct. 16... Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 18 and 25 and Nov. 8... Jan Smeterlin, piano, Oct. 20... Washington National Symphony, Oct. 23 and Nov. 6... Symphony of the New World, Oct. 24... André Watts, piano, Oct. 26... Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Oct. 30... Master Virtuosi of New York, Oct. 30... Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano, Nov. 2... Chamber symphony of Philadelphia, Nov. 9... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 9 and 12... Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, and Leonard Pennario, piano, Oct. 9... American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 10, 23, and 24, and Nov. 6-7... Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 11... Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Pina Carmirelli, violin, Oct. 13... Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, Oct. 15... Boston Symphony, Oct. 15... Andrzej Wasowski, piano, Oct. 18... Susan Starr, piano, Oct. 19... Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra, Oct. 21... American Opera Society, Oct. 28... Theodore Bikel, folk singer, Oct. 29... Roger Wagner Chorale, Oct. 30... Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 1... Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 2... Eugene Istomin, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello, Nov. 4... Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 8 and 10... Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 9... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Ensemble Music Players, Oct. 9 and 16... Juan Serrano, flamenco guitarist, Oct. 22... Lili Kraus, piano, Oct. 25... Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano, Oct. 30... Clarion Concert, Oct. 31... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): New York Pro Musica, Oct. 16... Guiomar Novaes, piano, Oct. 22... Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and Walter Berry, baritone, Oct. 29... GRACE RAINY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Oct. 28... Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 6.

DANCE PROGRAMS—Ukrainian Dance Company, at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 13-17.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist," with Michael O'Sullivan, Aline MacMahon, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco. The first production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center... "The Apple Tree," a musical by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris, Larry Blyden, and Alan Alda head the cast... Revivals of Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo," with Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino, and Maxwell Anderson's "Elizabeth the Queen," with Judith Anderson. The last two offerings in the City Center Drama Company's current season... A dramatization by Hugh Wheeler of "We Have Always Lived in the Castle," the novel by Shirley Jackson. Shirley Knight and Alan Webb have the leading roles... A London comedy, "How's the World Treating You?," by Roger Milner, in which Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, and James Bolam will appear... Shelley Winters in "Under the Weather," a trio of one-act plays by Saul Bellow: "Out from Under," "Orange Soufflé," and "A Wen"... "Don't Drink the Water," a comedy by Woody Allen, starring Vivian Vance, Lou Jacobi, and Anthony Roberts.

OTHER DATES—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 10-15... Columbus Day is Wednesday, Oct. 12... Fall Flower Festival, at Essex House, Oct. 19... Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 30... Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 8... Veterans' Day is Friday, Nov. 11.



**This
woman
drinks
ice water.**

Most people do.
And most people just go sipping along.
But this woman drinks ice water
the same way she enters a room;
with flair, with presence and with a
touch of mystery. She has a perfume.
She has a signature.

Her signature is **carven's ma griffe.**



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



H. Martin

THE BIBLE—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY—A poker game is the source of considerable excitement and mirth in this brash, star-spangled Western. Henry Fonda and Joanne Woodward head a cast that includes such stalwarts as Burgess Meredith, Paul Ford, Charles Bickford, and John Qualen. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 5.)

LE BONHEUR—A picture small in scale, delightful in tone, and less romantic than it looks at first glance, the subject being happiness. Written and directed with great intelligence by Agnès Varda and starring Jean-Claude Drouot, his wife, and two small children. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

DEAR JOHN—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 4.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

FANTASTIC VOYAGE—In which we learn that a trip through the human bloodstream is as dangerous as going over Niagara in a barrel. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

KALEIDOSCOPE—A thriller about crooked gamblers, Scotland Yard, a kooky girl, and a kinky castle. With Warren Beatty and Susanah York, and directed by Jack Smight. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

KHARTOUM—Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier are enemies in a historical blockbuster about General Gordon of the Sudan. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

LADY L—Sophia Loren and Paul Newman, in a preposterous comedy distinguished by the fact that Peter Ustinov wrote the screenplay and directed it. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 4. . . . 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 5, tentative.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

MY FAIR LADY—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an en-

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

trancing Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE NAKED PREY—Cornel Wilde, director and actor, running away from enraged African tribesmen, has trouble finding a bite to eat. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Oct. 4.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen, and the reduction of its length from three hours to two is all to the good. Ernest Lehman is responsible for the skillful adaptation. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

THE WRONG BOX—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

L'ATALANTE (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic chronicle of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 4.)

DARLING (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

DR. NO (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 4.)

GIGI (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

GOLDFINGER (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

THE KNACK (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 5, tentative.)

THE L-SHAPED ROOM (1963)—An English tale of

star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3.)

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (1935)—W. C. Fields concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 29.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—W. C. Fields again, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 30-Oct. 3.)

PHAEDRA (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 5.)

POPPY (1936)—More W. C. Fields, here on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 30-Oct. 3.)

PURPLE NOON (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

SIX OF A KIND (1934)—Still more W. C. Fields, now in some nonsense with Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 4.)

TILLIE AND GUS (1933)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Alison Skipworth and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 29.)

TUNES OF GLORY (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 4.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through Sept. 30: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. . . . Oct. 1-2: "The Bridge" (1927), "Rain" (1929), and "Breakers" (1930), all documentary films. . . . Oct. 3-4: "Borinage" (1934) and "The Spanish Earth" (1937), both documentary films. . . . Oct. 5: "Crossfire" (1947), with Robert Young and Robert Ryan. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—The last two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Sept. 30: "The Student Prince" (1953), with Ann Blyth and Edmund Purdom. . . . Oct. 1-2: "Because You're Mine" (1952), with Mario Lanza and Doretta Morrow. . . . Starting Oct. 4: "Dali in New York" (1966). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
DR. NO, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Oct. 4: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.
From Oct. 5: "Seconds," Rock Hudson, Salome Jens.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
KALEIDOSCOPE.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 4: DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
DR. NO, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
DR. NO, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577),
Through Oct. 4: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.
From Oct. 5: "Seconds," Rock Hudson, Salome Jens.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Shameless Old Lady" (in French), Sylvie.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DIABOLIQUE (in French), revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 4: DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).
From Oct. 5: PHAEDRA, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GIGI, revival.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Bolshoi Ballet 67."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 4: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.
From Oct. 5 (tentative): LADY L; and THE KNACK, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
LE BONHEUR (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 4: THE NAKED PREY; and "The Psychopath," Patrick Wymark.
From Oct. 5: A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY; and "The Great Spy Chase," Lino Ventura.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
FANTASTIC VOYAGE.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 29: "Bed and Sofa" (silent); and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (in French), revival.
Sept. 30-Oct. 3: "Strike" and "End of St. Petersburg" (both silent films).
From Oct. 4: ZERO FOR CONDUCT and L'ATALANTE (both in French and both revivals).

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Sept. 29: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
From Sept. 30: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

WAYLRY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 4: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar; and "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.
From Oct. 5: A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY; and "Marriage on the Rocks," revival, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars; and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 4: LADY L; and "The Loved One," revival, Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 3: "Lost Command," Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon; and "Ride Beyond Vengeance," Chuck Connors.
Oct. 4: "The Pajama Game," revival, Doris Day, John Raitt; and "Damn Yankees," revival, Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston.
From Oct. 5: "Dracula—Prince of Darkness," Christopher Lee; and "The Plague of the Zombies," André Morell.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
LE BONHEUR (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 4: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.
From Oct. 5: "Seconds," Rock Hudson, Salome Jens.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Bolshoi Ballet 67."

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 2: "La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, François Périer.
From Oct. 3: "Crazy Quilt," Tom Rosqui.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Masculine Feminine" (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 2: "Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.
From Oct. 3: "Salto" (in Polish).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Oct. 4: "The Psychopath," Patrick Wymark.
From Oct. 5 at 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet.

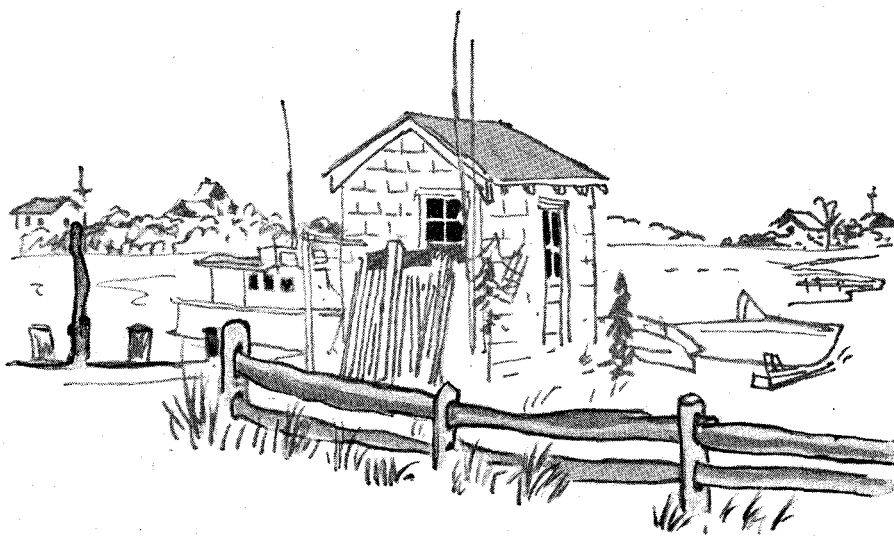
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 29: THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, revival; and TILLIE AND GUS, revival.
Sept. 30-Oct. 3: MY LITTLE CHICKADEE, revival; and POPPY, revival.
From Oct. 4: SIX OF A KIND, revival; and "International House," revival, W. C. Fields.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 4: "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters; and "Nothing but the Best," revival, Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.
From Oct. 5: A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY; and another feature, to be announced.

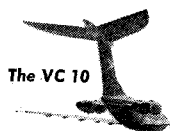
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 29: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; plus five short films on the dance and opera.
Sept. 30: YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian), revival; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), revival, Jean Poiret.
Oct. 1: DARLING, revival; and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.
Oct. 2: TUNES OF GLORY, revival; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Oct. 3: THE L-SHAPED ROOM, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
Oct. 4: FORBIDDEN GAMES (in French), revival; and "The Lower Depths" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet.
Oct. 5: PURPLE NOON (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
LE BONHEUR (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.



R. Mac Millan

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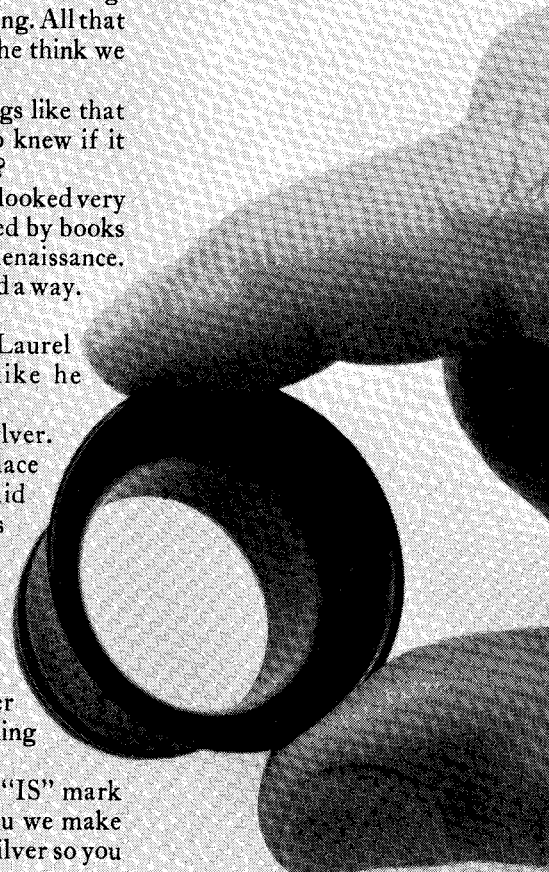
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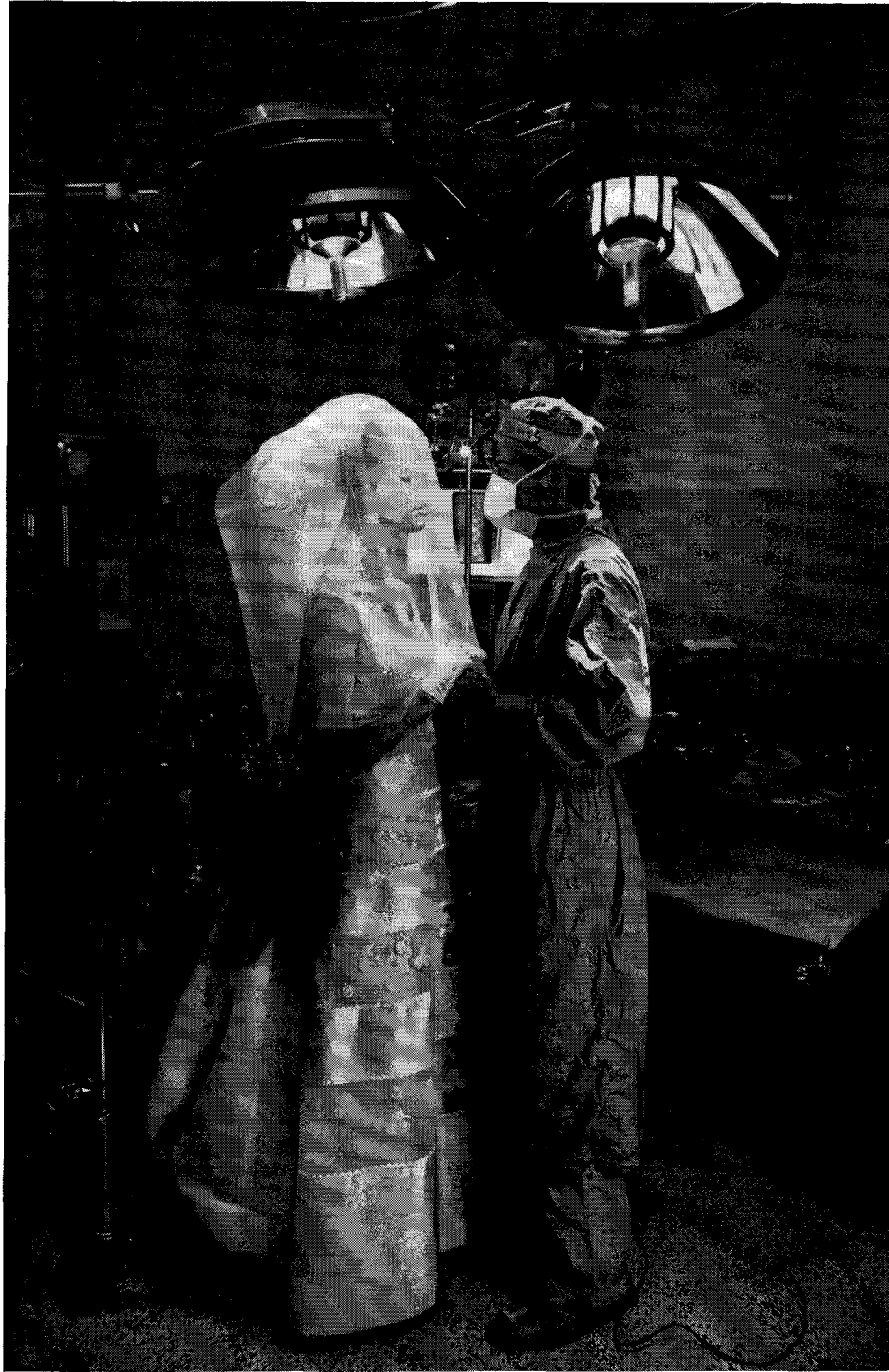
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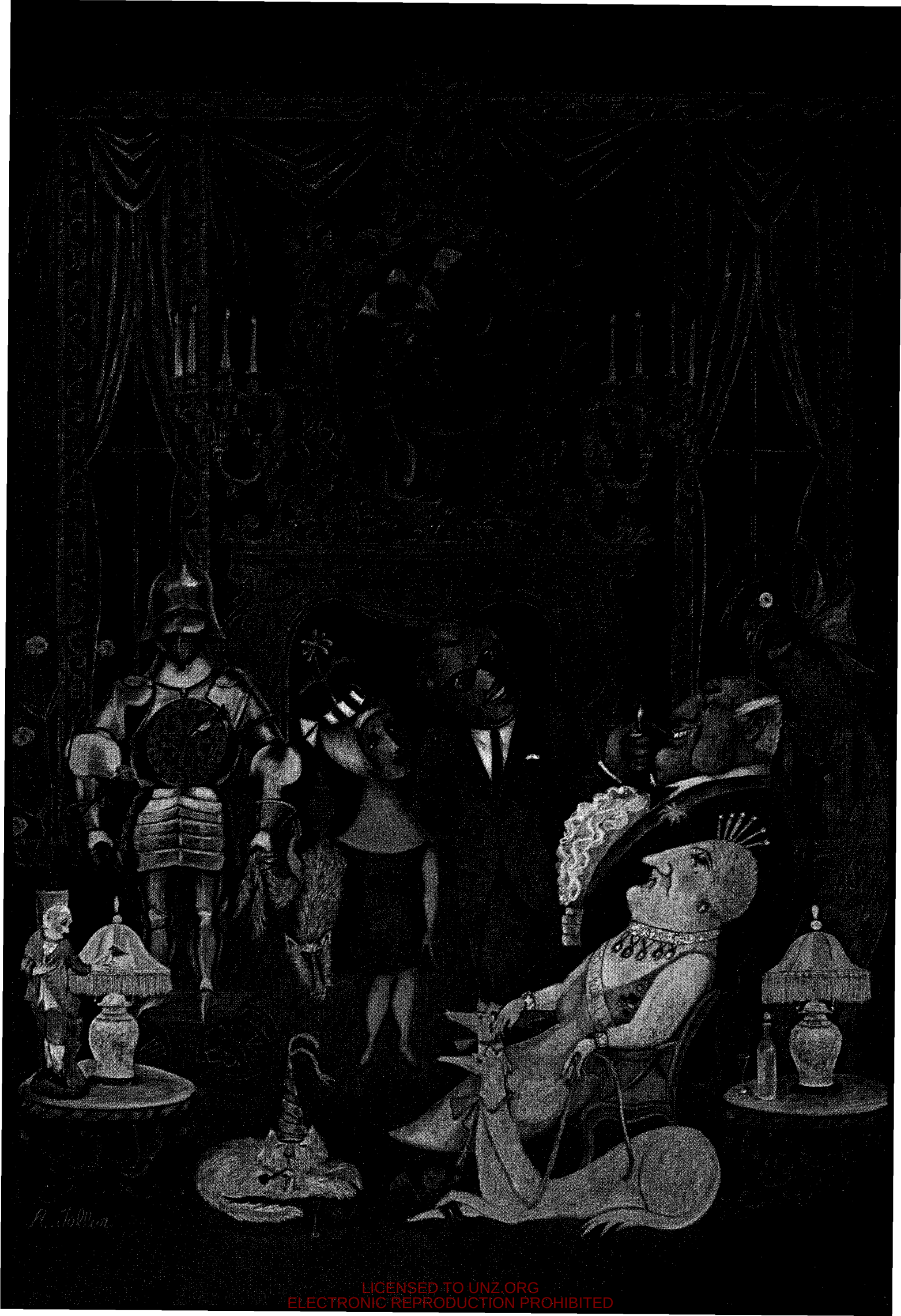
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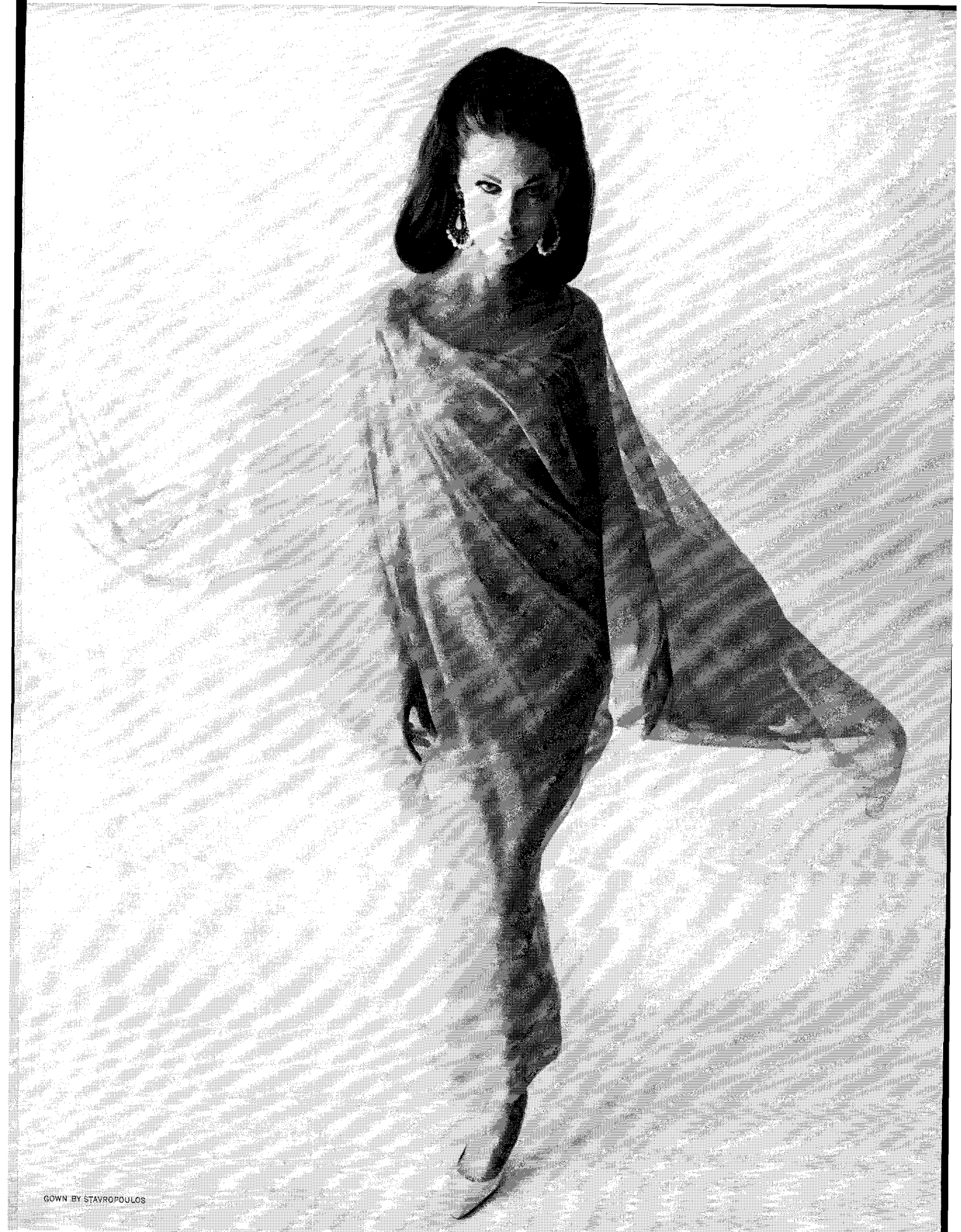
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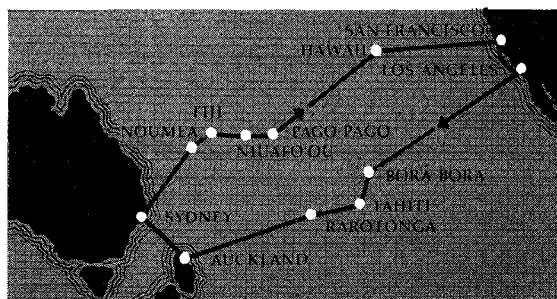
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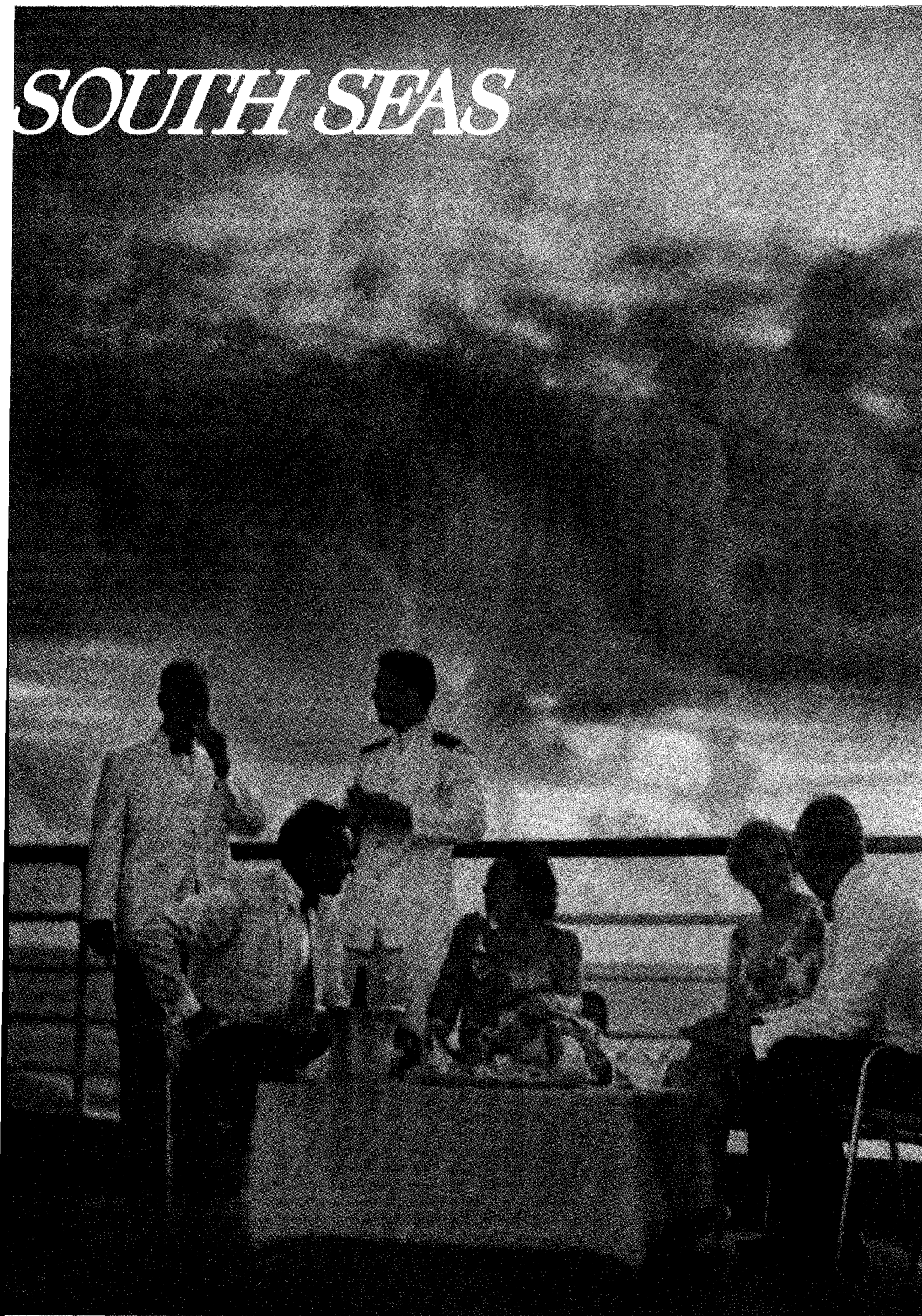
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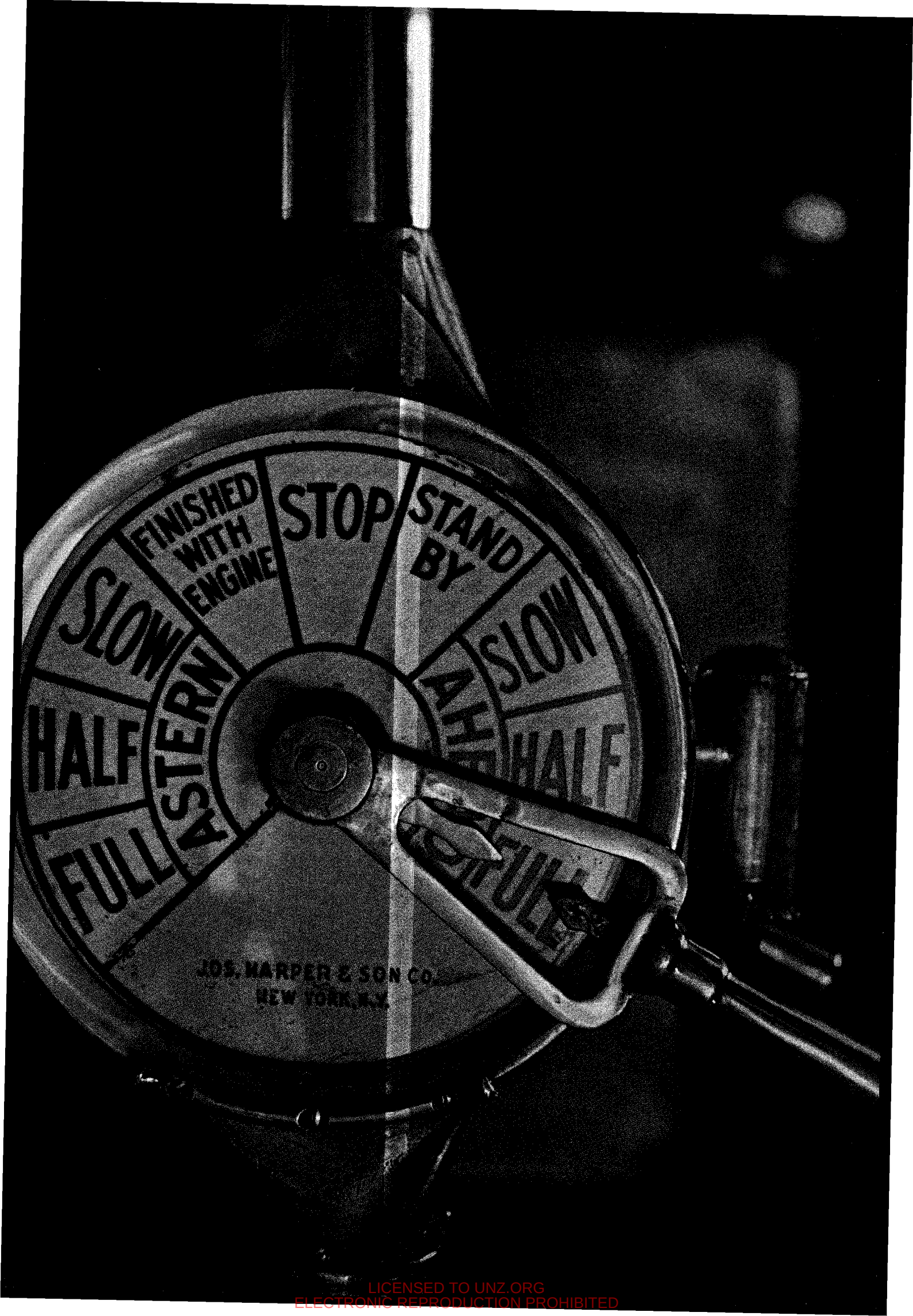


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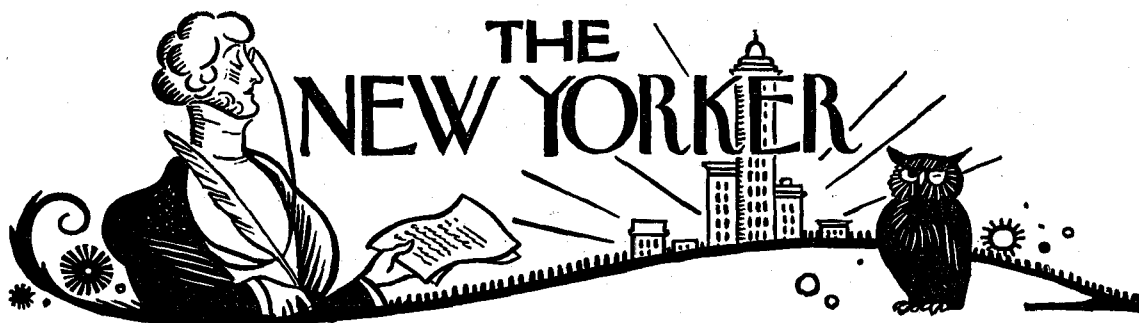
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE knew a man once (he's now dead) who was absolutely convinced that writers didn't write as much stuff as they claimed they did. Say a writer let drop a remark about his having just knocked off ten thousand words. This man didn't believe that the writer had done any such thing. "They're all dreamers," he said to us once. "Not a damn one of them can count. They all think they are producing a tremendous amount of stuff. It's simply untrue. I keep checking on them. They never write what they say they do." We thought of this man the other day when we picked up the *Times* and read about the opening of the General Assembly. "The ensuing 13 weeks of speech-making," said the *Times*, "will produce enough words to fill 225 million pages—a conservative estimate by Assembly planning experts." Without hesitating, we whipped out a pencil and did some quick figuring, to see whether these two hundred and twenty-five million pages were a mathematical possibility. They're not—unless there's some factor in there that we don't know about. Assume that a speaker gives out with three hundred words a minute. That's eighteen thousand words an hour. If the sessions last twelve hours, that comes to two hundred and sixteen thousand words a day. Multiplied by seven, that's one million five hundred and twelve thousand words a week. Thirteen weeks, at that rate, comes to nineteen million six hundred and fifty-six thousand words. How are you going to fill two hundred and twenty-five million pages with only nineteen million words? They're all dreamers over there at the U.N. Not a damn one of them can count.

EVER since we can remember, our consciousness (and the world's) has been expanding, and our mind changing, and, indeed, both these processes have always seemed to us to go

hand in hand with being attentively alive. In the course of this year, however, the air has been thick with controversy arising from the growing use of the consciousness-expanding and mind-altering drugs, which we have followed with a great deal of interest and concern, and, from the looks of it, the situation is going to get a lot more confused before it gets clearer. Hallucinogenic agents—or utopiates, as they are now occasionally called—have been used immemorially by the human race to induce every conceivable state of consciousness, from mystical awareness to oblivion, but the difference between, say, the Aztecs and us is that we are able to synthesize these substances, produce them in large quantities, and conduct serious controlled experiments to discover both the possibilities and the dangers inherent in their use and to determine where they can be effectively used. Psychopharmacology is very much with us, and the business of altering states of feeling and awareness by the controlled use of drugs is, or ought to be, accepted as an imminent prospect. As with all unknowns, the prospect is an alarming one, but there has been enough sound research and writing on the subject to convince us of its inevitability and of not only its perils but its fruitful potentialities.

Right now, the arguments mostly rage over exactly whose minds are going to be expanded, and on whose authority, and here the waters get very muddled indeed. Given the availability of mind-altering drugs, either legal or illegal, it is understandable that vast numbers of curious people should be eager to try them, for one reason or another, without taking the trouble to do their homework and find out with any degree of thoroughness what the results may be. In time, given *that* state of affairs, it is understandable, though regrettable, that the forces of authority, facing a situation without any prece-

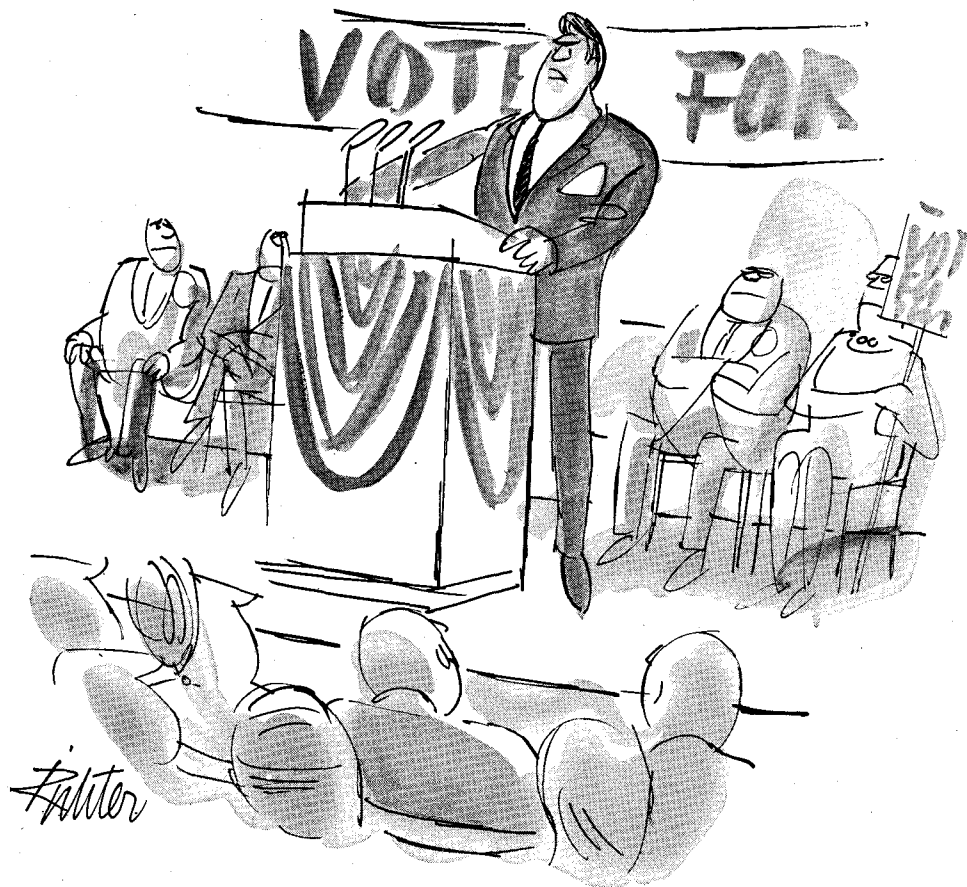
dent, should do what they can to stop the circulation of these drugs, even to the point of calling a temporary halt to responsible and necessary research, and thereby impeding the circulation of just the kind of authoritative writing on the subject that is becoming more necessary by the moment. There are enough articulate, qualified, and open-minded scientists around to throw some essential light on the matter, and it is from *them*, we feel, that we should be hearing at this moment.

The urgency arises from the fact that, whether out of boredom, affluence, dissatisfaction, defiance, or simple-minded curiosity, a whole new generation has come to regard the mind-altering drugs as a liberation, even as the basis of a new pseudo-religion. To quote from Masters' and Houston's admirable study "The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience":

It is frequent and funny, if also unfortunate, to encounter young members of the Drug Movement who claim to have achieved a personal apotheosis when, in fact, their experience appears to have consisted mainly of depersonalization, dissociation, and similar phenomena. Such individuals seek their beatitude in regular drug-taking, continuing to avoid the fact that their psychedelic "illumination" is not the sign of divine or cosmic approval they suppose it to be, but rather a flight from reality. Euphoria then may ensue as a result of the loss of all sense of responsibility; and this can and often does lead to orgies of spiritual pride and self-indulgence by those who now see themselves as the inheritors of *It!* In fact, they come to spend several days a week with *It!* And all mundane concerns, all earthly "games" seem superfluous and are abandoned insofar as circumstances will allow.

The situation is complicated by the fact that many such persons are caught up in a quasi-Eastern mystique through which they express their disenchantment with the declining Western values and with the proliferating technology, the fear of becoming a machine-man, and the yearning for some vision of wholeness to turn





"Those of you who remember my movies know that I've always been an incorruptible crusader for justice."

the tide of rampant fragmentation.... It is an added misfortune that the psychedelic drugs may genuinely give some inkling of the complexity of Eastern consciousness, although the vista usually uncovered is no revelation but merely a glimpse—one that would require years of dedicated study before it could be implemented and made effective in day-to-day existence.

Since the drug experience is non-verbal and physical, those who undergo it commonly express altered sense perception by means of religious analogy. Indeed, the experience has been seductive enough to cause some experimenters to posit the notion that the idea of the existence of God may originally have arisen in primitive societies from drug-induced trances. But even if the drug experience appears analogous to religious experience, there is still a vast gap between it and religious discipline. Before the present mumbo-jumbo about the utopias grows any more turgid or gains any more hysterical momentum, the responsible and authoritative findings on them ought to be aired. For one thing, current scientific evidence makes it clear that the effects of the consciousness-expanding drugs on any individual are always unpredictable, and that the drugs will affect different people according to the people's own natures—a fact that ought to give pause

to even the most curious. It gives us pause.

Celebration #1

IT happens that on the brightly lit marquee of the Village Theatre, at Second Avenue and Sixth Street, one evening last week were to be seen the words:

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY
THE DEATH OF THE MIND

The lobby was jammed. A long line of people was waiting to buy tickets, at three dollars each. We took a program from an usher:

The League for Spiritual Discovery presents Psychedelic Religious Celebration #1: The Death of the Mind.

1. Invitation to the Death-Rebirth Ceremony.
2. Communion—The Sacramental Initiation.
3. Entrance to the Inner Universe Through the External Sense Organs.
4. The Universe of the Body—The Heart Cakra.
5. Cellular Memories—"All Girls Are Yours."
6. Cellular Memories—The Neurological Chess Game.
7. Paranoia—The Death of the Mind.
8. Re-birth to Divine Laughter.
9. Re-entry—Sensory Meditations.

Below were listed:

Celebrants: Guide—Timothy Leary;

Directors of the Celebration: Jackie Casen, Rudi Stern...

"Same old names," said a tall, Car-naby-coated man to his girl. We went into the darkened theatre and sat down. On the stage, kaleidoscopic images of many colors and patterns were being projected on a large rectangle of scrim, expanding and contracting decoratively as two musicians—sitting in the darkness at stage left—played soft, pleasant music on a guitar and a zither. After about fifteen minutes of the expanding and contracting images, the audience began to clap for action. The pace of the music quickened, and a few minutes later Dr. Timothy Leary, dressed in a collarless, long-sleeved white shirt and white trousers, his hair dishevelled and his face showing fatigue and strain, walked across the stage in bare feet and crouched on what appeared to be a free-form daybed at stage right. Bathed in spots of pinkish light and holding a microphone, he began to speak, in a low, gentle, somewhat husky voice: "The League for Spiritual Discovery welcomes you to a psychedelic religious celebration. Let us pray. We pray for the courage and the clarity to share with you our revelation. We pray that the energy released will be used for the benefit of mankind and not for our own personal gain or psychological enhancement. We pray that your minds may open like flowers and receive the message that was sent in love." He explained, "The myth we use tonight is a voyage, and our voyager is Harry Haller. We are Harry Haller. There is our face." He pointed to the scrim, on which a large photograph of a young man wearing glasses had appeared. "But he could be Hermann Hesse, or Hubert Humphrey, or Humbert Humbert. Who is Harry Haller? He lives in New York; he is well educated; he has a good job; he has been married once or twice; he's been analyzed. He knows he is missing something." Dr. Leary said that Harry's conflict was in having the dual nature of a citizen and a ravenous wolf. "He wanders. The voyage is always different, but the geography is always the same. The geography of the inner world is predictable. The exits to the mind are your external sense organs. Harry tonight will drift out on a thread of sound. Beyond the senses is the mysterious world of the body. Tonight, Harry drifts through his circulatory system." We lost track of the narrative, watching the scrim, but we caught fragments of the voyage from time to time. "In each cell," Dr. Leary was saying, "is the pro-

tein memory of thousands of years. Harry begins remembering girls—the neurological chess game of life. Nothing exists outside his consciousness. He chooses the death of beauty.”

A bell rang presently, and a flute played. Behind the scrim, a shadowy figure of Harry, wearing a wolf's head, removed the head and drank from a chalice. Slides and a movie were shown on the scrim, and—over a sound track that included talking voices, the Beach Boys, and the like—strobe lights flashed out at the audience as the narration progressed.

When all this was over, Dr. Leary said, “We have formed a religious group. Aldous Huxley warned us that the powers released by LSD would have to be socialized in a new form. The most conservative estimates are that several million Americans have taken, or are taking, LSD. The motto we have chosen is ‘Turn On, Tune In, and Drop Out.’ Turning on correctly means to understand the many levels that are brought into focus; it takes years of discipline, training, and discipleship. To turn on on a street corner is a waste. To tune in means you must harness rigorously what you are learning—sequential actions of glorification and discipline.” He mentioned the danger of spinning into nihilism and confusion, and then spoke of psychedelic art. “It is very likely that the tie you get next Christmas will have an LSD design.” The audience laughed. “When you get tile for your floor, you’ll be walking on somebody’s vision.” They laughed again.

Dr. Leary turned to dropping out. “To drop out is the oldest message that spiritual teachers have passed on. You can get only by giving up. We hope to change and elevate the consciousness of the American within the next few years. The act of dropping out is done tenderly. You hardly notice. Then one day, down at the office, they say, ‘What happened to him?’” The audience applauded. Dr. Leary continued. “Slowly, gracefully, and beauti-

fully, you can learn to drop out of American society as it is now set up. In the League, we have a board of guides, fifteen people who have dropped out completely—given up their jobs, their homes. There are several hundred people who are members but who still hold jobs. There is no hierarchy. Through these public celebrations and teaching programs we will help you. I am a spokesman, but—really—aren’t we beyond the point of messiahs and martyrs?” There was applause from the audience. “This is not a sacramental session. The temple of our religion is the human body. Our shrines are in the home. The congregation is a small group of family and friends—an underground brotherhood. We will help others. A spiritual renaissance is inevitable and long overdue.”

The ceremony was ending. “After death and rebirth comes a period of re-entry,” Dr. Leary went on. “You will go out now. It must be gentle. Slowly, slowly.” He raised one of his hands, and the colored lights played over it. “We urge you not to rush back to the jangle of Second Avenue,” he said as the screen showed crystalline and molecular forms of pink and green, and

electronic music began. “Sit back. Turn off your mind. Be comfortable. Drift out on a thread of sound. Go, with our love and blessing.” He stood up and walked slowly into the wings.

We made our way through the crowded lobby, and as we were leaving the theatre Dr. Leary came around the corner of the building (he was wearing shoes and socks now), walking fast, and moved quickly through the people in the lobby. With his dishevelled hair and his white garments, against the dark clothes of the departing audience, he looked like a shipwrecked sailor, and very much alone.

The Existing Structure

TRY to imagine how delighted we were with the opportunity to visit Flushing Meadow last week on the day of the heaviest rainfall since 1903. The occasion was the official opening of the Hall of Science, an earlier official opening of which we attended on a bright September day two years ago, when Robert Wagner was Mayor and they were still selling tickets to the 1964-65 World’s Fair. Now, as then, the apparent purpose of the opening ceremonies was to promote interest among civic-minded New Yorkers with money in the Hall of Science—also known as “the existing structure”—as the nucleus of a proposed cluster of buildings that would constitute a science museum comparable to the one in Munich or the one in Chicago. The City of New York has agreed to help finance the construction of a Nuclear Science Center, to be started next May, and of an Education and Exhibit Building, to be started next August.

We waded through several substantial puddles, and went underground, through a grim cement corridor, into the lower level of the existing structure, where chairs had been set up between exhibits sponsored by Con Edison and the Atomic Energy Commission, facing a platform built to accommodate impor-



“I’m your old man.”

tant speakers and non-speakers, together with a priest, a minister, and a rabbi, who offered an invocation, a blessing, and a benediction, respectively, at strategic points in the program. Each speaker was introduced by Dr. John R. Dunning, president of the board of trustees of the Hall of Science and Dean of the School of Engineering and Applied Science of Columbia University. He had a constant cheerful smile, which gave a nice, optimistic tone to the speculative occasion. After the well-known Department of Sanitation Band had played "The Star-Spangled Banner," one of the most popular tunes in its repertoire, and after Father Joseph Lynch had thanked God for the universe, for the additional gift of the Hall of Science, and for Robert Moses, Robert Moses himself, president of the World's Fair Corporation, stood up to speak briefly and confidently about the imminent replacement of Montessori blocks and the Beatles with science and computers, and to insist, as he does whenever he can, on the pleasures of Flushing Meadow. Four distinguished visitors—Mario J. Cariello, Borough President of Queens; Wilfred E. Johnson, Commissioner of the Atomic Energy Commission; Dr. Robert Jastrow, director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies; and Major General Marvin C. Demler, commander of the Research and Technology Division of the Air Force Systems Command—then spoke in favor of Queens, atoms, science, and technology, according to their interests. The Reverend William G. Kalaidjian put in a good word for the social sciences, and the assistant superintendent of the city's public schools, Dr. Jacob Zack, gave his assurance that New York public-school students would make one educational trip after another to the museum. Finally, Mayor Lindsay stood up to speak, and, after the audience had stood to applaud him, told a few jokes (including a couple about Robert Moses), declared that New York is the world's most civilized city, and called in a loud voice for financial support for the Hall of Science from the federal government, from city and community institutions, from corporations, and from individual citizens. Dr. Dunning announced with a smile that the Hall was officially open, and everyone applauded.

After the ceremony, we went upstairs to watch for the second time the main attraction among the few working exhibits at the Hall—a mock rendezvous between manned space vehicles suspended from the ceiling of the build-

ing, with an accompanying film starring Danny Thomas, who makes space human. As we stood there, drink in hand, contemplating the odds on the fulfillment of the speakers' dreams and listening to the rain beat against the blue stained-glass windows, we noticed that there was a leak in the roof of the existing structure.

I.S. 201

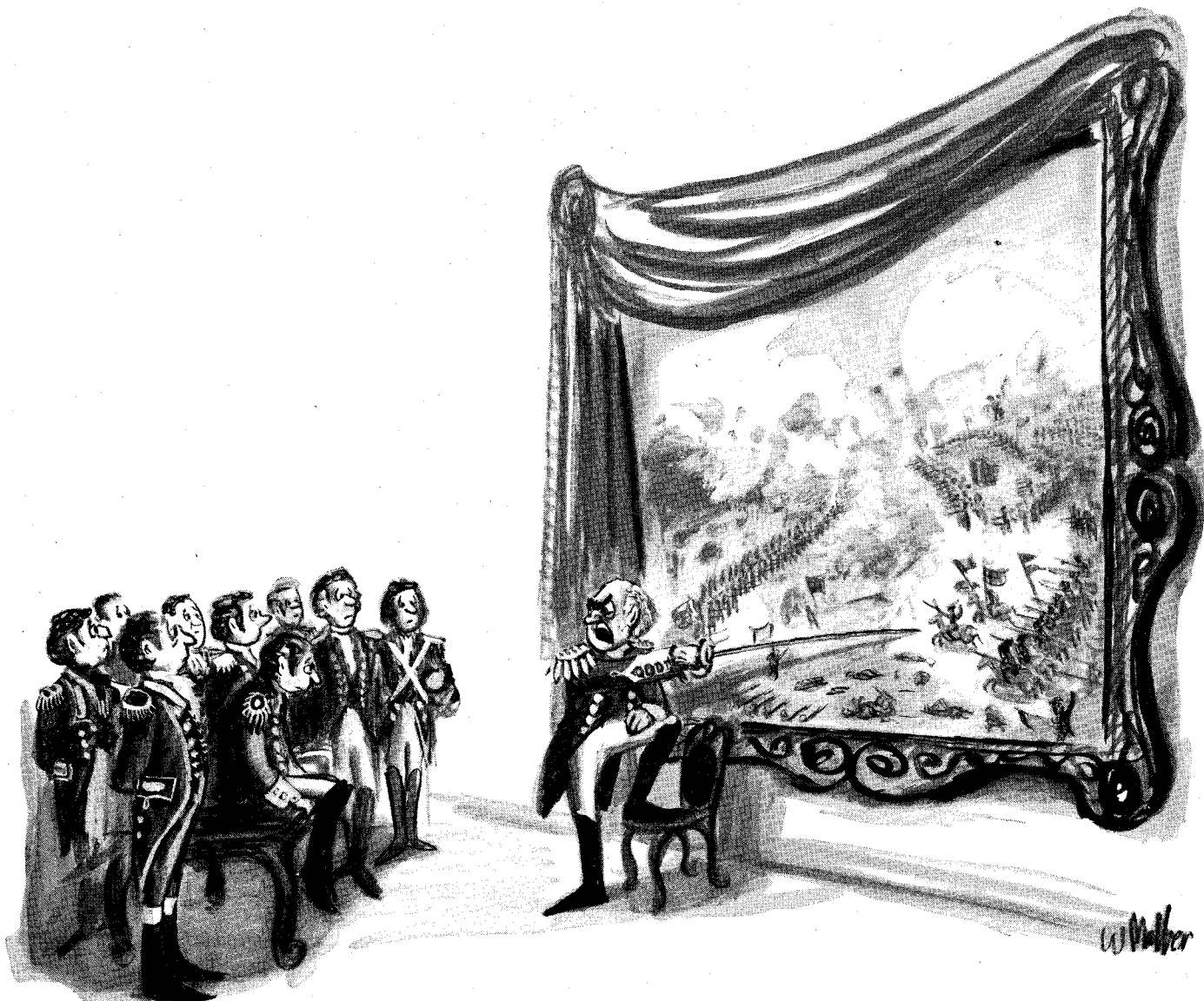
WATCHING the television versions of the activities that marred what was to have been an advance for Harlem, the opening of Intermediate School 201, at 127th Street and Madison Avenue, we had the feeling that we had viewed it all before—that what we were watching had been flickering across our television screen for a decade now, in Little Rock, in New Orleans, and elsewhere. Only, last week's events seemed to be a projection of a negative print. Black was white. Here it was Negroes picketing against education, and Negro police drawing the greater part of the scorn. Only the children, their faces scrubbed and their clothes clean and pressed for the first days of school, seemed the same. When the time arrived for the opening of the new building—a five-million-dollar air-conditioned, vandal-proof structure that resembles a feudal fortress—the dispute boiled down to a feeling on the part of some of the parents, and some of the rest of the community as well, that the school should have a Negro principal. There was talk of "community" demands for control of education, for the power to hire and fire teachers and staff members, but what was actually wanted was a Negro principal—a symbol that Harlem residents could point to as they had pointed to the appointment of Police Captain Lloyd Sealy to command the Twenty-eighth Precinct after the 1964 riots. Negotiations had been going on for months before the school's well-publicized non-opening on Monday, September 12th. Parents and their spokesmen among the civil-rights leaders had held six meetings with the Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Bernard E. Donovan, but the upshot of all the talk was that on that Monday, when about five hundred and sixty Harlem children were, at last, to be offered the best the city school system could offer, they were returned to their old, obsolescent schools, which had no

facilities for them. For a full week, while educators and community leaders squabbled, the children wandered forlornly in and out of schools that didn't seem to know what to do with them. Finally, to break the deadlock, I.S. 201's principal, Stanley R. Lisser, submitted his resignation—a move that he thought would clear the way for the appointment of a Negro principal. Lisser, however, reckoned without the objections of both his staff and his apparent successor. ("I object to being chosen on the basis of color, not competence," Miss Beryl Banfield, the apparent successor, said.) I.S. 201's fifty-five teachers, white and colored, were even more blunt. They held a United Federation of Teachers meeting Monday, September 19th, and voted not to staff the school when it opened on Tuesday.

That Tuesday was a day of activity—but at Board of Education headquarters in Brooklyn rather than at the school. In Brooklyn, after meetings between the Board of Education and Mr. Lisser and between the Board of Education and teachers' representatives and between the Board of Education and parents, a decision was eventually reached. The principal withdrew his resignation, the parents and the civil-rights leaders cried "Double-cross!," and the groundwork was laid for the televised incidents the following day, when demonstrators, responding to the call of Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and Floyd B. McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, attempted to block the door of the school, both to Mr. Lisser and to the students. (Memories of Governor Wallace.)

The next day, we drove up to Harlem to see for ourself what was happening in this center of bitterness and ill will. On the way, we heard the voice of Roy Innis, chairman of Harlem CORE, say on WINS that I.S. 201 is "already a national issue" and "may become a shrine for black power." As it turned out, however, the only symbol of black power that appeared that morning was a Negro police inspector—Eldridge Waith, of the Sixth Division, in Harlem—who was supervising the barricades separating perhaps two score pickets, a good many of them white, from both the reporters in the street and a walkway that had been set up for the children who would enter the building on 127th Street. The picketing was, at most, desultory. Mr. Lisser, we found out, was already inside the building, having arrived at





"Now, if you fellows are all through congratulating yourselves, let's take a hard look at the near-blunders. You, Montleroy, came hellbent around the end with your flank wide open, and as for you, Brasseur, you were supposed to give him some protection."

seven-fifty—long before the demonstrators manned the barricades.

"Don't stand on the sidelines—this is *your* problem!" a woman picket yelled into a microphone. Her voice boomed out over an amplifier carried by a man behind her. After a while, she yielded the microphone.

"What do you want?" a man's voice asked over the loudspeaker.

"Black power!" came the response from the pickets.

And then, for a time, the pickets fell silent. We took advantage of the respite to renew our acquaintance with City Human Rights Commissioner William H. Booth. "I had sixteen of these parents in my office yesterday," he told us. "They tell me there are reasons why Mr. Lisser should not be here. I asked them what they were, because I would like to see if there is any basis for their demands. I am still waiting for the reasons. As for Mr. Lisser, if he has

ability, education, and the desire to teach these children, then I support him."

After a while, there were the inevitable press conferences. Mayor Lindsay arrived, and, accompanied by Mr. Lisser, met with the press in a teachers' workroom on the first floor. He engaged in a certain amount of banter, then reaffirmed his support of Mr. Lisser, saying, "I think the Board of Education in Mr. Lisser has one of the finest principals in New York. I think he needs backing," and twitted the Board of Education for "areas of clumsiness in the way the situation was handled." The Mayor also reaffirmed the power of the board to select school personnel, although he promised parents "a more meaningful role than in the past."

Even as the Mayor was addressing one gathering of reporters, Schools Superintendent Donovan was being cor-

nered by another. "I don't think there have been any errors at all in the handling of this situation," he said. "This is a very difficult situation." At least, the school superintendent and the Mayor were in accord on Mr. Lisser. "As far as I'm concerned, he's going to stay," Dr. Donovan said.

Outside, there was yet one more press conference—a parting salvo by Mr. Innis, of Harlem CORE. "We are concerned with the right of self-determination," he said. "Why can't black men select the people who will manage their own destiny?"

Later in the day, we looked up Mr. Lisser to ask him what effect the events of the past two weeks had had on the children themselves. "I am proud of the children of this community," he said. "The way they rose to this occasion indicates that we have been maligning both the children of the ghettos and their schools."

MY TIMES WITH VARTANIG G. VARTAN & CO.

I HAD my first encounter with an imaginary playmate one rainy Sunday evening late in May, a couple of months short of my thirty-fifth birthday. I had spent most of that drab day alone in my sunless apartment on East Tenth Street, listlessly reading my way through the Sunday *Times*. Feeling blue, brooding and lonely, I had sighingly tossed aside the last of the paper sometime around six o'clock. "I am in a Lewis Funke," I muttered to myself, and then realized that I had unconsciously uttered the name of one of the writers of the Sunday *Times*' drama section.

"Meehan you both, fella," drawled a soft voice, making a pun on my surname, and I looked up to see an amiable-looking gentleman sitting opposite me in my sprung-sprunged Morris chair. He was grinning from ear to ear. Somehow, almost mystically, I knew that he was Lewis Funke.

"Hi, Mr. Funke," I said brightly, feeling suddenly much less blue. For the next couple of hours, after I'd served us both Dilly Beans and a triple Scotch-and-soda, followed by a Chun King TV Chinese dinner (my usual Sunday-evening fare), Mr. Funke and I had a most absorbing talk about the theatre, cheerfully chitchatting about "Mame," "Hogan's Goat," and the tragic sense of life in the plays of García

Lorca. He finally left my apartment at about eight, off to catch eleven experimental one-acters at the Café La Mama, and I saw him to the door. "Goodbye, Mr. Funke. I hope to see you again *real* soon," I said happily. "It's been a very enjoyable talk."

The next day, I felt unusually elated, and that evening, coming home from work at about seven, I even wondered whether Mr. Funke might not be waiting on my doorstep. Indeed, in joyous anticipation, I suddenly broke into an impromptu gay *talese* (a southern-Sicilian folk dance) right there on East Tenth Street. All too soon, however, my thoughts drifted to the twenty-eight-point drop my Canadian mining stocks had taken in the previous two days, and I resumed my customary plodding pace. When I entered my apartment, there was no one there but Vartanig G. Vartan, a writer for the *Times*' financial pages, who was sitting stolidly in my Morris chair. Uh-oh, I thought, I'm in for a tiresome evening of tedious talk about four-and-three-quarter-per-cent debentures, soybean futures, and the gross—ugh—national product. I discovered, however, that Vartanig G. Vartan is of Swedish extraction, just like my dentist (what a coincidence!), and a helluva regular guy. As a matter of fact, he and I had a high old time together drinking hot

glögg, exchanging ribald Scandinavian dialect jokes, and marching about my apartment loudly singing Baltic sea chanteys.

Though it left me with a slight hangover, my evening with Vartanig (as he urged me to call him) was great fun, and proved to be only one of a series of fascinating at-homes in my apartment. Almost every day, I would stumble home from work, fix myself a Scotch, and then, as I nodded, half dazed, over the back columns of the *Times*, another surprise guest would suddenly materialize across the room. My callers in the first week, for example, included Franklin Whitehouse, of the *Times*' city staff, who turned up to sound me out on his Presidential ambitions, and Robert Frost, an erstwhile *Times* financial writer, who was fond of reading poetry aloud to me, including "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," "The Death of the Hired Man," and "Mending Wall." One especially memorable Saturday night in early June, Gerald Eskenazi, Peter Kihss, and Tad Szulc came over for an evening of no-holds-barred Scrabble. All through June and July, in fact, scarcely a night passed that one or another of the gang from the *Times* didn't show up for a few hours of drinks, causerie, and chuckles. Nor, I'm pleased to report, was I neglected by the ladies of the *Times*. Nan Ickeringill began to drop in with heartwarming regularity to prepare candlelit Chun King TV Chinese dinners for two; Tania Long came around one evening to explain Foale & Tuffin to me; and the lovely Sanka Knox twice dropped by for an intimate demitasse of caffeine-free coffee.

My playmates, I should perhaps explain, didn't abruptly materialize in a puff of smoke, like Mephistopheles making his entrance in "Faust," or fade shimmeringly into view, like Billie Burke in "The Wizard of Oz." Curiously, they tended to show up feet first. At an unexpected moment—say, when I was crouched menacingly in the middle of my living room, practicing my correspondence-course karate lessons—I'd suddenly spy a pair of brown, wing-tipped Florsheim shoes fidgiting under the coffee table. Next, as though a curtain was being slowly raised, I'd see a pair of white cotton anklets, the trousers of an aquamarine Harry Rothman suit, a rumpled jacket with a paperback Roget's Thesaurus peeping from a pocket, and a loosened purple-and-yellow Scot tie, the ensemble topped off by a balding, *Times*-staffer head, and—*voilà!*—I was in the presence of



a second-string City Hall reporter! Or, when I was fortunate enough to be visited by one of the ladies of the *Times*, I would first note a pair of chic Guccis peeking coyly up at me from in front of my Morris chair. When my playmates left for the night, they went out in the opposite direction, head first. I'd be babbling enthusiastically away with, say, Franklin Whitehouse, when the top of his head would vanish, as though it had been lopped off by a machete. Within ten seconds, I'd be talking to a pair of knees, and within fifteen I'd be alone again.



LATE at night, after my stimulating guest or guests of the evening had left, I would try to relax, but I found that I couldn't get their names out of my head—Emanuel Perlmutter, Enid Nemy, Allison Danzig, Barbara Plumb. . . . Instead of watching "The Late Late Show," I took to lying in bed and dreaming up movies that involved me and my friends from the *Times*:

Sam Zolotow presents
T. EDWARD MEEHAN [me]

in
FIT TO PRINT
a pulsating drama of life on one of
America's leading metropolitan daily
newspapers—

Also starring:
CRAIG CLAIBORNE & ANGELA TAYLOR
with

Francis X. Clines
Bernadine Morris
and Damon Stetson

and introducing
*** Marilyn Bender ***

Screenplay by Martin Tolchin and Sidney
E. Zion, from an original idea by Isadore
Barmash.

DIRECTED BY FRANK M. BLUNK

Before long, I became so consumingly involved with my newfound *Times* circle that I abandoned all of my previous interests, even listening to modern music. After all, I decided, who needs Schoenberg when he's got Schonberg, Schanberg, Herzberg, and Gansberg? And how could anyone go on caring about the National League pennant race—Juan Marichal, Sandy Koufax, and the rest—when he was on first-name terms with Juan de Onis,

"Harry, take it from me. You're doing yourself more harm than good."

Sal "The Barber" Nuccio, and Russell "Home-Run" Baker?

Naturally enough, I told no one at my office about the nightly goings on at my apartment, but casually I began to drop the names of some of the *Times* crowd around the water cooler. When I was asked one day if I knew a good stockbroker, I suavely replied, "I always use John Canaday. He's a senior partner down on the Street, you know, with Canaday, Crowther & Gould." Soon I was bragging to everyone about my doctor, Howard A. Rusk, M.D., and my lawyer, Werner Bamberger, the great courtroom expert on sanity hearings, who is, of course, top dog over at Bamberger, Bigart & Burks. I'm afraid I even became a bit snooty. "Well, off to the Racquet Club for a little squash with Eliot Fremont-Smith," I'd say lightly on my way out to lunch. Or I'd let everyone know that I was weekendending at Clive Barnes' place in Southampton, or that I had spent the previous evening playing whist at the Lotos Club with Byron Porterfield, Cabell Phillips, and Clayton Knowles.

Meanwhile, through the dog days of August, my new routine continued. In the mornings, I would read my friends' hot copy in the *Times*, and in the evenings we would have hot times down at my place. On Labor Day, Vartanig G. Vartan, Ben A. Franklin (a master of the one-line maxim), Rita Reif,

Grace Glueck, and Ada Louise Huxtable materialized for a madcap evening of dinner, drinks, and dancing to my Vaughn Monroe records. At about 2 A.M., though, when we'd all perhaps had a trifle too much sloe gin, the aging widow who lives in the apartment below mine came banging angrily at my door. "You and your rowdy friends have got to stop all that shouting in there!" she said furiously. "This is no hour for a party!"

I opened the door and cautiously stuck out my head. "There's no party going on," I croaked nervously. "I'm in here all alone."

"Oh, yeah, Mr. Wise Guy? How about all that giggling in there?"

"Uh, it must have been the TV. Sorry," I mumbled, smiling weakly and hurriedly pushing the door shut in her face. When I turned back to my guests, however, I was dismayed to find that I really was alone. "Hey, where's everybody gone?" I cried. "I mean, it's early yet, so come on back! There are plenty more Dilly Beans, and if you'll just reappear I'll play 'Dance, Ballerina, Dance' again."

There was a silence, broken only by the click of melting ice in an abandoned glass.

"Hey, please come back," I said desperately, but my *Times* guests had gone for the night. Indeed, that was the last I saw of any of them. Though I headed home hopefully from the office each night for the next month laden

FRESHMEN

My freshmen
settle in. Achilles
sulks; Pascal consults
his watch; and true
Cordelia—with her just-washed hair,

stern-hearted princess, ready to defend
the meticulous garden of truths in her high-school notebook—
uncaps her ballpoint pen.
And the corridors drum:
give us a flourish, fluorescence of light, for the teachers come,

green and seasoned, bearers
of the Word, who differ
like its letters; there are some
so wise their eyes
are birdbites; one

a mad, grinning gent with a golden tooth, God knows
he might be Pan, or the sub-
custodian; another
is a walking podium, dense
with his mystery—high

priests and attachés
of the ministry; kindly
old women, like unfashionable watering places;
and the assuming young, rolled tight as a City
umbrella;

thought-salesmen with samples cases,
and saints upon whom
merely to gaze is like Sunday—
their rapt, bright,
cat-licked faces!

And the freshmen wait;
wait bristling, acned, glowing like a brand,
or easy, chatting, munching, muscles lax,

each in his chosen corner, and in each
a chosen corner.

Full of certainties and reasons,
or uncertainties and reasons,
full of reasons as a conch contains the sea,
they wait: for the term's first bell;
for another mismatched wrestle through the year;

for a teacher who's religious in his art,
a wizard of a sort, to call the role
and from mere names
cause people
to appear.

The best look like the swinging door
to the opera just before
the Marx Brothers break through.
The worst—debased,
on the back row,

as far as one can go
from speech—
are walls where childish scribbling's been erased;
are stones
to teach.

And I am paid to ask them questions:
Dare man proceed by need alone?
Did Esau like
his pottage?
Is any heart in order after Belsen?

And when one stops to think, I'll catch his heel,
put scissors to him, excavate his chest!
Watch, freshmen, for my words about the past
can make you turn your back. I wait to throw,
most foul, most foul, the future in your face.

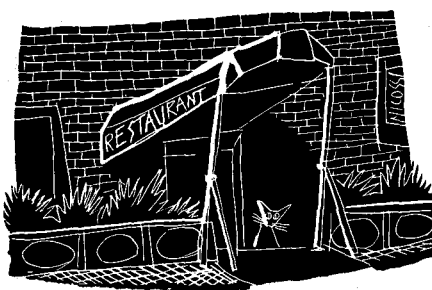
—BARRY SPACKS

down with paper hats, party snacks, and
extra ice cubes, my apartment remained
empty when I got there.

Looking back on it now, I can only
conclude that my fabulous new friends
had somehow discovered that I had
stopped reading the *Times*. You see,
on the Wednesday before Labor Day,
feeling a slight case of the hoo-ha's
coming on, I had visited my psychia-
trist, Dr. Kopfschmerz. When I told
him about my *Times* visitors, he
dropped his pince-nez, hurriedly swal-
lowed a couple of green pills, and then
emphatically ordered me to stop read-
ing the *Times* for at least six months.
Reluctantly, I followed his orders.

After that, my life went swiftly and
sadly back to normal—that is, it be-
came very lonely again—but then, one
Friday evening a couple of weeks ago,
matters took a new turn. All evening
long, alone in my apartment, I'd been

feeling hopelessly bored, and at about ten
o'clock, after I had watched "Tarzan"
on television, played a couple of rub-
bers of Autobridge, practiced juggling a
saltcellar, a sugar bowl, and a gravy
ladle for a half hour or so (in case I
was ever invited to a party), and mem-
orized the copy on a Crest toothpaste
tube, I found myself reduced to the
final pastime of the hopelessly bored—
reading the names on the masthead of
Time. "I am at Luce ends," I mut-

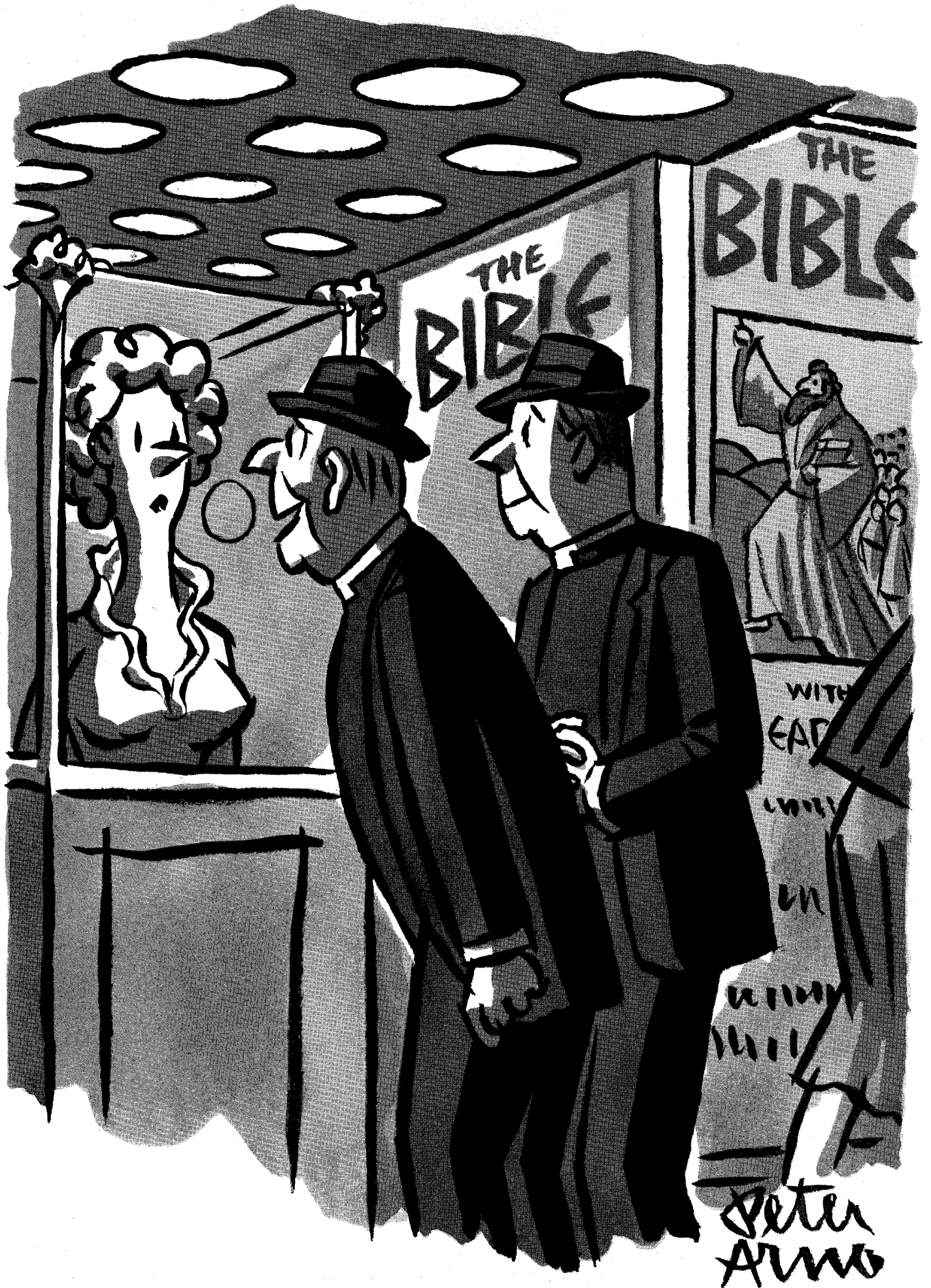


tered to myself, dropping the maga-
zine, and at once a bulky, beetle-
browed gentleman, Henry Luce him-
self, appeared in my Morris chair.

"Well, why don't you sing yourself
a couple of choruses of 'Meehan My
Shadow?'" boomed Mr. Luce, guf-
fawing heartily at his own pun.

"That's *very* comical, Mr. Luce,"
I said brightly, and at that moment
there began a new chapter in my life
with imaginary playmates—one that is
still going on. Not a single evening has
passed since that I haven't been visited
by either Mr. Luce or one of his *Time*
staffers. And happy evenings they are,
too. After all, who needs Vartanig G.
Vartan or Nan Ickeringill when he
has friends like Barker T. Hartshorn,
Gurney Breckenfeld, Cranston Jones,
Joanne Fungar, Rosemarie Tauris Za-
dikov, and Fortunata Sydnor Vander-
schmidt?

—THOMAS MEEHAN



Peter
Arno

"Is there a professional discount?"

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THE BURNING BUSH

NOTHING, I suspect, is too small to change the course of our lives. The starling caught in a jet engine, the shots fired at Sarajevo, that virus we took during the excitement of a wedding reception—all are little things that not only have changed the course of life but ended it. On the other hand, there are little things—the white violets that bloom in the swamp where our dogs hunt for the burrows of groundhog and muskrat, and the burning bushes, growing and “burning” in the most unexpected places—that, without really changing the course of our lives, help to direct them. At any rate, it was because of a burning bush growing where my grandfather’s apple orchard died that George and I, having reached the time of life when love for the children we once were seems to outweigh all other love, were able to share a second childhood. This is a true wonder, all things considered.

Personally, I had hoped that after forty years of marriage our ways of seeing things might have become as similar as two halves of a clamshell. But George says, “No. We don’t see

things the same, because we weren’t brought up the same way.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Oh, don’t be sorry. You can’t help the way you were brought up. Nobody can. I wish my mother could’ve raised you. She’d have made a wonderful woman out of you.”

George’s remarks on this subject have the solid sound that surmises after much repetition often have, and although I consider them an oversimplification of the truth, I learned long ago to throw an arc of smiling consent across a considerable difference of opinion. I smile now. “Why don’t you make a wonderful woman out of me? It isn’t too late.”

“No. We don’t see eye to eye. And we never will.”

“I can’t see that it makes much difference—after all we’ve been through together. Our *second* childhoods will be the same.”

I still doubt that George’s childhood was very different from my own. As a member of the Adams clan, he grew up in a busy company of well-fed children, while I, an only child, was born into a family of aging adults who,

being neither idle nor hungry themselves, had failed to see how often I was both. But surely this was not difference enough to account for George’s saying, out of what seemed to me to be conversationally a clear blue sky, “Belle, you’re closer to the animals than anybody I know. The Minuits are more like *animals* than people.” Yet, in his full baritone voice, it did sound like the truth.

I was less offended by this than you might suppose, for George is fond of animals and shares my concern for the survival of any toads, blacksnakes, and turtles that may have wandered into the path of the mowing machine. And when, as sometimes happens when we cut the fields, an animal is killed or a bird’s nest destroyed, we beg each other’s pardon and mourn, as if for a member of the family. I mourn, too, for the small trees and lovely flowers that are lost to the mower’s whirling knives. But this is a grief that George does not share, because, he says, “Belle, that’s not the way an Adams thinks. If you wanted to sell those trees, what would you get for them?”

I FIRST saw the burning bush on a sunny afternoon in late October, when, having collected the axe, the handsaw, and the long-handled clippers, George and I went to the field on the upper side of the slope—where, according to my father, two apple orchards had starved to death—to cut bushes. “Wait, George,” I said. “Here’s a tree under this big sumac that we must save.”

“Why? What is it?”

“It’s something very special,” I said, quite breathless because suddenly, instead of the sapling’s bright leaves and brighter berries, I could see the child I used to be.

“It looks exactly like every other bush to me. What is it?”

“I don’t know. It’s a miracle.”

Clearly then, I remembered the tall shrub—in the prime of its life when I was a child—that was like this bush. And now that I thought of it, I could feel the shrub’s sinewy limbs, delightfully smooth, under the bare feet of the child I had been. In those far-away days, when I slipped to the ground the shrub leaned forward, its arms akimbo on the whitewashed fence, while I stood in the garden, spell-



“I found him in the Park, shooting at people.”

bound, because, in the green sky of its shade, that big bush—it was really a small tree—held more constellations of four-pointed stars than I could count. The greatest wonder of all was that the stars of the bush, instead of being red, white, or blue, as stars ordinarily are, were purple. Now, looking back to my childhood, I wondered how it was that my father, who hated bushes even more, perhaps, than George does, and in the month of August, on a day that he fondly referred to as Plant Fatal Day, regularly began a war on them, had allowed one to lean on the garden fence. It was possible, certainly, for that remarkable bush to have had the gift of delitescence, but it seemed more likely, I thought, that my grandmother—who had persuaded my grandfather to buy the farm because, as a little girl, she had known this land and loved it, willfully and unreasonably, as I do—simply had told my father not to touch that bush. Otherwise, he surely would have cut it down.

"Well," George said, "it's growing where I want to see nothing but grass."

"Please keep it."

George dropped his axe. "What's the use of being out here?" he said. "I don't know what we're supposed to be doing. Do you?"

"Yes, we're cutting bushes," I said. "My father would turn over in the cemetery if he could see how close to the woods our fields have grown."

But George had started toward the house. I was talking to myself.

Later, one hot Saturday morning the following summer—time for me to be indoors, doing what my mother had called "redding up"—I remembered the handsome little bush on the upper side of the slope, and, instead of following the path that leads down the slope to the house, I waited for George to bring the mowing machine around to the side of the strawberry patch, where I had been pulling weeds. It was a great blessing, I thought, that George, who hates weeds as well as bushes, had bought a rotary mower and learned to use it. Thinking then of my own relationship with George, I noticed that the excitement of our very first meeting, when I was a freshman in college—an excitement so curiously compounded of fear and admiration that in the beginning I suffered a slight paralysis whenever we met—had not only survived forty years of marriage but was at this very moment making me a little short of breath. The next instant, he probably would stop the tractor and say, "What's the mat-ter?"



"Gosh, Marge, stop wondering what it will do to inflation and start picking the stuff up!"

George has a special way of saying, "What's the matter?" It is almost as though the sight of me—unexpectedly near—has frightened him. At any rate, seeing me often turns the four vertical lines between his eyebrows into exclamation points. Standing up to my elbows in daisy fleabane, I could see the two vertical wrinkles, flanked on both sides by a diagonal one, in the wide space between George's eyebrows.

George stopped the tractor and turned off the ignition and said, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm happy."

"Go on, say what's on your mind."

No longer frowning, George seemed

to be looking at something suspended about six inches above and behind my head. This habit of overlooking me when we met had been formed soon after George's employment as a public-school teacher of mathematics, and was due, I imagined, to the fact that I had interrupted him in the process of solving a problem. "Are you listening?" I asked.

"Yes. Go on."

"But you're thinking about something else."

Sometimes when George fails to respond to my attempts to confide, I consider the possibility that he may be getting deaf. However, when I ask

him whether or not he can hear me, his answer invariably is "I'm deaf in one ear, but the other one's all right. The trouble with you is that you don't talk plain." On this occasion, he simply said, "Talk plain, Belle."

I laughed, because in the beginning of our marriage there had been entirely too much of it; it seemed to me now that the need for "plain talk" had passed. As a matter of fact, I would have talked even more fancifully than Coleridge did in "Kubla Khan," if that were possible. "All right," I said. "I was thinking about the bush that used to be down there—near the fir." My left hand, with its palm held open and upward, was extended in the general direction of the house. And since George rarely quibbled over minor deviations from the truth, I decided not to amend this remark, even though I knew that the bush I was thinking of could never have been anywhere but under the big sumac—where I had found it in October.

"What about it?"

"We must *keep* it."

"Why, for heaven's sake? I'm tired of bushes. I want to get out of the sticks and set up a tent in the middle of Times Square."

"I know you do. But that has nothing to do with keeping this one little bush. Come and look at it. It's blooming now."

Earlier visits to see the little bush had been disappointing. This is not to say that George had refused to peer with me into the shade of the sumac; only that, while peering, his thoughts had seemed to be elsewhere. And now, having eased himself from the tractor and walked with me to the north side of the sunny field where, so long ago, my grandfather's apple orchard had been, George's silence indicated, almost certainly, that the slender sapling with its dark-green leaves and fairy flowers was no more impressive in summer than it had been on that day in late fall when its seed pods hung, like bright-pink popcorn, from short strands of invisible wire.

"Well, what is it?" George asked.

"I was just thinking that we never mentioned the tree like this that used to grow near the house. None of us did. I wonder how it happened to be the one unmentionable thing there was—aside from love."

Later, when George mounted the tractor and started it, I noticed that, in the event the tractor moved into the hedgerow while he was thinking of something else, the stump of an old apple tree was there to shield the sapling from the mowing machine. And when the mower passed me, with its whirling blades in full swing, I shouted, "There's a big stump in that clump of sumacs. Watch out for it."

"Thank you, I will," George said.

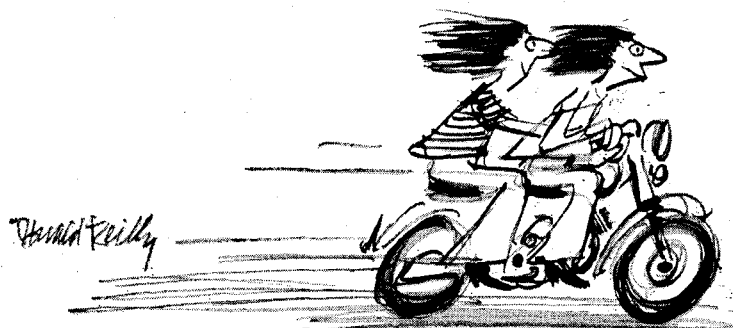
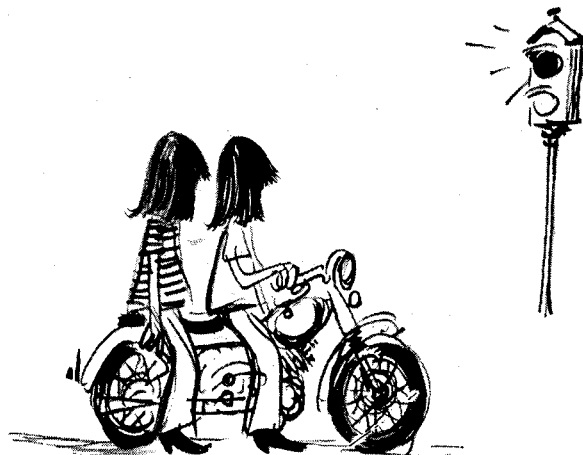
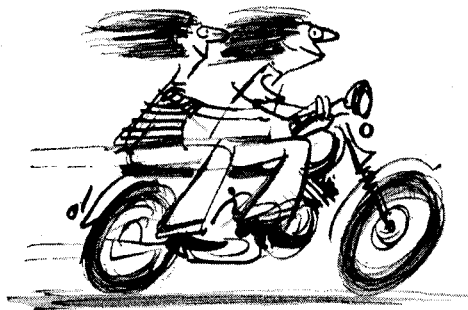
PLEASED by the visit with George and the odd little tree, I started to go down the narrow path that zig-zags from the strawberry patch to

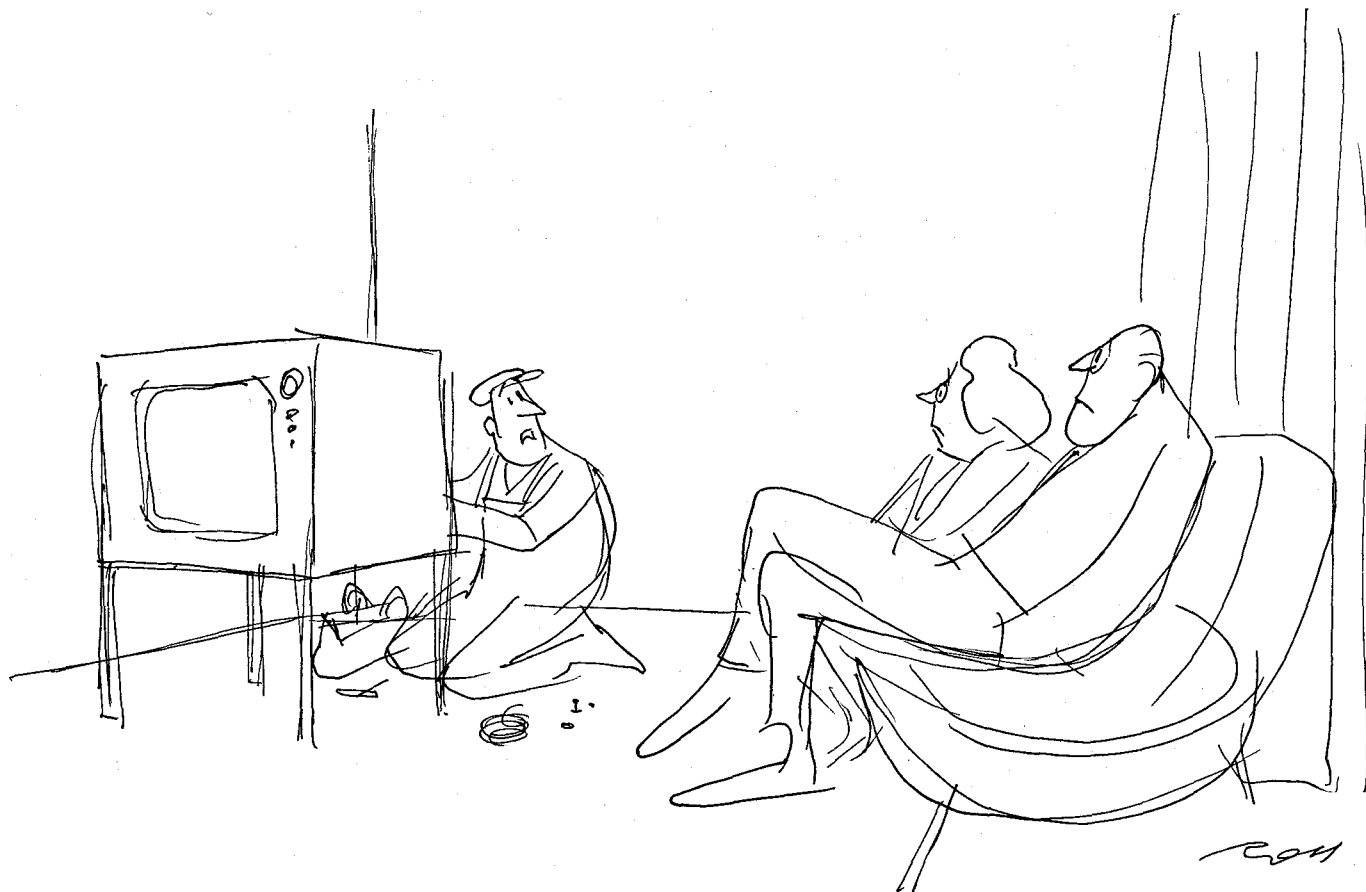
the house, with those memories of my mother that the prospect of housecleaning on a Saturday afternoon always brought to mind. There had been good reasons, presumably, for her way of redding up—doing it all at once—at the end of the week, as if she had just returned from a six-day trip and found the house waiting, alone, in the shadow of the woods. Until her death, I envied the deftness with which, after a week of working in the fields, she had baked the Saturday spongecake and coconut custards while she polished the kitchen stove and scrubbed the sandstones that lay like two wide welcoming mats at each end of the kitchen. I remember with great pride her ability to move an avalanche of housework on a Saturday afternoon. But, without her deftness, my mother's way of dealing with a week's housework in a single afternoon had left so much of it undone that, thinking it could wait a little longer,

I went to find my father's copy of Gray's "School and Field Book of Botany" in the attic. There, listening to the humming of the wasps and breathing the musty fragrance of cedar shingles baking in the sun, I wondered what shocking ambivalence of mind had made it possible for my father to have held this old schoolbook gently—as though its binding had been made of live human skin—and at the same time kill the bird that was singing momentarily in my heart by saying, "Don't stand so *close*, Belle." Oddly enough, years later, George had used the same tone of voice to say, "Belle, you're nothing but a clinging vine." Greatly offended by this, I had complained to my mother, who, stirring into the pot of boiling beef and cabbage that was on the stove, said, "George is a smart man. You might've done much worse."

When George came to the house an hour later, the redding up was still undone. "Did you learn anything?" he said.

His habit—the natural result, I thought, of





"I know how you folks feel. Prime viewing time that's lost can never be regained."

thirty years as a teacher—of asking me this question whenever he came into the kitchen after a few hours' absence had a tendency to alienate my affections. This time, however, I welcomed it. For one thing, George looked directly at me so that I could see the fool's gold in his eyes, and, for another, I *had* learned something. "I know the name of the bush that is growing under the big sumac."

"What is it?"

"Let me read what the book said about it."

"No, just tell me in your own words."

Hoping to see George smile, I said, "I'm going to read the book's description. It's *funny*."

"Is it a long-winded article?"

"No, you know how Gray's 'Botany' is written."

"All right. I'm listening." Whereupon George dropped into the huge wing chair that was a part of his inheritance from his mother, and closed his eyes.

"The book says, 'A shrub not twining—in contrast to *Celastrus scandens*.' Or me," I added.

"Go on. For goodness' sake."

"All right. 'A shrub not twining—in contrast to *Celastrus scandens*, the

common bittersweet. Wild from New York—west and south—and commonly planted.'"

"But what's its name?"

"*Celastrus euonymous atropurpureus*."

"Talk plain. In English."

"The burning bush." Whereupon my mind made one of those circular movements that are the result of my inclination to see life as a series of overlapping circles—both translucent and rainbow-tinted, like the scales of an unthinkable fish—and I said, "I'm happy as Thoreau might've been if he had found the hound he lost."

Opening his eyes and blinking as though, suddenly, the sun had begun to shine in his face, George said, "What do you mean?"

"Hasn't everybody lost a hound?"

"No. All I ever had was a little black dog."

"And you lost him?"

"He went swimming with us in the Delaware River and drowned in the Lalor Street lock."

"I'm so sorry."

"That's what I hate about having pets."

"I had a black-and-white puppy when I was six years old, and one morning while I was getting ready to

go to school she followed the team that hauled charcoal to the hill. The team came back without her, and I watched the fields, calling her, for almost a week before my mother told me that a telephone pole had rolled off the wagon and broken her back. Why didn't someone tell me she was dead?"

"People don't think, Belle. People are cruel as hell."

"Speaking of cruelty, we must cut down those sumacs on the side of the field where we found the burning bush. It will need the sun."

"What's wrong with doing it now?"

"Oh, I can't. The house looks even more neglected than it did when I was a child."

"You don't have to go with me to cut bushes."

"But I want to go with you."

"All right, let's go."

"June isn't the time of year to cut bushes. Why can't we do it in August?"

"On Plant Fatal Day?"

"Yes."

"When is Plant Fatal Day?"

"I don't know."

"That's what I thought."

"Wait, and we'll ask our Amish neighbors. They'll know."

"No. I must do things when they're

on my mind. If I don't, I forget them. Get the axe."

"Wouldn't you like some coffee?"

"Yes. But don't you bother. I'll get it myself."

"Aren't you hungry? It's nearly noon."

"No. Are you?"

"Yes. Let's have an early lunch."

"You can't be hungry. I feel like we just had breakfast."

So I left the house and went to the wooden building where we now store tools and where my mother, fifty years ago, kept the flock of leghorn hens to which—as one of her many experiments in crossbreeding—she had introduced a purebred gamecock. In fact, in the beginning, there had been *five* fighting cocks, and, true to their breeding, they fought. Shocked by the sight of so many heads all bloody and unbowed, she had with characteristic dispatch brought an axe from the woodshed and taken four of the gamecocks to the kitchen—headless. My memory of this incident prompted me to say, when George met me on the back porch, "I'll use the axe. You take the shears."

"Don't forget to drink your coffee, Belle. I've had mine."

"Wait for me," I said. "Wait for me." But George was moving in a straight line toward the sumac and did not turn his head.

Since, almost certainly, he was not going to wait, I went into the kitchen, where, momentarily, the presence of my mother seemed more real than my own. And there, making a cup of instant coffee and going, cup and saucer in hand, to sit in George's place at my grandmother's cherry table, instead of myself I was the child I used to be. It was to find this child who had somehow been left behind when we moved away from the farm that George and I had come back to this house, and finally, I thought, the child was found. Alone with my mother, as I had been after my father's death and during all of his absences, I asked her now, "Do you feel lonely?"

Assuming that her answer would be yes, I was pleased to hear her say "No."

"That's good. I was afraid you might be."

"No. I couldn't do anything with him."

She had been thinking, I guessed, of those awful hours when, suddenly frantic in the face of death, my father had tried to escape from their room and "go home," where, presumably, he might be "born again."

BY THE NINTH GREEN ST. ENODOC

Dark of primeval pine encircles me
With distant thunder of an angry sea
While wrack and resin scent alternately
The air I breathe.

On slate compounded before men were made
The roaring ramparts roll their light and shade
Up to Bray Hill, and, leaping to invade,
They burst and seethe.

A million years of unrelenting tide
Have smoothed the strata of the steep cliffside,
And in what aeons past did rocks collide
To shape these hills?

One day the mayfly's life, three weeks the cleg's,
The woodworm's four-year cycle bursts its eggs,
The flattened centipede lets loose its legs
And stings and kills.

Hot life pulsating in this foreshore dry,
Damp life upshooting from the marsh nearby,
Under those barrows, dark against the sky,
The Iron Age dead—

Why is it that a sunlit second sticks?
What force collects all this and seeks to fix
This fourth March morning nineteen sixty-six
Deep in my head?

—JOHN BETJEMAN

It was a good thing to have seen such wonders in a lifetime, I thought when I started to follow the zigzag path to the top of the slope, where George obviously was doing something he had wanted to do for a long time. The day was an unusually warm one, and I said, "Take it easy. We don't have to cut all of the bushes today, you know."

A few minutes later, I stooped to lift the burning bush from the ground, its green leaves and purple flowers already wilted.

"What's wrong?" George asked. "What's the *matter*?"

George rarely laughs. Instead, he smiles, letting his smile drain down-

ward until the entire length of him is filled with amusement. At such times, a barely perceptible vibration shakes his body. I burst into sobs. Through my tears, I could see that he was *shaken*. "You promised to let it grow." As soon as I spoke, I remembered that George had made no such promise. Whenever we looked into the shade of the sumac, he had stood by without saying a word.

"You know how absent-minded I am. You must forgive me," he said.

Had he stopped laughing, I might have forgiven him, but he continued to stand quietly erect and vibrant with laughter while both the little bush and the child I used to be died on the ground where we stood.

Wordless, I dropped the axe and ran toward the house where I was born and where George, because his childhood was happier than mine, cannot follow.

THIS is not quite the end of the story. In the back yard where our grandchildren live, a burning bush grows—so large it is really a tree. It is taller than the one that shaded my grandmother's garden, and its branches have a certain uniformity—perhaps in response to our grandchildren's need





"President Johnson wants to say 'Howdy.'"

for a place to play. Lacking my grandmother's garden fence to lean on, this tree has a stout, straight trunk, with its bark planed to a fine patina by the sneakered feet of its climbers.

Visiting there while Eric and Joan take a vacation, George and I stand in Joan's many-windowed kitchen, spell-bound, while Isabel, Hans, and Jonathan hang, like sloths, from the lower branches of this tree, until a sudden access of pure delight *and* the pressure of their toes on the trunk carry them skyward. We watch, too, while Susan, who is five and too short of limb to scale the tree's smooth trunk unaided,

carries a small stepladder from the house and settles it under the tree, to find that even then she is too short to reach the lowest branch. Up to this time, she has accepted our presence with a taut deference that in a less loved and loving child might have turned to tears or noisy expressions of dislike. We watch her, wondering whether she will cry. But Susan, exulting, comes running. "Mom Mom," she says, "will you come and help me into the tree?"

Miraculously then, as Susan's weight is lifted from my arms, I feel the bark of my grandmother's burning bush—

delightfully smooth—under the bare feet of the child I once was. And George, watching from a kitchen window, smiles—absent-mindedly.

—LINDA GRACE HOYER

Once you decide that his bachelor days are numbered, you have to be absolutely ruthless. Merciless. Yes, you have to be a meany. And you have to use the very toughest ammunition you can get. Troops, take it from us, when it comes to bringing a grown man to his knees, nothing works quite like a soft little sweater.

—Adv. in the Times Magazine.

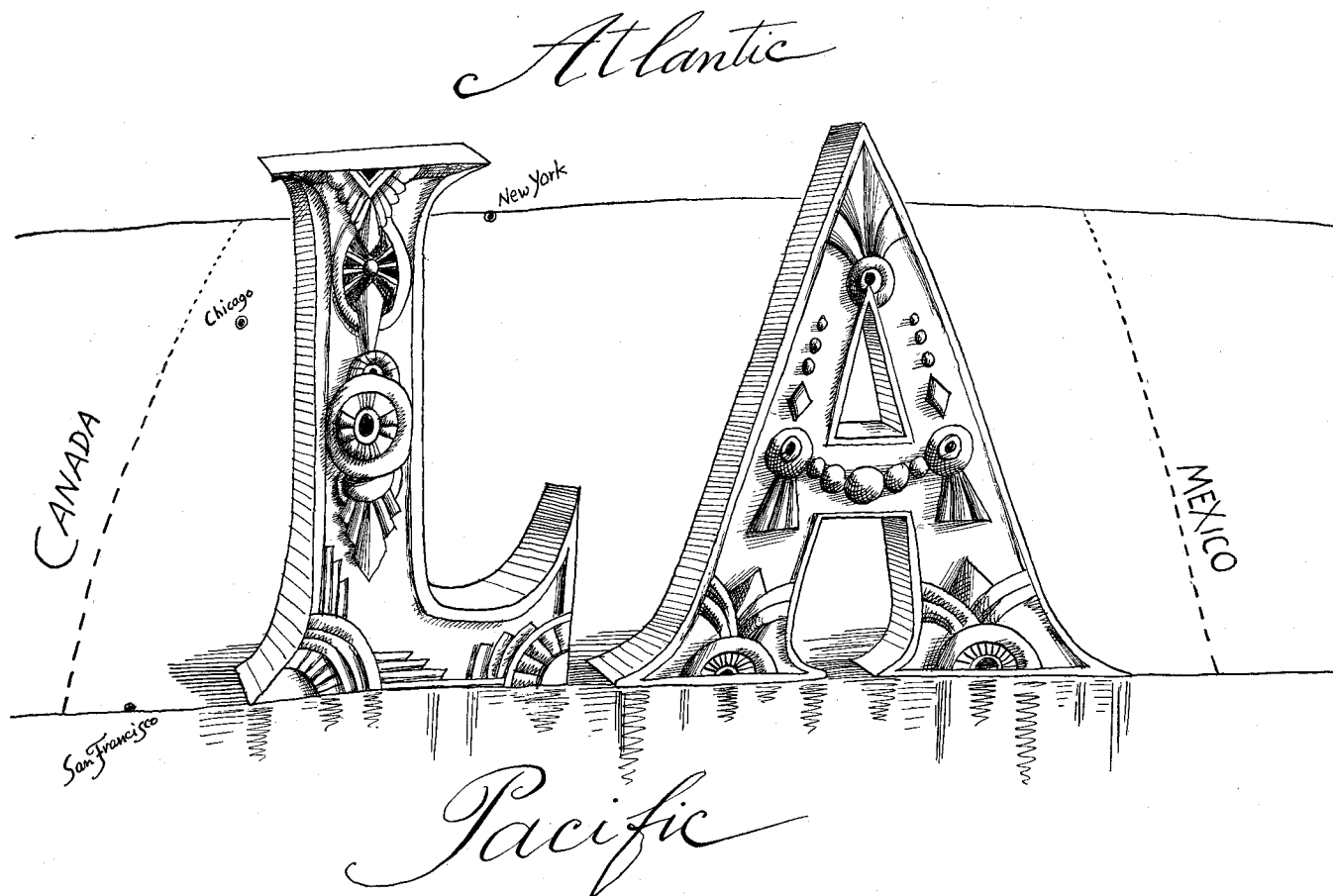
With a rock in it?

PROFILES

THE ULTIMATE CITY

UPWARD AND OUTWARD

ST.



LOS ANGELES may be the ultimate city of our age. It is the last stop, anyway, in the Protestant migration that left northern Europe three centuries ago and moved across America—the last if only because with it the movement reached the Pacific. There are other cities on our West Coast, but none as huge or dynamic as Los Angeles, or as deeply imbued with the northern willfulness in battling nature. L.A., as its people often call it (when they pronounce its name in full, it is invariably “Loss Ann-ja-luss”), is to a rare degree the product of technology. Though built on a near-desert, it is the most far-flung of the world’s main cities, and probably the most luxuriously materialistic. It is also, except for the great centers in the underdeveloped nations, with their shantytown outskirts, the fastest-growing in terms of population. The southern California area, with L.A. as its most populous part, is gaining nearly a thousand inhabitants a day and is expected to go on gaining indefinitely. Its people, the Angelenos, are prone to live in the future and to

project their statistics well forward; the visitor hears them talk more about 1980 than about next year. “This is an optimistic city,” a Los Angeles friend of mine remarked recently. “If something is built wrong, it doesn’t matter much. Everyone expects it to come down in a decade or two.” So presumably everything will have been straightened out, technologically at least, in the 1980 city, which will be at least half as large again as the present one.

The physical Los Angeles is hard to define, because this concept is a flexible one, depending on who is talking and what about. Politically speaking, there are both a City and a County of Los Angeles. The City, with a population of nearly three million, is grotesque in shape; it stretches about forty miles from north to south, but it is riddled with politically independent enclaves, and its main part is connected with its seaport, San Pedro, to the south, by a long corridor about a half mile wide throughout its length, recalling the corridor between ancient Athens and Pi-

raeus. Los Angeles County is a fairly conventional polygon; it includes the city, such other cities as Pasadena, Glendale, and Long Beach, the many smaller enclaves, and a considerable hinterland, much of it wild mountains. What the statisticians call Greater Los Angeles has an area of more than four thousand square miles and a population of more than nine million and takes in Los Angeles County; Orange County, a super-suburb to L.A.’s southeast; and parts of Riverside, Ventura, and San Bernardino Counties. Most Angelenos include Orange County when they talk about their city. Some include other bits of hinterland as well, and a few go as far as to include, in certain contexts, Santa Barbara, ninety miles up the coast, and San Diego, a hundred and twenty miles down it. Demographers’ projections for the end of this century put a continuous megalopolis, centered on Los Angeles, along this two-hundred-and-ten-mile stretch—and inland over the mountains and valleys, too. In the prevalent optimistic, forward-looking mood, one can easily see such a

projected megalopolis, which almost coincides with the populous western areas of all southern California, as Los Angeles, and people sometimes talk as if the two were one. They also talk as if that one were, or would be, the greatest city in the world.

Whatever Los Angeles one has in mind is bounded on the southwest by the Pacific and on the east by deserts that were once almost uninhabitable but now, with the help of technology, are being settled at a good pace. The Pacific, especially, is a great feature of the present-day city. In summer, a cool breeze almost always blows in from it, pushing back the heat and smog that so often afflict the area. I can't imagine a city with much claim to greatness, such as this city has, existing in our dry Southwest without the ocean. The ocean has good beaches, and an almost unbroken one runs for some twenty-five miles along the city's western flank, from Malibu south-eastward to Palos Verdes. The strand is wide—scores of yards of sandy foreshore, as a rule—and most of it is public. The city's poor, of all creeds and colors, swarm out to it on weekends, together with the rich. There is good surf along stretches of the beach, and the young people go in for the great local sport, or cult, of surfboarding. Long fishing piers reach out from the shore at intervals, and beyond these, on a Sunday, one sees white sailboats moving in the hazy distance. It is a great amenity, the Pacific, and one not easily overwhelmed by people.

L.A.'s next-grandest physical feature is the Santa Monica Mountains, a high, sharp range that runs directly east for some twenty miles from the shore near Malibu—that is, to the north of the city's older and more thickly settled region. The mountains are, relatively speaking, a placid refuge, set apart from the fuming bustle on the plain below them. Several of the subcommunities that have made Los Angeles famous, including Beverly Hills and Hollywood, lie along the foothills of the range, being strung together like beads on the long, meandering Sunset Boulevard. A couple of miles south of Sunset, and farther down the slope, runs Wilshire Boulevard, the leading business street. Wilshire is now lined by high-rise buildings for ten or fifteen miles of its length. Most of them are new and conform to the contemporary glass-box style. There isn't much on the streets behind them—the high-rise development sticks quite narrowly to the boulevard itself—and they have a miragelike look in the glare and shim-

mery heat of a local midday, but they do provide an axis for the city. L.A. has unity but no real center. It has a theoretical center at the eastern ends of Wilshire and Sunset, near the site of the original Spanish settlement—the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles de Porciúncula. There, about fifteen miles inland, are the Los Angeles city and county office buildings, along with some of the older and more conventional business headquarters—those of certain banks and certain oil companies, for instance. But despite their presence, the city's old core is moribund—even more so than the cores of other American cities. Efforts are being made to give it new life—an urban-renewal project is under way; an ambitious Music Center is going up there; and much capital is being invested in new downtown office buildings—but if these steps are to revive the section, they haven't done so yet. The city's Skid Row, or Bowery,

runs right past it now, and the people one sees there are mainly the elderly, Mexicans, and Negroes. Most of the city's six hundred thousand or so Negroes live along a sprawling southward axis—of which the strife-torn Watts section represents a small part—extending for ten miles or so below the old downtown. Meanwhile, fashionable life has been moving westward along the Wilshire-Sunset axis toward the sea. It is this axis, running below the mountains, that gives L.A. what form it has. The rest of the city is sprawly; it has striking features here and there, but one can't see much pattern in them.

The city's way of growth is special. There is both an upward growth, into the mountains, and an outward growth, into the hinterlands. For its upward growth, the city needs mostly techniques for building on dizzy heights. For its outward growth, it needs roads and more roads, along with water and utilities. The moun-



"If you play the Mass in B Minor, that'll be half the evening shot."

tains rise to three thousand feet in places; in their natural state they are wild and nearly silent, and deeply eroded by canyons running south toward the city. Some of these have been settled, and one, Mandeville Canyon, is said to contain the world's longest cul-de-sac—a five-mile street that comes to a dead end at the headwall. Los Angeles has a Mediterranean climate—dry in summer, rainy in winter, and rarely cold—and the mountains are covered with vegetation to match; namely, the so-called chaparral, which in appearance and consistency, though not in detailed botanical makeup, is like the *maquis* or *macchia* of the Mediterranean itself. The chaparral forms a wiry brush cover, unbroken by trees except in the valley bottoms, which dries out in summer to pastel shades of brown, green, yellow, gray-blue, and pink. In summer, it becomes inflammable—hence L.A.'s spectacular fires—and also gets very aromatic toward midday, as the sun beats down. I have often walked in the mountains, in sections to the west that are still uninhabited. On some days, I didn't meet another human being. The ground underfoot was hard and dusty, but the scene was peaceful. I might walk on a ridgetop, looking down into canyons or out at the Pacific. Or I might walk in a canyon—perhaps one squeezed in by sandstone outcrops, perhaps one forming a broad basin—with the blue sky above and, all around, a stillness except for insect murmur and snatches of birdsong. Once, I heard a crackling in the chaparral, and a doe and a fawn—mule deer—passed me there. Often lizards darted scratchily across my path, and often I saw doves and coveys of quail. One day when I was walking along at the top of a canyon wall, a buzzard soared right beside me, over the emptiness, and I had a close, leisurely view of it—its wattled red face, its white topknot, its rusty-black wings and body. All this was inside the Los Angeles city limits, a few miles from thickly populated areas.

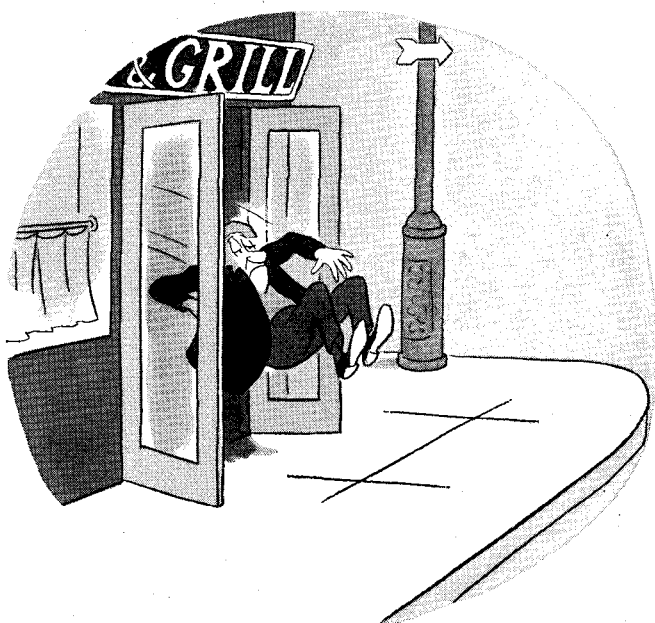
In the twenties and thirties, some of the lower and more easterly stretches of mountains, toward the heart of the city, underwent real-estate development. Among these were parts of the Hollywood Hills, just north of the movie colony—which itself lies some ten miles from the Pacific—and these haven't changed much since. The canyons in those parts have narrow asphalt roads running up them, overlooked by sketchy and unimposing, if sometimes bizarre, frame houses clinging to the slopes. The slopes themselves

were changed very little in the course of the development, because such changes were hard to make then; the works of man adapted themselves to nature, filling what crannies they could, and the steeper heights were left intact. Then, during the Second World War, the evolution of bulldozers, and of earth-moving gear in general, was greatly accelerated, and in the fifties new parts of the mountains were opened up. Roads went in where they couldn't have gone before.

Ridges were planed right off by the bulldozers, and slopes were terraced to make small building plots. If terracing was too difficult, houses were sometimes built out over the void on stilts, their appearance suggesting rectangular flying saucers.

All this development has changed some parts of the mountains radically. Instead of wild, sharp ridges fuzzy with chaparral and reminiscent of the heights in a Chinese landscape, one now sees so-called "rice-paddy" formations—flights of terraces stepping up the slopes to flattened summits. When these terraces are newly carved, and have acquired no greenery, they look less like paddy fields than like the piles of mine tailings one sees on lonely Western mountainsides. They are of pale-dun, hard-baked, dusty earth. Soon they come to have houses on them, as a rule, and with the passing years they acquire planting on their bevelled flanks, but even then they look unnatural—man-made casings on the mountain masses. It is an instance of technology working against art, as it so often does, by making things too easy.

Not long ago, I flew over the range in a helicopter with Robert Shelton, the president of an L.A. planning firm called the Lantain Park Corporation, which was formed to coordinate planning, engineering, legal, and other services for eleven landowning corporations. These investors, headed by Lazard Frères & Co. of New York, had bought eleven thousand three hundred acres of virgin mountain territory from William Zeckendorf, and they hoped to open it up for development soon. They were following the latest trend among the very big L.A. landowners, who are now dividing their



holdings into "planned communities," rationally thought out by planning-and-architectural firms, and they had engaged the architect William Pereira, a leader in this field. He had tentatively laid out roads, schools, shopping centers, villages, and other features among the crags and canyons of the so-called Mountain Park properties. Subsequently, the original investors sold a substantial part of the land to the Sunset Petroleum Corporation, which is about to undertake the development of some two thousand acres. One section of land has been donated to the University of California, another may be acquired by the Los Angeles County Sanitation Districts for what it calls "landfill operations"—a euphemism for refuse disposal—and a third and fourth will become parts of a chain of state parks in the region. In the master plans for the privately held land, there is a strong regard for the preservation of open space, inasmuch as half the mountain slopes are to be kept in their natural state.

Our helicopter took off some distance from the mountains and reached them at their eastern, or downtown, end. There was a city park there—Griffith Park—and from it we began floating westward over the Hollywood Hills, crossing a freeway. We looked down on the houses there and also on green-fuzzed mountains, a little dimmed by smog. Then we went on westward and began to see terraces. "That's the kind of development we don't like," Shelton said. "The rice-paddy thing. There's a great controversy here, you know, between the planners and the developers. The planners ask if the developers really have to do this." We circled over the mountains, looking down on sets of



bare tan terraces here and there. "That's a very conventional type of subdivision," my companion said, pointing one set out. "It's very rigidly shaped, you see—very unimaginative. It loses the character of the hills." Of another terrace development he showed me, which afforded good views out over the city, he said that the lots were selling at anything from fifty thousand to a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars each. Several had big houses on them already, and I noticed that nearly all of these had swimming pools. The pools, in the hills and on the plains, are of all shapes and sizes, and from the air they are a shimmering transparent blue, like pale-blue topaz. We floated westward, over what amounted to an illustrated history of earth-moving techniques, until we reached the Mountain Park properties, which were still for the most part untouched. We flew

low and slowly over them, practically walking along the ridgetops with the helicopter. Once, we landed on a peak, and Shelton showed me where certain elements of the university portion—a research institute and a resort-and-conference center—were to go. Then we rose and pushed on. We saw wild canyons below us, between pinnacles and ledges. We saw reddish fire roads through the chaparral, and saw ridge after ridge and peak after peak going off into the distance, dimming progressively into a haze. As we neared the ocean, we saw wisps of white fog stealing up the hillsides from it. We flew on till we were outside the Los Angeles city limits—though we were still in Los Angeles County. Here, where the mountains paralleled the coastline, we saw settlements again—first clusters of summer cabins in a canyon, and then scattered, lonely homesteads and

ranches, each with its own water tank. We were over the true wild, rural California. Heaven knew how soon it might be urban.

Of course, one can't really separate L.A.'s vertical growth from its horizontal growth. As the city spreads outward, it meets with other hills, which it also shapes by bulldozer. One reads that in the early sixties two hundred and sixty acres were "urbanized" every day, and one sees the results all around. The broad San Fernando Valley, just north of the Santa Monica Range (and most of it within the Los Angeles city limits), was nearly all farmland before the forties. Now there are settlements everywhere, with more than a million people living in them. Orange County, too, was nearly all farmland some years back, and now its northwestern part—the part nearest L.A.—is thickly set-

tled. The Orange County population was a little over two hundred thousand in 1950, and by 1960 it had reached seven hundred thousand; the present figure is already much higher, and the projection for 1980 is over two million. Most of the expansion has been unplanned and fragmentary: smallish subdivisions worked up here and there—often near freeways—according to the dictates of the market. The developers, having nothing else to guide them, have generally fallen back on the gridiron pattern, with block after regular block divided with almost equal dimensions into small lots, on which houses are built hastily and often flimsily, though with a superficial smartness. “The only saving grace of those houses is their expendability,” one architect told me, with the Angeleno’s characteristic awareness of the future.

Not all the expansion is residential; in the suburbs—or “slurbs,” as local

critics call them—there are many small industrial plants, for L.A.’s growth in industry has kept up with the growth of L.A.’s population; the city has now passed the Chicago area as a center of industrial employment, and is in second place behind the New York area. The expansion into the existing farmland is gradual, so there is plenty of chaos to it; as one motors along, one may see cows, orchards, subdivisions, and electronics factories all jumbled together. When the mixture is viewed from aloft, though, it has a quite easily decipherable checkerboard pattern. The residential squares, which predominate, look like mosaics, the individual pieces being the little houses pressed together. Industrial and shopping-center squares, which are scattered at wide intervals, are hard to tell apart, both having low-looking rectangular buildings among parking lots. Of the farming squares, some are dairies, which in

L.A. consist mainly of yards for the cows to stand in, and the yards are a brown earth color. The orange-grove squares, by contrast, look like dark-green homespun or knitting, and the vineyard squares, which are common along the city’s eastern borders, are stripes of green and brown. The gridiron is broken at intervals by hills, reservoirs, or other interruptions, but its pattern is the one that predominates.

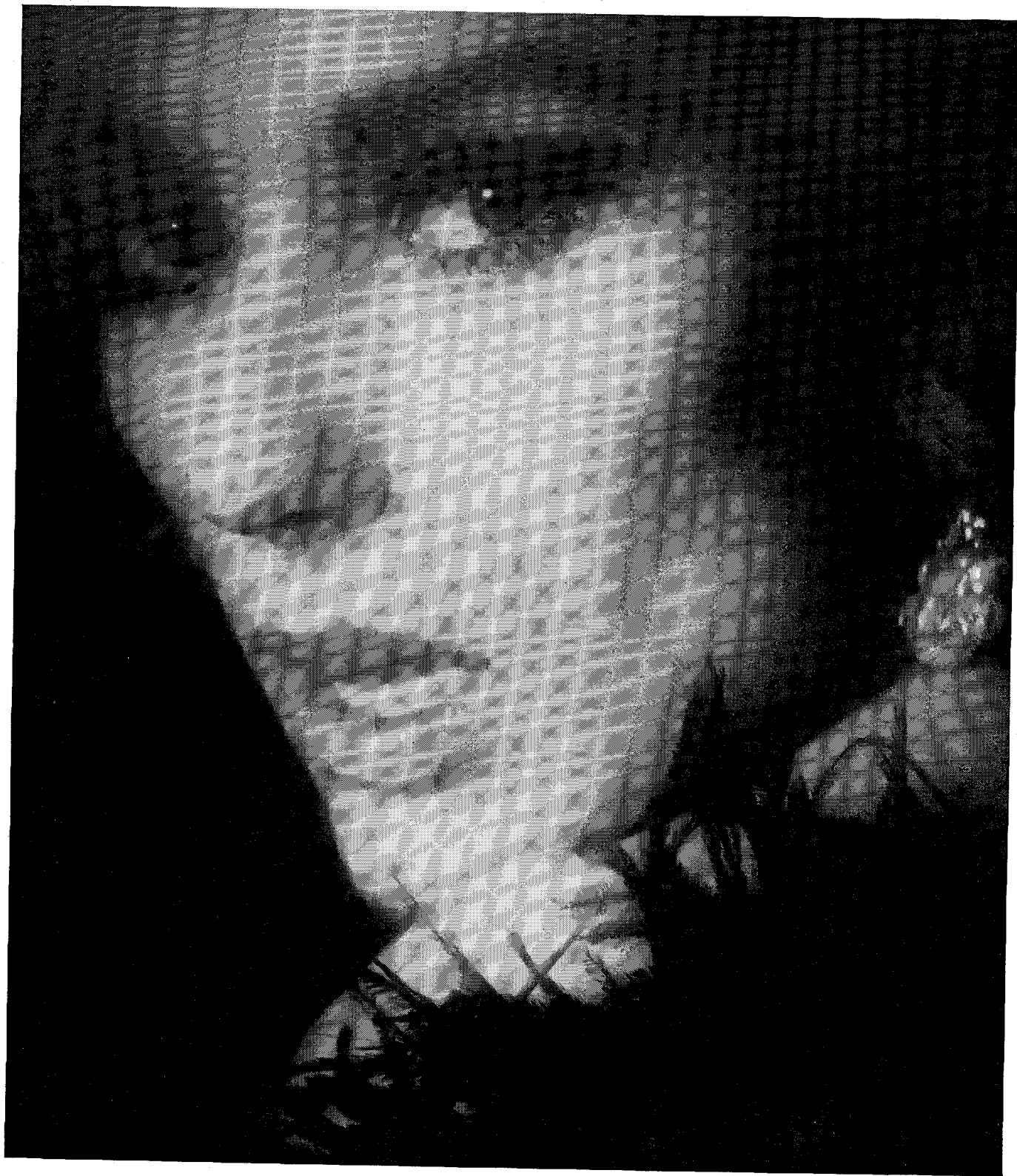
Still farther out, the L.A. complex has expanded into deserts, where there has been little to displace but emptiness. For hundreds of miles east of the Los Angeles area, the terrain is desert, softened only by a few cool mountaintops and a few oases, natural or man-made. This hinterland includes expanses like Death Valley, the Mojave Desert, and the Joshua Tree National Monument, and its human occupants have traditionally been lone prospectors, twenty-mule-team drivers, and

scattered Indians. Since the Second World War, though, tens of thousands of ordinary citizens have moved in and settled down, some having been attracted by jobs in new military establishments and aerospace industries—which exploit the abundant land and the clean air for testing—and others having been drawn merely by the solar heat of desert life, which is now made tolerable by air-conditioning, new irrigation, TV, and fast motor transport. Some of the new desert habitations are scattered and primitive; others are concentrated and de-luxe, the most striking being Palm Springs, some ninety miles east of L.A., where former President Eisenhower spends the winter, along with movie stars and other notables.

In and around L.A. can be seen bearish reminders of past land speculation. In Santa Monica, one may see the dilapidated hulks of palatial beach clubs. In Venice, which was patterned after the Italian Venice, one may see cracked and barricaded



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Gentleman's Cashmere by Barry Walt

Venetian bridges over stagnant canals. But these failures date back to the twenties, and although in the past years there has been a slackening of the great postwar land and building boom, prior to that its pace increased steadily from V-J Day onward. According to reliable studies, the price of some of the land near L.A. was at one time rising thirty-three per cent a year, on the average, and one heard repeatedly that a land speculator with any intelligence at all couldn't lose. Land has been a besetting local interest for all kinds of people.

Much of the land in or near Los Angeles is owned by ranching families that have turned to real-estate operating. California ranches are usually large, because they originated as Spanish or Mexican land grants, which were handed out liberally and on a scale in keeping with their intended use—the grazing of scattered horses and cattle in the dry open spaces. Since California's admission to the Union, most of the grants have passed into Yankee—or Anglo, to use the local term—hands, but they have often retained their original size, or most of it. Some have been left in grazing land, perhaps as rich men's hobbies, and some have been irrigated and put into fruit or vegetables, but ranch owners have abandoned these bucolic preoccupations as the city has drawn near, for its approach drives up land prices and tax assessments. So the ranchers have joined the real-estate scramble. A rancher may sell off his land in bits to developers, and thus encourage urban sprawl, or he may try for something better and hire an architect to work out a "planned community" for him.

At least half a dozen architectural firms in Los Angeles now specialize in projects that entail not just designing single buildings but designing what architects, or planners, involved speak of as "environments." In addition to communities occupying old ranches, these environments include marinas by the Pacific; urban-renewal projects, or other "cities-within-the-city," closer to the core; and also five new or greatly expanded campuses—among the biggest campuses anywhere—which the University of California is building in southern California to deal with the influx of students projected between now and 1975. Among the firms at work on these big jobs are those headed by Pereira, Welton Becket, Victor Gruen, Charles Luckman, and George Vernon Russell. One of the Pereira firm's most notable undertakings is the master planning for the development of the vast Irvine Ranch, in Orange County, to-

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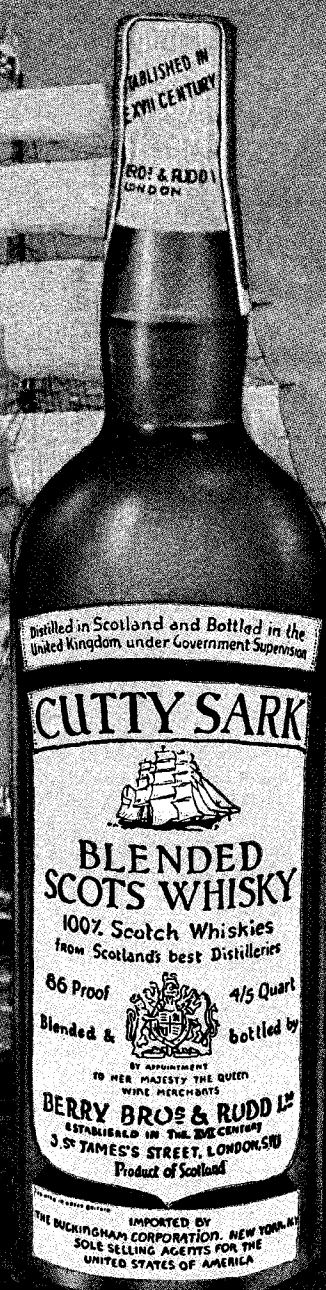
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gether with a new University of California campus there. The Irvine property, which now consists of about ninety thousand acres, was in the past given over first to sheep ranching and then to citrus orchards, but recently members of the Irvine family, which has held the land for more than a century, decided that the time had come for imaginative development. Not long ago, I went to see Irvine, but before doing that I called on Pereira—a slender man with a ramrod back, blue eyes, and wavy gray hair—and asked him to tell me about the beginnings of planned communities in this region.

"The growth of Los Angeles coincided with the development of a great deal of gadgetry, and relied heavily on it," Pereira said. "The airplane did more for this city than for any other, because it ended our isolation—first our isolation from the rest of America, by the deserts, and then our isolation from the rest of the world by the Pacific. The automobile has also had more effect here—internally—than in any other city. Then, TV was influential, because it meant that unsophisticated people could stay home for their entertainment. It sweetened the sprawl. In the historic cities, gadgetry has had very little to do with the pattern, whereas the pattern here could not have emerged without it. Because of the gadgetry, you got a scattered city. You had lots of land. You had shopping centers going up farther and farther out. You had an easy mortgage market. And you had a lot of fast-buck housing. But that thrust is over now. People here are growing more sophisticated, and are asking questions about their environment. We have good universities here, and they are turning out more graduates every year. The electronics industry is growing fast, and it has to find ways of attracting scientists—well-educated people who don't like to live in the ordinary sprawling suburbs and drive to the city, with its crowdedness, its parking problems. So management is turning to places like Irvine, where its people can have decent surroundings. Irvine has a good seashore life nearby, and open farmland, and mountains—good places for recreation. A population center is already growing up there. The Irvine campus will outpull all the other U.C. campuses when it comes to talent, because its environment is so good. It is already attracting industry. Firms like Collins Radio and the Aeronutronic Division of the Philco Corporation, which is a subsidiary of the Ford Motor Com-

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pany, have now moved in, and others are coming."

I was driven down to Irvine by a member of Pereira's staff, and the trip took about an hour on the freeway, going southeast. The transition from city to suburbs was almost imperceptible, and then for a long time on the raised highway we spun on above these, somewhat as the New York "L" used to spin on, or rattle on, above things. After a while, we whizzed past Disneyland, some distance to our right, dominated by a white imitation Matterhorn. After that, we passed more suburbs, and still more; then, suddenly, they ended, and we were in the open country. "This is the Irvine Ranch," my guide said. "It was the only thing that could stop those suburbs from spreading."

Around us lay a wide plain. Off to our left—the northeast—it ended in high mountains, and off to our right it ended in rolling hills, beyond which, I was told, lay the Pacific. "The ranch runs thirty-one miles at its longest point, and more than nine at its widest," my guide said. "It takes up almost a fifth of Orange County." We left the freeway and began driving toward the rolling hills, through the flatlands. There were fields of tomatoes and red peppers, and of spinach, in dark-brown earth. And now and then I saw a sparrow hawk fluttering in the air.

Having crossed the plain and climbed into the hills, we reached Pereira's field headquarters, in a pleasantly remodelled red barn. There we were met by James Langenheim, who is the partner in charge of that office, and James Sink, the associate in charge of the U.C.I.—University of California at Irvine—project, and were given a lunch of enchiladas and Mexican salad. Later, we looked at maps and models of the Irvine plan. "The plan divides the ranch into three zones," Sink said. "There is the mountain zone, in the northeast, which is rugged and will be mainly left alone for now. Then there are the plains, which will be left in agriculture for perhaps two decades. It's the third zone—these rolling hills and the oceanside—that we're concentrating on at present. A good deal of the oceanside had been developed before our plan began. The resort communities of Newport Beach and Balboa were in full existence, and they're a help to us—a help in making our environment attractive. But then there is Upper Newport Bay, which was not previously developed"—he pointed out on a map a long finger of blue running inland—"and we will be

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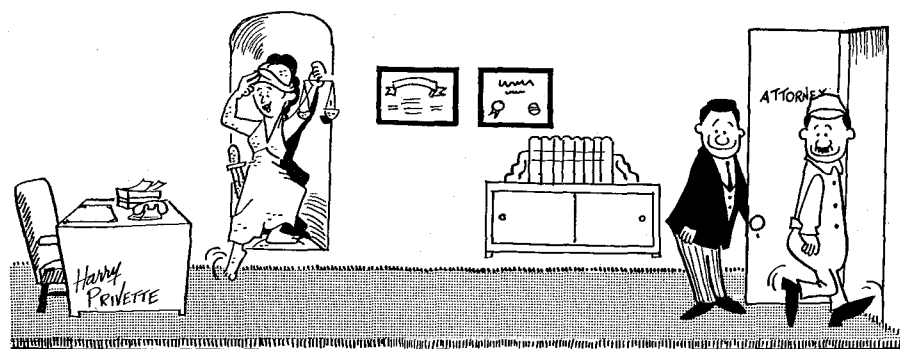
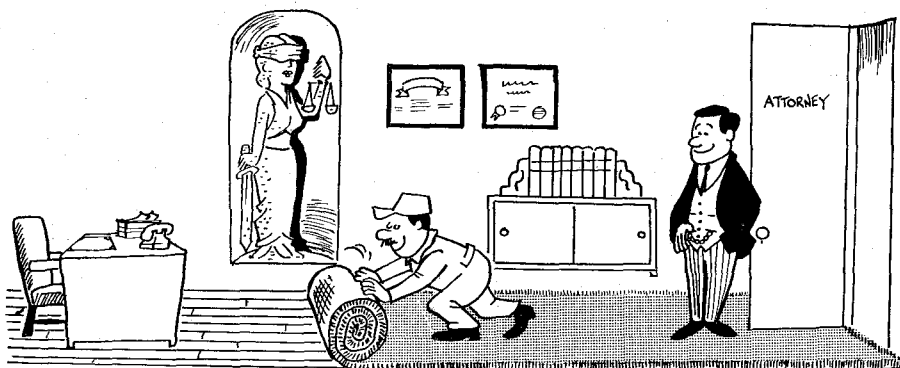
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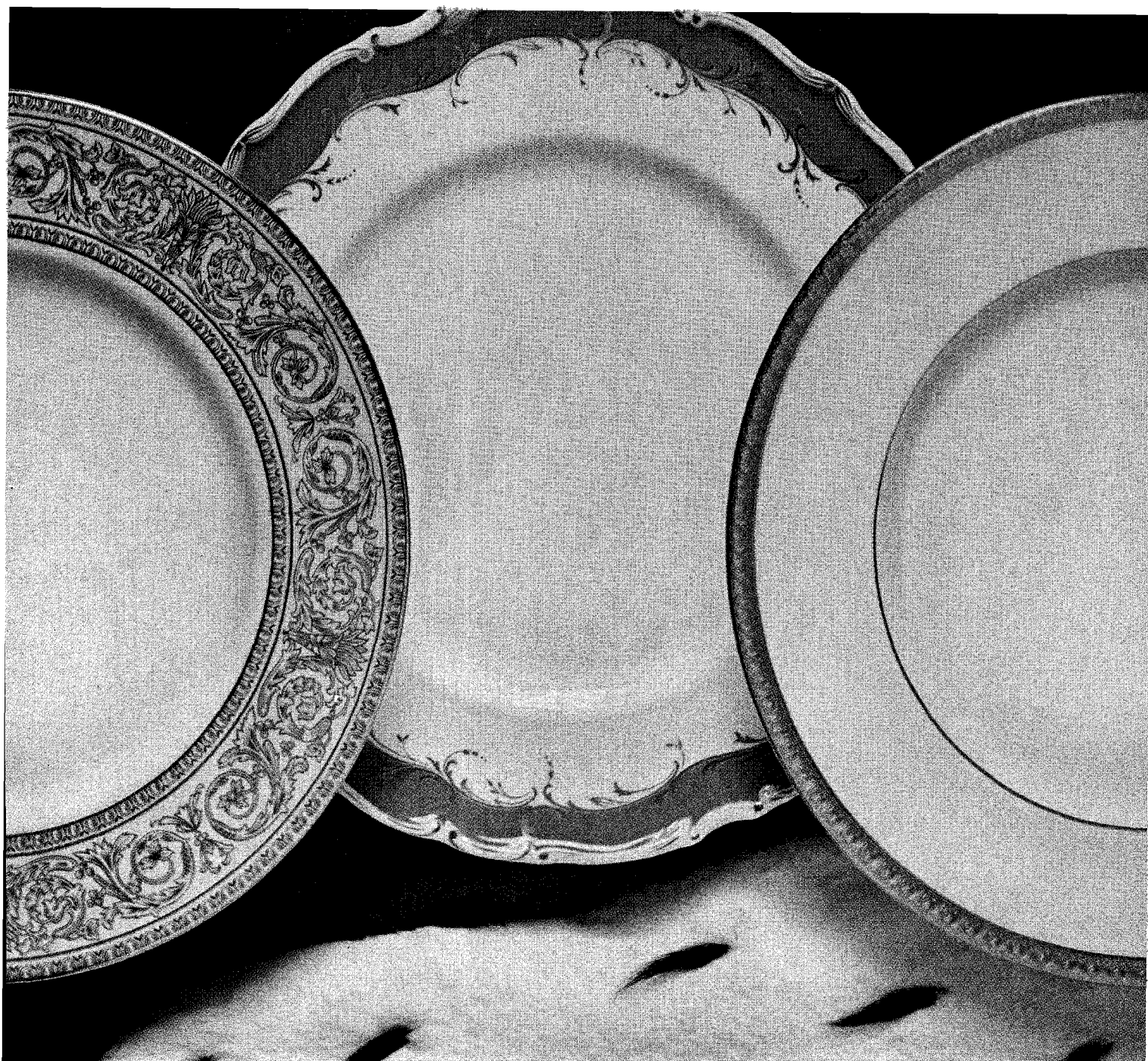
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building hotels, waterfront homes, and a marina along its edges. Here in the hills and nearby on the plain there will be more residential areas, an industrial area, and U.C.I.—whose campus is already partly built." Mr. Sink went on to say that the stability of U.C.I. as an employer was important to the plan. When finished, the campus will have twenty-seven thousand five hundred students, which will mean a population, counting faculty and so on, of several times that. And the campus will be related to ten thousand acres around it, the hope being that in time it will all be incorporated as a new city. "The city will need industries for tax support, and our industrial area should take care of that," Mr. Sink said. "We see university-oriented industries coming in—research industries, like electronics, and skilled handicrafts, like ceramics, say. The campus itself will cover some fifteen hundred acres, a thousand of them donated by the Irvine Company. This is in addition to the ten thousand in our future city; included in the general campus acreage are five hundred and ten set aside for faculty living and things related to it. U.C. has bought the faculty-living area outright, so as to be able to control its use and its prices in the future—keep the prices from going beyond faculty pocketbooks, which is something that has happened with the land around at least one of the older U.C. campuses."

Sink turned to a model of the campus, which has a radial form, with six groups of buildings running out from a green space in the center. One group will be devoted to the humanities, he said, one to the life sciences, and so on, except that the sixth will be administration buildings, a library, and other student facilities. The axis of this group will lead to the city's commercial section and then to its high-density living area. The radial form, Sink said, had allowed the campus to make a compact early start with a few buildings—or, in some cases, half buildings—constructed near the center. There are now a dozen structures, and last year U.C.I. admitted its first fifteen hundred students.

IRVINE is a mere detail, if a big one, in the emergent Los Angeles. Another detail is Century City, a high-rise subcommunity, designed by Welton Becket & Associates, that is going up in West Los Angeles, on land once owned by Twentieth Century-Fox. It is to include twenty-eight office buildings and twenty-two apartment towers, all ranging up to forty stories in height, and an



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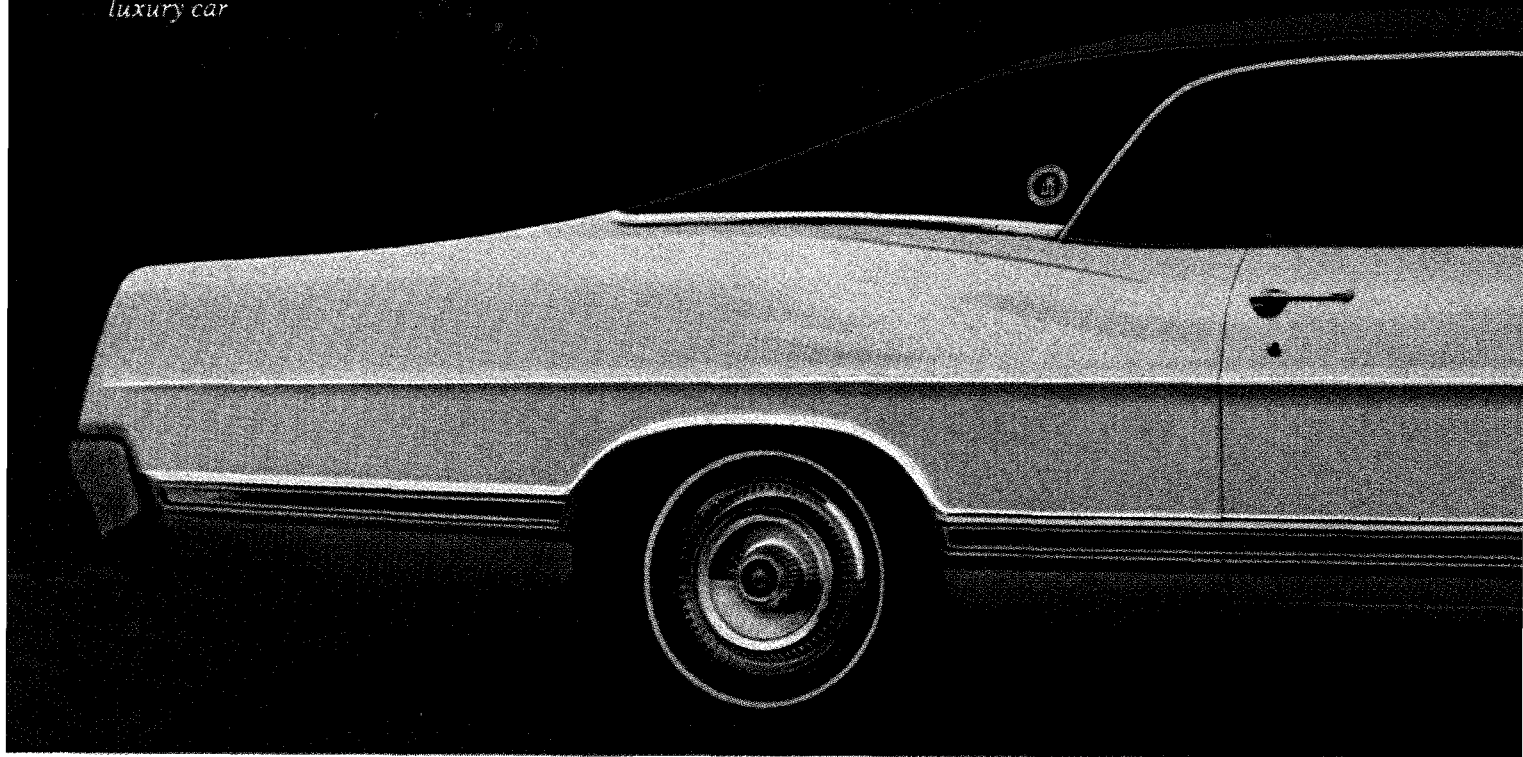
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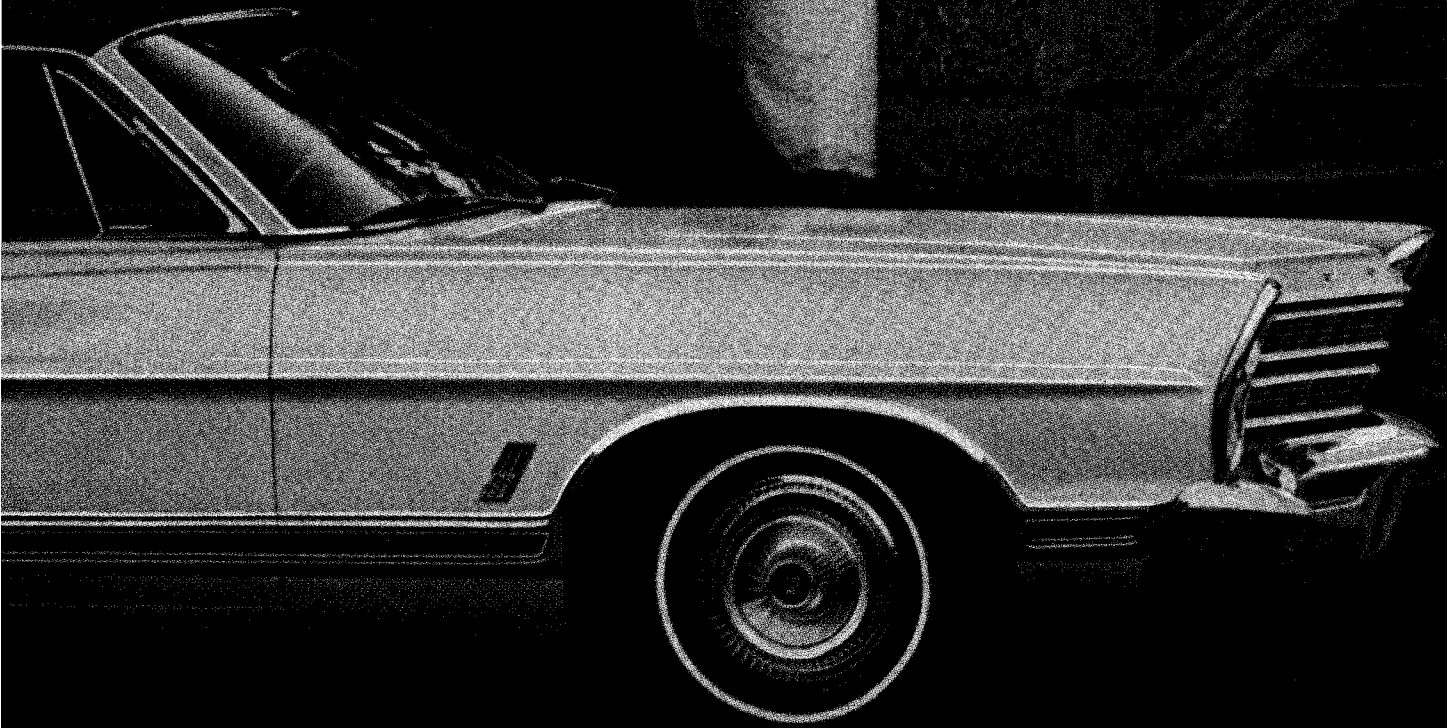
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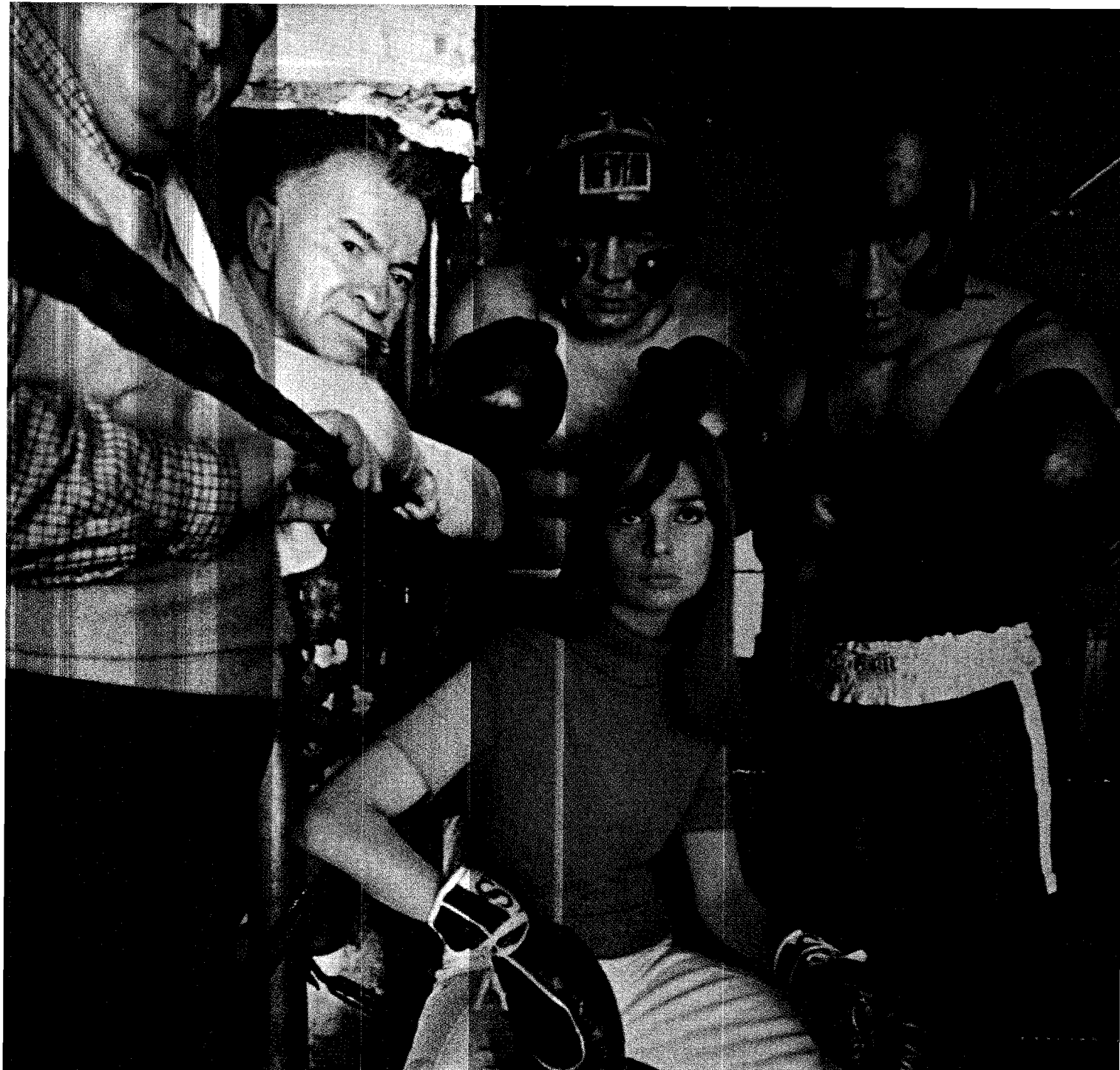
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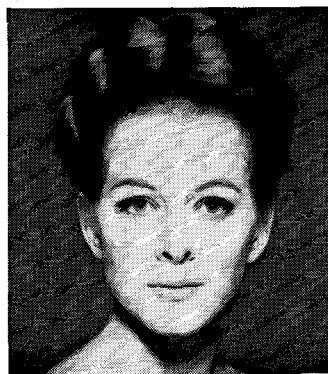
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eight-hundred-room hotel, and it will be a main feature of the new L.A. skyline. Already two apartment towers and six office buildings have been completed and occupied, a shopping center is doing business, and the hotel—the Century Plaza—opened last June. Century City, incidentally, is being backed by the Aluminum Company of America. There is a good deal of Eastern money in the L.A. building boom. Besides Alcoa and Lazard Frères, Tishman and the Pennsylvania Railroad are deeply involved here, and the old Boston real-estate-development firm of Cabot, Cabot & Forbes has gone into Orange County. Indeed, capital is coming from many directions, and this force is helping to push the future Los Angeles toward actuality. That future L.A. does seem to have form, despite the chaos so far, and it also has qualities that accord with some of the most advanced ideas about the modern city.

For one thing, the new L.A. will probably have much high-rise living in it. Heretofore, the city has run to single-family houses—an arrangement attributable partly to earthquakes and partly to the fact that many Angelenos have a small-town Midwestern background. Whatever its origin, the preference for one-family houses seems to be on the way out. Real-estate economists and analysts, who abound in L.A., point out that the big American crop of war babies recently attained their early twenties, and this, they say, is an age that favors apartment living. They also say that close-in land around Los Angeles is now so expensive and so scarce as to make one-family houses impossible for most people. Anyway, early in the 'sixties developers turned more and more from houses to apartment buildings. Although in the past year or so there has been a slump in this, as in other real-estate activities, in the first half of the decade almost three-quarters of the dwelling units built in L.A. were in multiple-family structures. In other words, the city is going up into another dimension, and this is making it more and more like other cities.

The Greek planner Constantinos Doxiadis has argued that the modern city, because of its fast development, cannot be centered, like the ancient city, on a single point but must lie along an axis on which its center can move as it expands. This seems to have happened in New York, with the axis moving northward up Manhattan, and the same seems true of L.A., with its westward-moving Wilshire-Sunset



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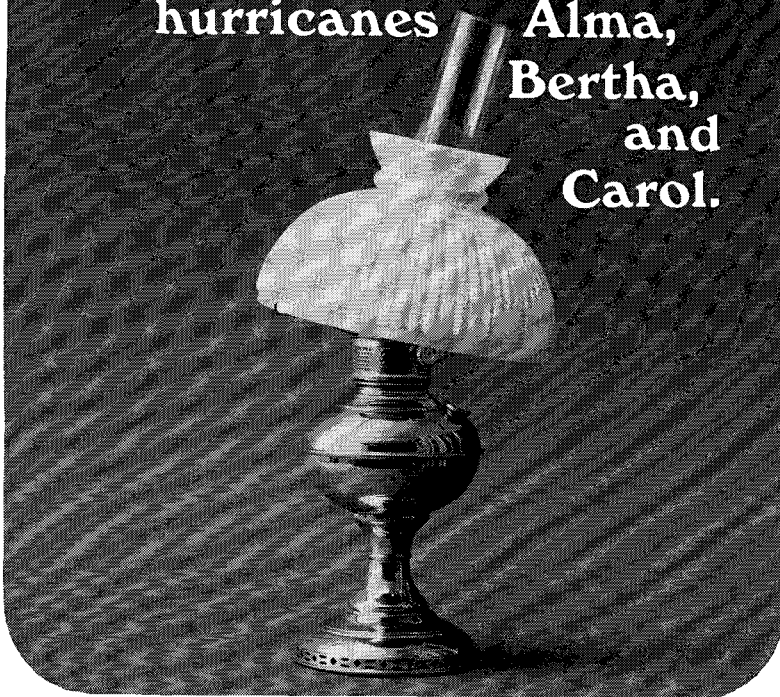


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axis. This is more primitive than the Manhattan axis—that is, it's less densely developed—but is like it in some other ways; it is roughly the same length, for one thing, and, for another, it has roughly the same functions, commerce, banking, and so on being strung out along it.

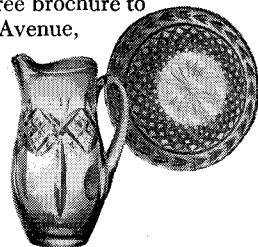
Finally, one can discern in the growth pattern of Los Angeles a conflict between centripetal and centrifugal forces—the city contending against its parts for the citizens' attention or adherence. L.A.'s central stores contend against its suburban shopping centers, and even its mayor—as he emphasized at a recent Senate hearing—contends, at a disadvantage, against county officials and the city councilmen who represent the subdistricts. The conflict also exists in the city's press. Taken as a whole, L.A. is virtually a one-newspaper city. There is a weak Hearst evening paper here, the *Herald-Examiner*, but in over-all effect journalism in the city is dominated by the independent morning *Times*. A. J. Liebling and other students of the press have deplored the tendency toward one-paper dominance of American cities, thinking it conducive to monopoly of thought. The Los Angeles *Times*, though, is far from monopolizing thought here—even merely journalistic thought. Its influence is everywhere challenged not only by radio and TV but by suburban dailies. There are perhaps a score of these, and in order to compete with them the *Times* puts out several suburban editions of its own a couple of times a week, and has bought up two outlying papers at high prices. The preoccupation with local activities that besets the *Times* runs through many things in L.A. Those subcommunities with a recent history as freestanding settlements are thought of as real places still, and an L.A. man will probably tell you he comes from Van Nuys or Westwood or Long Beach, rather than from Los Angeles itself. If Greater Los Angeles expands to megalopolitan status, taking in new communities like Irvine, this outlook may become more prevalent. It, too, may be an essential part of the super-city pattern.

ONE way to view Los Angeles is as a machine. All modern cities are machines, but L.A. is even more of a machine than the others. It is a humming, smoking, ever-changing contraption, which mechanics are incessantly trying to improve and get the bugs out of. Being a populous near-desert, it is crucially dependent on

Someday I'll marry

*I like Paul.
Sometimes we sit and dream.
What about?
About nothing.
We just dream.
Sometimes Paul dreams about... oh,
I forgot, but
I know what I dream about.
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He puts them in a bottle.
His mother once asked him what
are you going to do with bottled fireflies.
I'm going to light up my room, he said.
When I get married, I'm going
to light up my room
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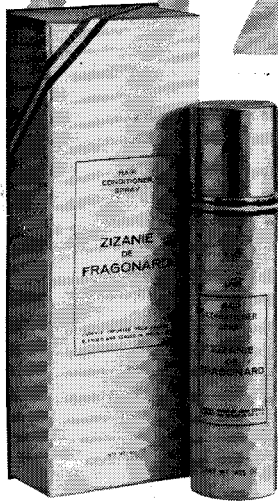
*Sometimes I wonder.
When I get married, will
my dreams come true?
If they do, will I
stop dreaming?*

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imported water. It sits on an oil deposit. It lives under the threat of floods, fires, and, as I've said, earthquakes, to all of which its technological daring makes it especially vulnerable. Because it is so scattered, it is concerned, day in and day out, with keeping a transit system moving at high speed. And it must dispose of the waste products—smog and the rest—that its operations throw off. In dealing with all these things, it is at the frontier of technology; it is the technological city par excellence, representing the climax of modern urban mechanization.

Water is the basic problem; without importing water the city couldn't have reached its present size, or anything like it, and if it stopped importing water tomorrow, it would wither. Thanks to L.A.'s Mediterranean climate, it gets almost no rain in the warmer half of the year. (It does occasionally get rain then; I once saw it come down in sheets in early September, but that was truly an exception.) And still, some parts of the region get little more rain than the ten inches that usually mark the line between desert and non-desert. The first known residents of Greater L.A., the Indians, were, in the anthropological phrase, hunters and gatherers; they lived on things like fish and acorns, growing no crops, and they got their drinking and cooking water from scattered springs and streams. Agriculture was brought to the area in the eighteenth century by the Franciscan fathers in the Spanish missions; they planted mostly oranges and grapes, which they irrigated by damming streams and moving the water through ditches. Their technology dealt with surface water, for the most part, as opposed to ground water, which was not seriously tapped here until the late nineteenth century. During that period, L.A.'s ground water was still plentiful and rose nearly to the surface, having accumulated through the ages in subterranean basins—experts say that fresh water even ran out a few miles under the Pacific then, in certain strata—but by 1900 farmers' wells were drawing this ground water off in many places.

Meanwhile, the embryo city of L.A., situated near the original Spanish pueblo, was dependent for its water on the Los Angeles River, which was then, as now, a torrent in winter and a trickle in summer. With proper damming and normal rainfall, the river was able to supply the domestic needs of not more than two hundred and fifty thousand people, but by 1904, when the population was over a hundred and sixty thousand, a series of dry years had

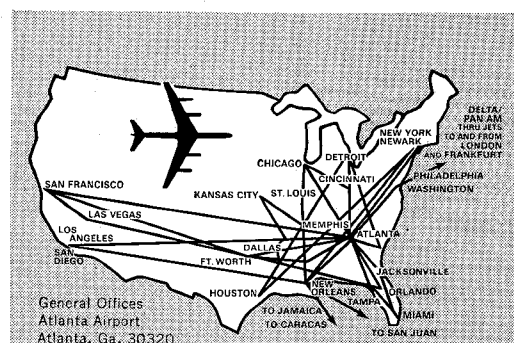


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Delta baggage counter...**

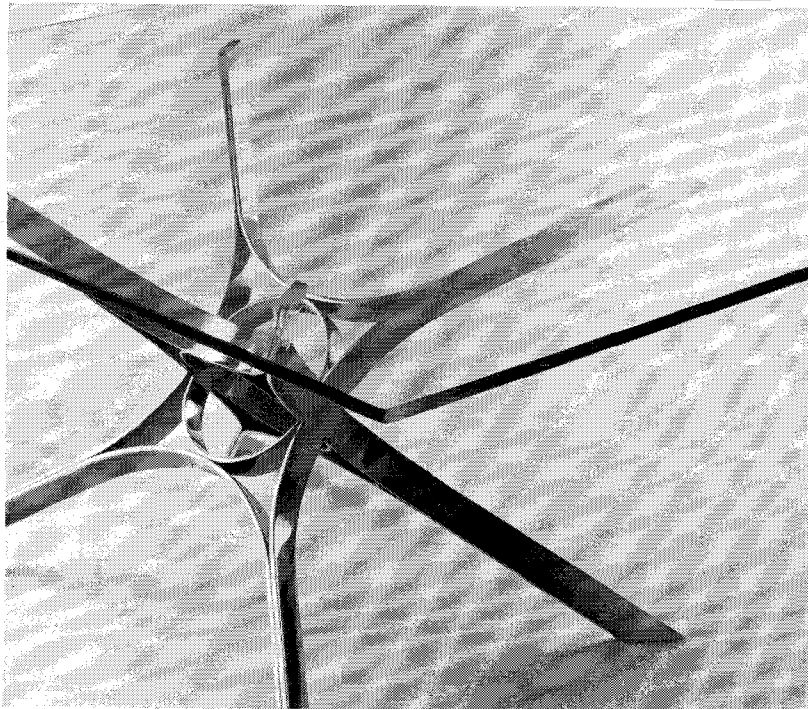
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taxed the supply. Foresighted Angelenos recognized a pressing need for imports, and a certain William Mulholland, who, as a young Irish immigrant, had taught himself engineering while he tended irrigation ditches and was now chief engineer of the L.A. Water Department, set out to find them. In a buckboard, he travelled through the deserts and mountains of the hinterland until he reached the fertile Owens Valley, two hundred and forty miles to the northeast, which was irrigated by runoff from the Sierra Nevadas. He took a good look around, and then came home and reported; soon representatives of the Los Angeles government were going into the valley and buying up parcels of land, which gave them control of the waters of the Owens River. The valley people got wind of what was happening and threatened the agents with mob action. Feelings ran high. The fight was carried to Washington, where President Theodore Roosevelt was induced to take L.A.'s side, for the sake of progress and the greatest good of the greatest number. Meanwhile, plans were drawn up for an aqueduct, so complex and ambitious an undertaking that the press of those days called it the Panama Canal of the West, and a big bond issue for the project was sold in Los Angeles. The Owens Valley farmers, unable to stand up against this combination of finance, technology, and political influence, let the aqueduct go through, and it was completed in 1913, but as late as 1927 they dynamited some sections of it. The original agreement was that the water would come into Los Angeles proper, for urban domestic use, but in fact most of it stopped in the large, underpopulated San Fernando Valley, where it was used for irrigating farmland. Fortunes in land speculation were made by this maneuver, and to give it a veneer of legality the Los Angeles city limits were extended to take in the San Fernando Valley. This is one way in which the city, as a political unit, has grown.

In the nineteen-twenties, it again became clear to foresighted Angelenos—including Mulholland, who was revered as the "father of Los Angeles water"—that more imports would be needed, and a plan was evolved to get them from the Colorado River, which flows between California and Arizona for part of its length. (It is two hundred-odd miles from L.A. in that stretch.) This was a still more complex undertaking, for several other thirsty Western states—Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and

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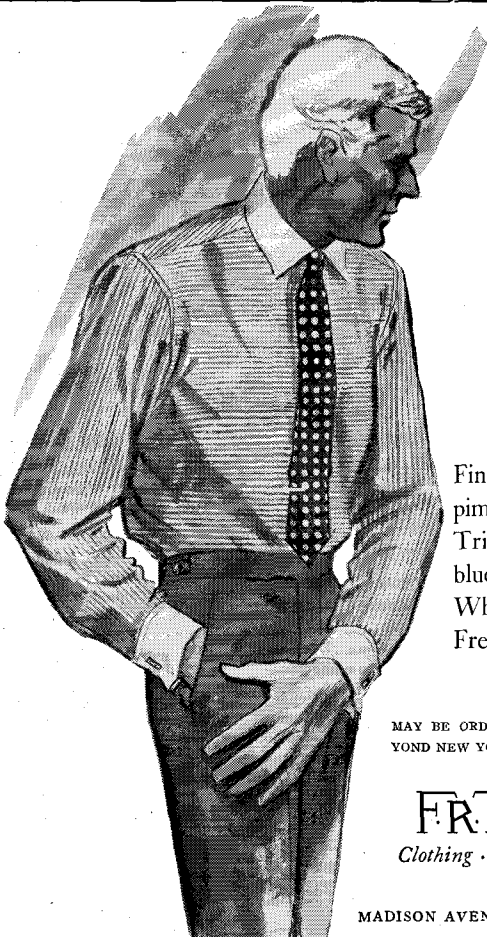
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Wyoming—to say nothing of Mexico, also had rights to Colorado water, based on Spanish and Anglo-Saxon legal precedents that were often in conflict. Much federal intervention was needed, including an Act of Congress, which was first proposed in 1923 and which took six years to pass. The act resulted in the building of the Hoover Dam, to back up the Colorado's waters, and of an aqueduct—at the time the biggest ever conceived in the United States—to serve L.A. and the coastal areas of southern California and its hinterland. In 1941 water began flowing through it. It has allowed L.A. to have still more people, and its hinterland to have still more agriculture, although the interstate background has given trouble. In 1952, Arizona sought to increase its take of Colorado River water, and in 1963 the United States Supreme Court said it could use water from the Colorado tributaries without having the extra water charged against its allotment from the mainstream. The decision stirred up intense controversy, for Arizona was planning a vast new project to irrigate land between Phoenix and Tucson, which would take so much extra water that Arizona's gain would be California's loss—though the threat was not immediate, for the project would require years to design and construct. Solutions to the problem are now in the offing, for the seven states that share the water have joined to sponsor new Western regional water-planning bills before Congress; the authorization for the Central Arizona Project is now carried in the joint bills, and there are provisions for protecting the water allotments of the various states and for authorizing extensive study of further potential water supplies. Meanwhile, a third and even greater aqueduct system, aimed at bringing water from northern California to central and southern California, is already in the works. An engineer named Robert A. Skinner, who is currently the general manager of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, which covers the populous coastal areas of six southern California counties and serves almost ten million people, maintains that the new supply will arrive in time to head off disaster. "The supply from the Colorado, despite the many news stories about our loss of water from that source, will continue to be sufficient to carry us through, we believe, until the water from northern California starts to flow . . . in the early nineteen-seventies," he told a Rotary Club meeting in L.A. in July of 1964. "The principal reason is that, despite



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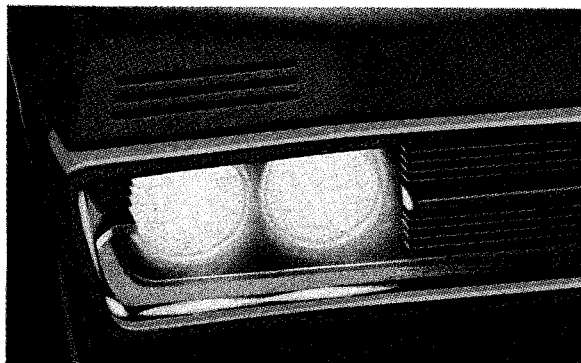
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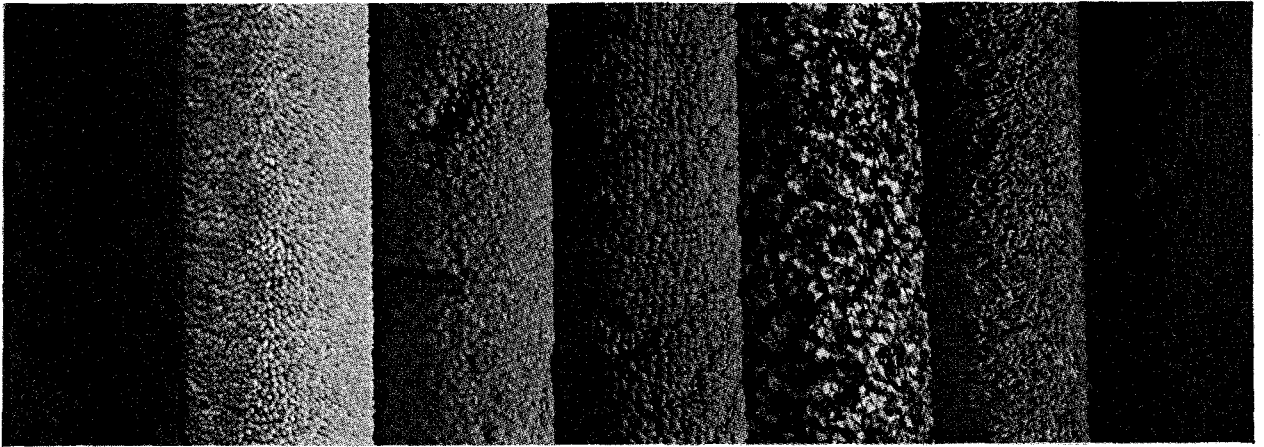


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the possibility of [a] fairly early start of construction of the Central Arizona Project . . . [it] could not be completed before 1975." Mr. Skinner has also said that, even considering the Arizona project, there will be enough water—from the north, from the Owens Valley, from some of the present Colorado supply, and from local rainfall—to supply the southern California water district till its population nearly doubles, as projected for 1990. So, if all goes well, the real question is what is to be done after that year—a not very far-off deadline, in view of the time it takes to build aqueducts. A source to which the experts are looking for post-1990 water is Western rivers other than the Colorado. Even after the new project is in operation, northern California will be letting much unexploited water flow into the Pacific, and the Columbia River, running out through Washington State, is now dumping into the ocean an amount ten times greater than the Colorado's whole volume. Southern California might eventually get some of this, at a price, but water rights are strongly tied to the neighboring land, and the northern politicians are not sounding cooperative. A better hope in the end may lie in the desalting of water, which is now a reality in some spots on the globe. The oil sheikdom of Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf, is desalting twenty-three million gallons of water a day, in almost twenty plants; Aruba, in the Caribbean, is desalting five million gallons a day in five plants; and our own naval base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, since Fidel Castro shut its water off, has been desalting two and a quarter million gallons a day, in a plant that had previously been in experimental use at San Diego. In all these places, the demand for fresh water was so great as to make an artificial supply worthwhile, and southern California must soon decide if it, too, is such a place; it must count the cost against that of hauling water over long distances from increasingly reluctant suppliers to the north. The federal government has sympathized with the Los Angeles region as it has faced this question, and in August of 1964 the Department of the Interior, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California agreed to go shares in a study of the possibilities of desalting water for the Greater L.A. area by the use of atomic energy. The idea is to build a plant that can desalt from fifty million to a hundred and fifty million gallons a day—an unprecedented amount—and that can also generate electric power, which will be

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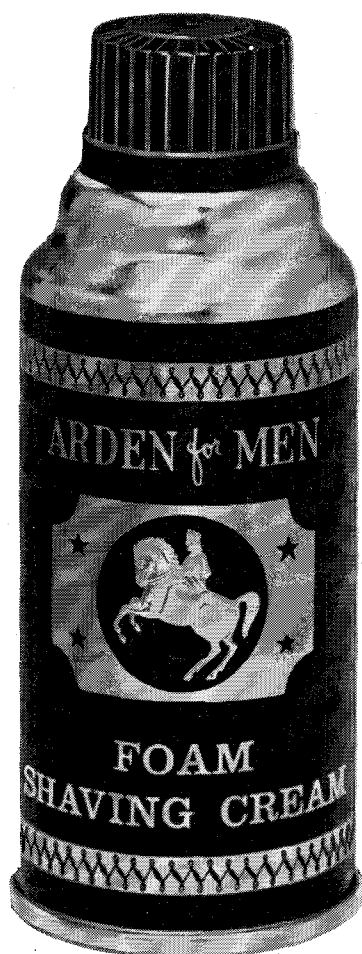
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sold in order to bring the cost down. Plans for the project, which is being supervised by the Metropolitan Water District, have been completed by an engineering firm. They call for a desalting plant to be constructed on an artificial island that will be built off Orange County. If this is in operation in five years, as hoped, and is a success, it will pave the way for more and more such operations in the future, and thus L.A.'s commitment to technology will be further deepened.

Throughout history, water management has been one of the great arts, and water problems like L.A.'s have been dealt with by many cities and irrigated plains elsewhere. But the problems have never before been tackled with such sophistication and elaborateness. The Los Angeles region has pioneered in many branches of hydrology, and has done so at a time of severe drought. For the past two decades, L.A.'s rainfall has been below average in all but three or four years, and the deficit for the entire period, according to the engineers, is about sixty-four inches—a lot by southern California standards. And the Colorado River basin, on which southern California has pinned so many of its hopes, has also been having dry years. All this dryness has been a handicap, but it has been a stimulus, too. It has driven the city into further pioneering, and so has extended our technological frontiers.

ONE of the many peculiarities of Los Angeles is that part of it rests on a major oil deposit. This has added greatly to its wealth, and is still doing so, and it has also affected the city's landscape in many places. Drilling rigs or pumps are at work in the downtown business section, in the grounds of the Beverly Hills high school, and on platforms off Long Beach. Drilling demands derricks, and in L.A.'s more thickly settled areas these are usually covered by foliage or some other sort of camouflage, and are soundproofed. As for pumping gear, it can be installed underground and landscaped out of sight, and this is often done, though big teeter-bar pumps are still common in many sections. Such pumps are often house-high, and in action they suggest praying mantises. Dozens of them can be seen bowing away in the seaside community of Venice, where they are dotted among the cottages, and a long row of them can be seen down near Huntington Beach, in Orange County; these suggest not mantises so much as the hammers of a gigantic piano as they move up and

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down, out of unison. L.A.'s biggest oil section lies between the main city and the port district of Long Beach, to the south, where it runs inland from the ocean for several miles. There great stretches are given over to oil fields and refineries, the scenery forming what a friend of mine calls an oilscape. Anyone driving down the elevated San Diego Freeway, which runs through L.A.'s western and southern parts, gets a good view of it all—an underlying field of empty lots, dun in the glare, or of massed, small subdivision roofs, with dirty-gray smog above them, this atmosphere being pierced everywhere, in all directions, by oil derricks, refinery towers, and telephone poles. Here and there a drive-in movie screen rises, and here and there lie junk yards or truck gardens, but the oilscape is the thing, with its batteries of big spherical tanks and of cylindrical tanks, wide and narrow; its smudgy, hangarlike works and factories; its complex, rhythmic refinery installations; and its forests of smokestacks. All this, running as far as the eye can see, exists within a major city.

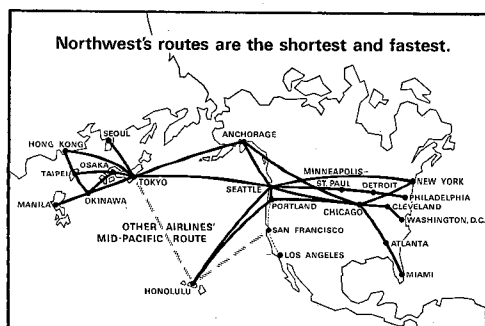
IT is thought tactless to speak of earthquakes in Los Angeles, but they have been known to occur, and the Long Beach quake of 1933 was a big one, killing a hundred and twenty people and destroying more than forty million dollars' worth of property. If another such earthquake comes, it will test the city's architectural innovations—its hillside houses more than its steel-frame skyscrapers, perhaps. In any case of earthquake damage, though, the Angelenos will almost certainly start rebuilding at once, and optimistically, that being their nature.

As for floods, at least three kinds are known in L.A.: flash floods, from sudden heavy rains; disaster floods, from the breaking of reservoir dams; and mud floods, from the erosion of burned-off or bulldozed hills. Flash floods are inevitable in a place that gets heavy storms after months of dryness; I have seen streets here knee-deep in water during such storms, the drains being simply unable to keep up. The Los Angeles and San Gabriel Rivers, which run through or near parts of the city, also used to go on rampages in the rainy season, changing their courses and tearing things apart, but now they have been tamed in big cement troughs, which glare with emptiness in summertime but come close to filling in one of the occasional wet winters. There are new flood-control basins in the outskirts, too—broad, shallow dammed areas, which can support crops or provide rec-



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reaction in the dry season. One of the worst of the dam-failure floods came in 1928, when the St. Francis Dam, in the northern hills of Los Angeles County, burst, its waters killing more than four hundred people; the latest was the bursting of an earthen dam at Baldwin Hills, near the subcommunity of Culver City, in December, 1963, which let loose a flood that killed five people and did more than fifteen million dollars' worth of damage. This failure was attributed to various things, including earth movement and vibrations from oil pumping. Whatever the cause, the dam is not now being rebuilt, or the reservoir refilled. That one small phase of man's struggle against nature—the pushing of water storage to the edge of safety—ended in a draw. Mud floods come from hillsides scraped bare, or burned bare, of vegetation and not replanted. In Greater Los Angeles, such hillsides are beyond counting, and mud floods may occur in any rainy season; some artisans make a specialty of getting mud out of people's houses. It is not a desperate problem, but it is still another skirmish in the war with the elements.

The most spectacular skirmishes involve fire. The city's fires, which are characteristically big, come from the juxtaposition of flame-endowed human beings with tindery chaparral, and generally occur on the line where these two meet. Deep in the chaparral there are few people to start a fire, and deep in the human settlement there are fewer dry plants to burn, so the headline-making blazes have raged high in the hills, where movie stars and others have bought or built houses on the technological frontier. The greatest such blaze occurred in 1961 in the Los Angeles subcommunity of Bel Air; it consumed four hundred and eighty-four expensive houses, including those occupied by Zsa Zsa Gabor, Aldous Huxley, Burt Lancaster, and Walter Wanger. There have been many fires like it, before and since. The latest occurred in September, 1964, not in L.A. proper but in Santa Barbara, where conditions are much the same. I went up to Santa Barbara one night during that fire to help a friend whose house was on the edge of the settlement there; only one or two others separated it from the chaparral, which in Santa Barbara runs for miles over wild mountains. By the time I reached my friend's house—a trip that involved crossing fire lines—the flames were already close to it, and some of the neighboring houses had been evacuated. I climbed up on the roof and began wetting it

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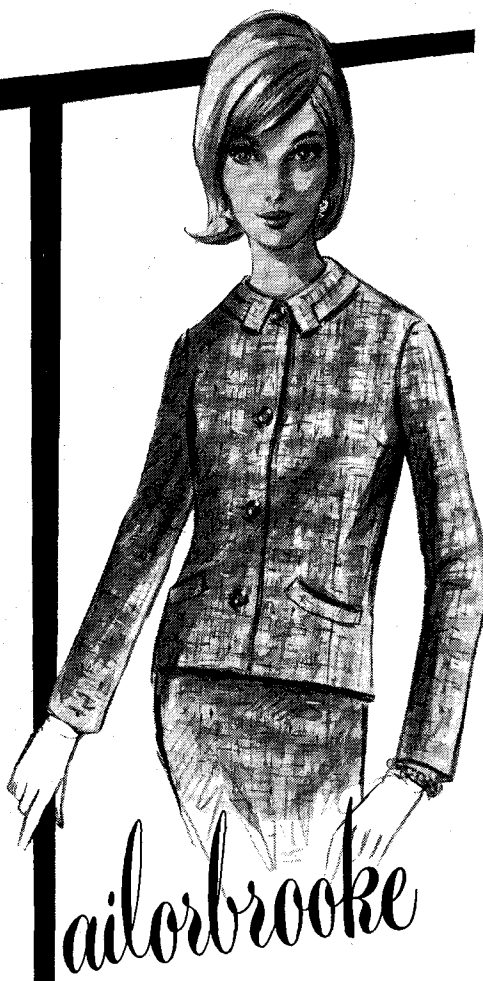
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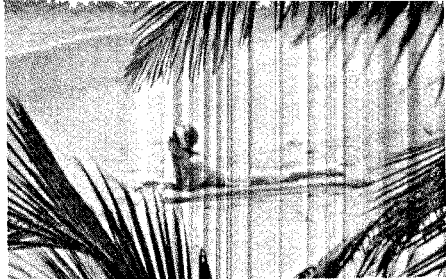


Tailorbrooke

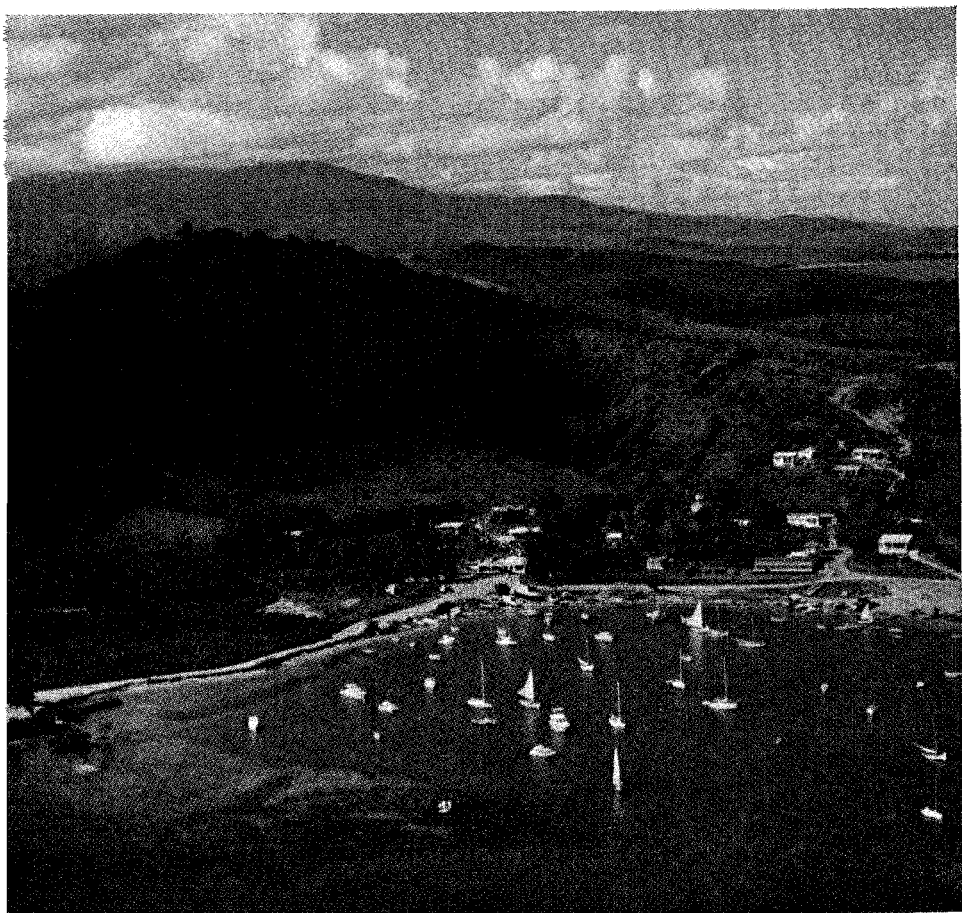
with a hose; other people were removing valuables below me. From the roof, I could see the fire burning on the slope above; I could see flames climbing trees there and playing about in brush. The wind was coming from that direction, and the fire was moving toward us. No sparks fell on the roof while I was up there, but the air got warmer and warmer for an hour or two. Then, suddenly, the wind changed and the threat was over. The next night, the fire came back, still closer, but I was not there to see it. Again there was a change in the wind, and the house was saved, though neighboring structures on three sides of it were burned. A week later, I went back to Santa Barbara for a look. A few score houses had been destroyed, I found—all of them in the zone where the uphill edge of the settlement met the wilderness. The destruction seemed erratic—burned houses alternating with spared ones as if at random. I suppose the latter were saved by things like their owners' efforts and the protection of gardens as well as by quirks of wind and terrain. This spotty burning had occurred only in the narrow border zone, though; downhill there was no destruction at all, and uphill the mountain cover had nearly all been turned to charcoal.

Usually, these southern California fires come at the end of the dry season, in the early fall, and after a few days of very hot weather. In early fall, as in the summer, L.A.'s prevailing winds come off the ocean and are cool and somewhat moist, but at times a contrary hot, dry wind, called a Santa Ana, blows from the inland deserts. This drives the temperature up and the humidity down, and a few days of it put the chaparral in an almost explosive state and also put the fire departments on the *qui vive*; patrols are out everywhere in the hills. One hears that arsonists get busy at such times, but many fires are certainly started by carelessness—by the throwing of cigarettes from automobiles, say. Most of the fires are snuffed out while they are small. One that really gets going, though, can be a terror. Airborne brands from a 1956 Malibu fire jumped a thousand feet over a canyon, and experts have told me that a ground-running chaparral fire can travel well over forty miles an hour when blowing out of a canyon or when pushed by a heavy wind. One of these experts said that the best hope of a man trapped in the path of such a fire is to light a match and start a cross fire of his own, so as to rob the main fire of fuel

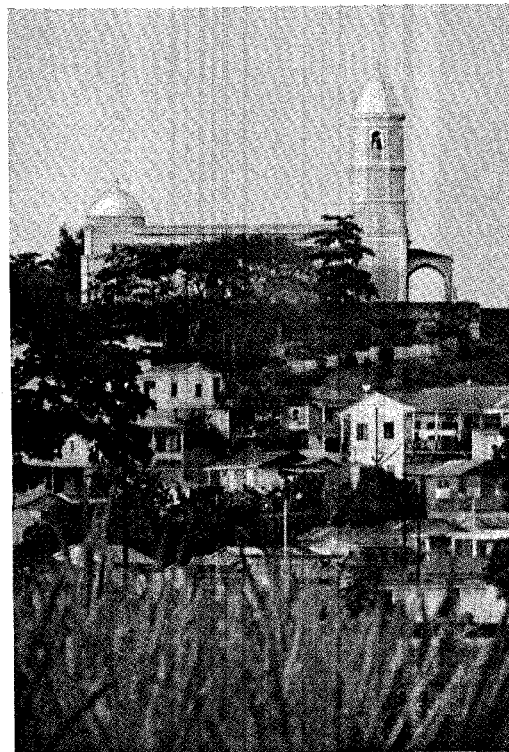
If you think the Caribbean is just beaches and palm trees, palm trees and beaches...



...come to Puerto Rico and explore Hormigueros, San Germán, Guayama and Las Croabas



PHOTOS BY TOM HOLLYMAN



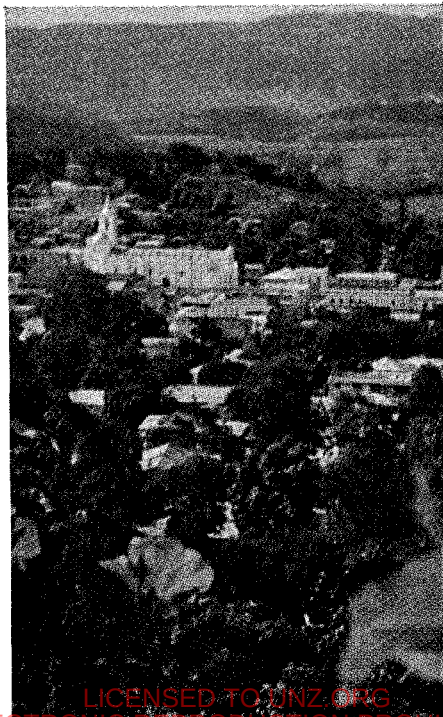
Picturesque villages. In one day you can easily visit several villages like Hormigueros. Fall is a good time to tour: roads are less crowded.

Fishing villages. In many spots like Las Croabas (left) you can rent boats to go fishing, or you can snorkel and scuba dive on offshore reefs.



Town plazas. Every Puerto Rican town has one. The plaza in Guayama (above) is 200 years old—but the trees always look newly trimmed.

Historic towns. Some are centenarians. San Germán (right) is a quadricentenary—and the home of one of America's oldest churches.



Lots of people fly down to Puerto Rico just for the great beaches and San Juan's new restaurants, new shops and new night spots.

By all means, lounge around on the beach and indulge yourself in the city. But remember: other places, other rewards.

Rent a car or join a bus tour—but one way or another, *see the rest of the island*. You'll find enough sights to keep your mind ticking and your camera clicking for days on end.

There are villages circling a rain forest where giant ferns have trunks as thick as trees. There are villages that seem to tip-toe into the surf, and villages that stride up mountains.

See your travel agent. He'll help you pinpoint the places you ought to see. He'll also take care of reservations—including a \$90 round-trip jet flight from New York.

Vacation abroad without leaving the U.S.A.

—come to Puerto Rico

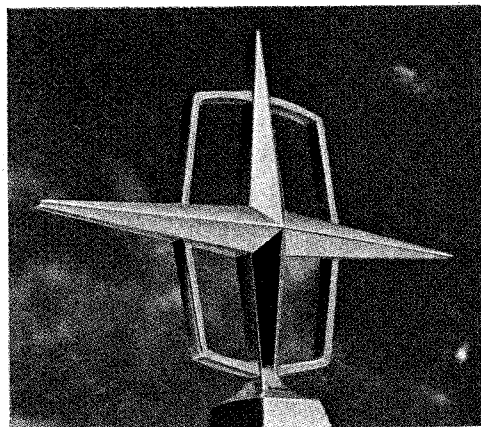


Shown above, the 1967 Lincoln Continental sedan in Arctic White with optional vinyl roof in Light Ivy Gold. Also available, the Continental coupé, America's



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Inside the 1967 Continental you'll find a new design instrument panel. A new warning light cluster. A new lane-changing signal that operates at a touch. A new ventilation system that changes the air inside your Continental even with the windows up.

Luxury options? Certainly. A power seat with a power adjustable headrest and new reclining feature. An improved automatic temperature control system. A new automatic speed control operated by a push button at the end of the turn-signal lever. A Stereo-Sonic Tape System with your choice of AM or FM radio. And many others to enhance your Continental life.

For 1967, Continental has also redesigned the configuration of the taillights and restyled the grille. But the basic contemporary design remains unchanged. We don't believe in change for the sake of change. A Continental idea that gives you lasting investment value.

It's a good car, built to the highest standards in the world. The best we can make. We invite you to examine it. To discover how close you may be to owning a Continental. And to add the 1967 Lincoln Continental to the good things in your life this year.

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The hands of the Heritage finisher scour, sand and massage the coarse grain. And oak is brought to a mellow beauty. When a table, or any piece of furniture, takes on a dimension that only the hands of a man can produce, only more money can buy it.

You might be able to find a table that looks like this for around \$90. But you won't be buying the same table or one that's even close. If you're lucky, a close look or a fingertip run against the grain will tell you so in the showroom. Most times, though, it's after you've bought the table...when a light scratch shows up its shallow finish. This Heritage cocktail table costs about \$170. Or \$80 more than its "look-alike." The finish on this table didn't come in a one-coat kit. It was built up from bleached wood, stained,

fixed with a sealer, sanded, glazed and lacquered. This was the surface the Heritage finisher shaded... highlighting the turn of the grain, adding depth to the curves of the carving, pitting and specking the surface. Another coat of lacquer, a scour with steel wool and a wax brought the wood to its bottomless glow. The hands of the Heritage finisher had developed a beauty unknown to raw oak... and unique to the grain of the table. When wood is given new beauty

like this, a table costs more money. The higher price on this table—or any other piece of furniture we make—reflects deep-seated qualities only more money can buy. Not just a finish unmatched by machine or shortcut method. But the stretching, stitching and shaping that hold the lines of a Heritage sofa. The way we'll finish a leg on a sofa... whether or not it's meant to hide behind a kick pleat skirt. When you find work like this, you'll see the Heritage name. Hanging from this countrified

Louis Quinze cocktail table. Burned inside the drawers of a Heritage chest. Nestled beneath the cushions of a monumental sofa. Swinging from a tag on one of our wing chairs. If you'd like to know more about Heritage and see how it could fit into your home, send two dollars for a Heritage catalog collection and room planning kit, to Dept. NY10-1-6 Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, North Carolina.

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before it can get to him. Chaparral fires can also rob themselves of oxygen, by consuming too much of it, and thus die out momentarily in their advance.

Techniques of many kinds are used against the fires here. Certain fire-resistant plants are being developed, for introduction into the chaparral. Fire roads and firebreaks are being made by bulldozers, and by pick-and-shovel gangs of L.A. convicts and juvenile delinquents. Some of the firebreaks—all bare earth, running along the ridge-tops—are now five hundred feet wide, and they are kept open year after year by weed killer applied from trucks and planes. Helicopters incessantly fly over the mountains in a search for smoke, and the Los Angeles authorities have installed a hundred and fifty telephones in the wilderness by means of which citizens can report any fire they see. Any fire that isn't spotted and put out immediately is brought under a heavy coordinated attack by men, vehicles, and planes, the last dropping fire-retardant chemicals; to fight a really big blaze, firemen, including juvenile probation-camp crews and adult jail inmates, are flown in from other parts of the West. All this work, from patrolling to actual combat, is directed from signal offices resembling military headquarters. I recently visited one of these posts, high in the Santa Monica Mountains. It directs the fire activities in an area of three hundred and thirty square miles, and I was shown a large map room in the station, with consoles full of communications gear, which are tended by two or three men around the clock. The man in charge when I was there said that the post had seventy-six fire companies and seven ambulances available, and that it kept patrols on the move in all directions. If a brush fire was even suspected in the hills, he said, the post would get six fire companies and two chief officers on the scene as soon as possible; they would be sent in from various quarters, because movement was hard in that terrain. Then, if the blaze got serious, more equipment would be sent from nearby points, and meanwhile still more would be moved up, as reserves, into the vacancies. "In a big fire, we keep redeploying constantly," the man in charge said. It all reminded me of infantry operations I had once observed in Korea—even to the possibility of air strikes, which the station could call for, if they were needed, much as a regimental command post might. (The county fire department has two privately operated air tankers, which are Second World War bombers carrying two thousand gallons

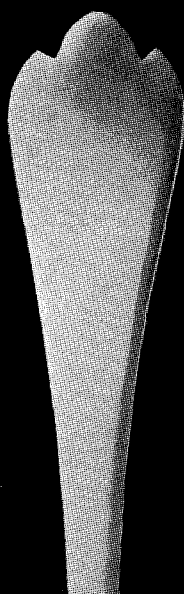
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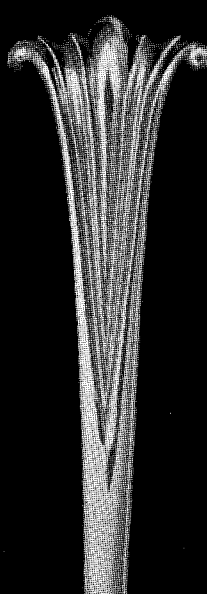
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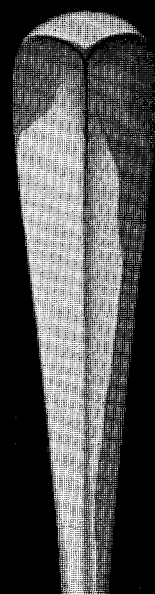
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5-pc. setting, 68.50
6-pc. setting, 85.00



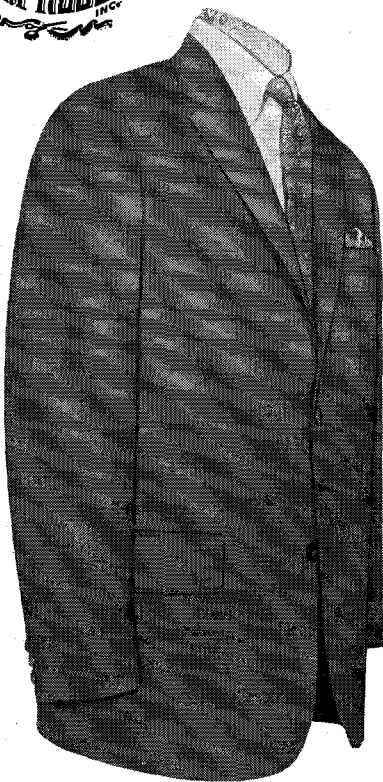
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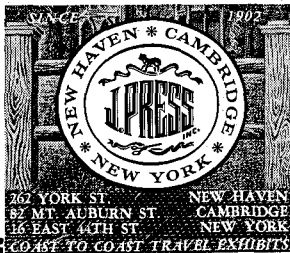
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of fire-retardant solution, standing by for the purpose, and other planes can be brought in.)

THE Los Angeles freeways, another example of technological pioneering, owe their existence to a local passion for owner-driven cars. L.A. is an autopia—to borrow a name from one of Disneyland's attractions. It is the only city I have lived in, in the United States or abroad, where I have needed a car of my own; elsewhere I have used the public transportation—buses, subways, taxis, and so on—and felt as free as a bird while walking, without any parking problem, between them. In L.A., by contrast, it is felt that freedom lies in driving one's own car, the emphasis being less on the problem of parking, or of wrestling with the traffic, than on the power to whiz off in the direction of one's choice. Cars are also looked on as toys and as status symbols, and I have seen more sports cars, more Lincolns, even more Rolls-Royces in L.A. than anywhere else. Cars are respected in southern California, and space has been provided for them; wide streets and freeways, plus untold acres of parking lots, have been laid out, and it was recently estimated that two-thirds of L.A.'s downtown section was given over to streets and parking spaces. The city's expanding colleges and universities, whose students and faculty members nearly all commute by car, are faced with the prospect of becoming islands amid seas of parking lots unless they build multi-story garages. The University of California at Los Angeles is building seven such garages and plans to accommodate ten thousand cars in them by 1969; meanwhile, it is forever getting involved in town-and-gown squabbles over student parking in the streets. Restaurants must have plenty of parking space available, and so must shops and offices. When I have gone to an office on Wilshire Boulevard to meet a man for lunch, say, he has seen to it that my car was parked without expense, much as a host in the rural England of the last century would have seen to the stabling of my horse. When I have gone to an office on business, my car has likewise been stabled as a part of the transaction. Big offices usually have their own parking spaces; small ones have arrangements with commercial lots.

In L.A., a member of the middle class needs his (or her) four wheels to be effective, and few but the very poor—the Negroes and Mexicans, old people, and less fortunate students—



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When we first sent our cars into this country we ran into a sad situation.

We had, as we say in France, sold the skin of the bear before having put him on the ground.

Our cars were not fully prepared to meet the demands of America, where sustained high speeds are normal, where a heavy foot with the clutch is normal, and where people are not used to fixing their own cars.

More than a fair share of things went wrong with our cars. Less than a fair share of our dealers were equipped to deal with what went wrong.

Well, that is actually water over the dam, so to speak.

After all, Renault has a reputation to protect as one of the finest and oldest (1898) and largest (7th) manufacturers of automobiles in the world.

So with all our hearts and with all our strength we set out to protect that reputation.

We began by selecting our raw materials more carefully. We used a steel of thicker gauge. And the paint and the rust-proofing and the undercoating we used more thickly.

We improved also the quality of our quality control, and we added another 25% of fine inspectors.

The next step was to improve our dealers. So before we sign on any new

dealer, we require that he use only Renault-trained mechanics.

And we make it certain that not one of our cars is sold in this country unless every part for it is available.

And, of course, we developed a fantastic car, the Renault 8. But before we introduced it here we ran it around Europe first. And then very quietly on a small scale we brought it here a few years ago.

And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls if you care to," said one critic, but we don't

know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

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The Renault 10 is equipped with four doors, four wheel independent suspension, and disc brakes on all four wheels.

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If you do not at least test drive the Renault 10, you shall have only yourself at whom to swear.



The Renault 10

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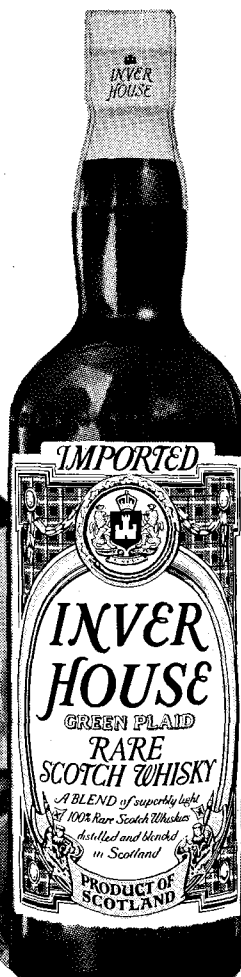
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are without them. These poor may ride on buses, though a bus ride across the city takes hours. There is no other cheap way to move about, unless one counts walking, which is thought eccentric and is not encouraged by the city's layout. Some streets have no sidewalks along them; many others are dreary stretches scaled to the automobile; and in some sections pedestrians risk being picked up as vagrants unless they are carrying canes, leading dogs, or otherwise demonstrating a leisure-class status.

Apart from owner-driven cars, the most highly approved vehicles for local travel in and around L.A. are helicopters, which go well with the city's big distances and love of machinery. Movie stars are carried between their studios and their homes in the hills by helicopters, and local firms use helicopters to shuttle their people from one plant or office to another. Helicopter noise in the sky is becoming a nuisance, and there have been public complaints about it. Most of the new high-rise office buildings have helicopter landing pads on top of them, and at least one local architect specializes in solving the problems that these entail—the support of extra weight on the roofs, for instance, insulation against the helicopters' extra noise, and the safeguarding of buildings against the destructive harmonics that helicopter vibrations can set up. L.A. is probably the most helicopter-oriented city in the world, but that is nothing beside its auto-orientation. Not all Angelenos are good drivers, but most are, and poor drivers are held in contempt. Individually, the Angelenos are disciplined to driving by practice from childhood up, and as a mass they are disciplined to it by the Los Angeles police force, which rides herd on them. Thus, a skilled and disciplined corps of motorists, obedient to autopia's imperatives, has been shaped in L.A., and an Angeleno who cannot join it is in a bad way. I know a youth here, the son of a friend, who is a fine boy but, because of some block, can't pass his driving test. As a result, he is miserable—a drag on everyone. He simply isn't with it.

The freeways arise from this culture, with an assist from the urban sprawl. One might argue that freeways are inevitable in L.A., and must spread spontaneously, but their spread has a strong financial impetus, for the California highway division commands a share of the state gas tax, plus really big federal money—in some cases as much as ninety-two per cent of a freeway's cost. With such backing, the

“To make an unusually good tomato cocktail, respect the taste of fine tomatoes and fresh vegetables, then enhance the medley with subtle spices.”

Betty & Dean Arnold

*an unusual
beginning*

This unique tomato cocktail was first introduced at the Annual Beefsteak Dinner of the Volunteer Fire Department of Redding, Connecticut. It was here that we discovered it. It was made by one of the volunteers, and had become a yearly feature. So it seemed natural for us to call it “Firehouse Jubilee.”

*popular
discovery*

We were so taken with this delicious drink, made from an old family recipe, we knew others would enjoy it's special taste too.

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Now we make it in a plant built right in the middle of the famous Maryland tomato fields. There we begin processing within minutes after the tomatoes are picked. Firehouse Jubilee is an artful blending of two very different kinds of vine-ripened tomatoes. This unique blend is combined with a sophisticated marinade made from fresh, crisp garden vegetables and savory spices.

Firehouse Jubilee is tempting by itself—as a waker-upper with breakfast—or as an especially bright beginning at lunch and dinner.

Look for Firehouse Jubilee at your favorite grocers. If you don't find it—drop us a line and we'll arrange for your grocer to stock it.

And don't forget to look for other Arnold Creative Foods of which this is just one. There's Pea·sen, a nutty snack surprise originally discovered in Japan; and Che·sen, a delightful tidbit flavored with real cheddar cheese. New taste treats are always on their way to you from Arnold. We hope you'll have as much fun discovering them as we do creating them.

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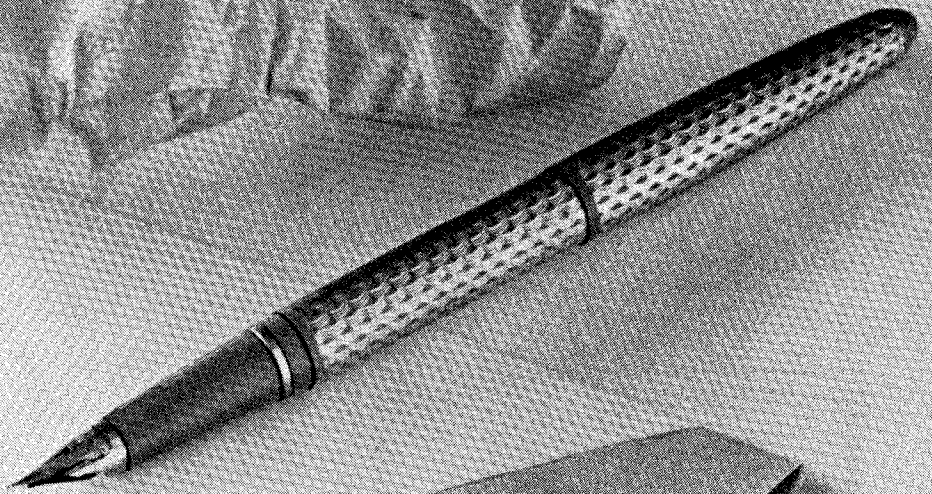
freeway planners have been laying their routes out boldly, respecting the demands of engineering and accounting but not, according to their critics, much else. Often, they run into trouble with certain subcommunities, which feel that more attention should be paid to such amenities as their residential peace, but the opposition has been scattered, at best, each new freeway being hailed by nearly everyone not in its path. And, indeed, freeways are a tremendous boon to L.A. motorists. They are pleasant enough to drive on, outside rush hours, once you get used to the multi-lane traffic, in which you move as if in a flock of birds or a school of fish—all members going in the same direction uninterruptedly, with togetherness, but forever changing their speeds and relative positions.

The freeways are not an eyesore in L.A., as they are in San Francisco, which has a very different landscape but has been under similar freeway-building pressure from the state. San Francisco is constructed on a smaller scale than Los Angeles, and it derives much of its charm from the relationship of its hills to each other and to its bay. In recent years, freeways of starkly utilitarian design have been put in among the hills and the bay, cutting the scenery up, and the San Franciscans have risen against this infiltration and have managed to check it. Los Angeles is scenically a much bigger affair, its only predominant features, aside from the ocean, being the mountains and the wide, featureless plain stretching away from their feet. Freeways can't begin to obscure the mountains, and they can't do much to the plain except superimpose a pattern on it that is either inconspicuous or positively helpful. The L.A. freeways are pleasantly landscaped, and their design at certain intersections is actually enjoyable. The city's main downtown freeway interchange, which is on four levels, is like the works of an exquisite watch observed in action, and the newest interchange, out toward the ocean between the Santa Monica and San Diego Freeways—an unusually wide-spreading one, which was designed, incidentally, by a woman engineer—is a delightfully soaring yet delicate work of concrete sculpture.

The main fault of L.A.'s freeway system may be that it does its work too well and thus heightens L.A.'s obsession with automobiles—a trait that shows signs of morbidity. Local authorities blame the city's smog almost wholly on its automobiles; factories are also blamed by a few people—including pilots, who have a chance to observe the

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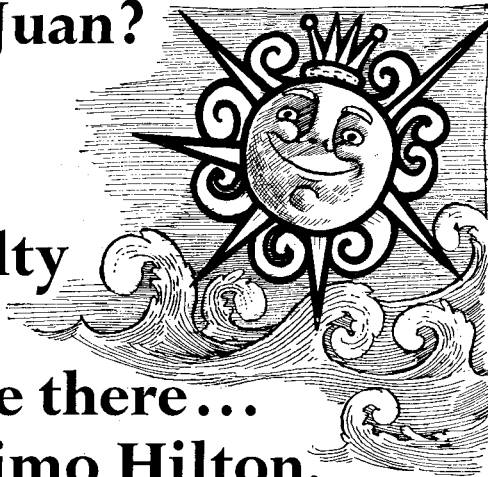
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factories' chimneys—but autos are certainly culpable, and smog has increased through the years as their numbers have increased. It has been estimated that it would take more than forty-four square miles of parking space to hold all the cars now operating in Los Angeles County, and that it would take twice that amount to hold those projected for 1980; some thoughtful Angelenos place almost all the blame for the downtown city's near demise on this auto-space factor. Yet one wonders if these seemingly sensible judgments will change the city's tendencies. A spiral of cause and effect is at work. The freeways encourage L.A.'s spread and the buying of cars. The new-bought cars then congest the freeways—the traffic on some has now been brought to a crawl in the rush hours—and decree that still more be built. This leads to yet heavier car buying, and so on, in a gathering monomania. One wonders what would happen if gas and tire rationing struck L.A. now, as they did at the time of Pearl Harbor.

Such opposition as there is to freeways in Los Angeles comes from two quarters—from subcommunities that want mainly to be bypassed, and from a few local thinkers who believe that a subway or some other alternative system should be built, and quickly. Neither element has, until now, been strong. Owing to its fragmentation and to the newness of much of its population, Los Angeles has not yet developed a clear, over-all civic consciousness. The biggest subcommunity fight here was led, in the summer and fall of 1964, by Pasadena, a relatively old and aristocratic settlement to the northeast, which has been troubled by smog and other super-city ills of late and was faced with the threat of having a freeway run right through its stately residential areas. The people of Pasadena and neighboring communities put on a demonstration that temporarily stopped the juggernaut, but now they have been mollified and a compromise is being made.

As for mass transit, it is now talked of as if the city were serious about it, and a Southern California Rapid Transit District has been created. It has drawn up plans for a stretch of subway under Wilshire Boulevard, a connecting surface rail network, and expanded feeder bus service. Visitors conditioned to other cities can only marvel that such a system is not in existence already, but people who are more thoroughly steeped in the L.A. culture express doubt about the plans. Many Ange-

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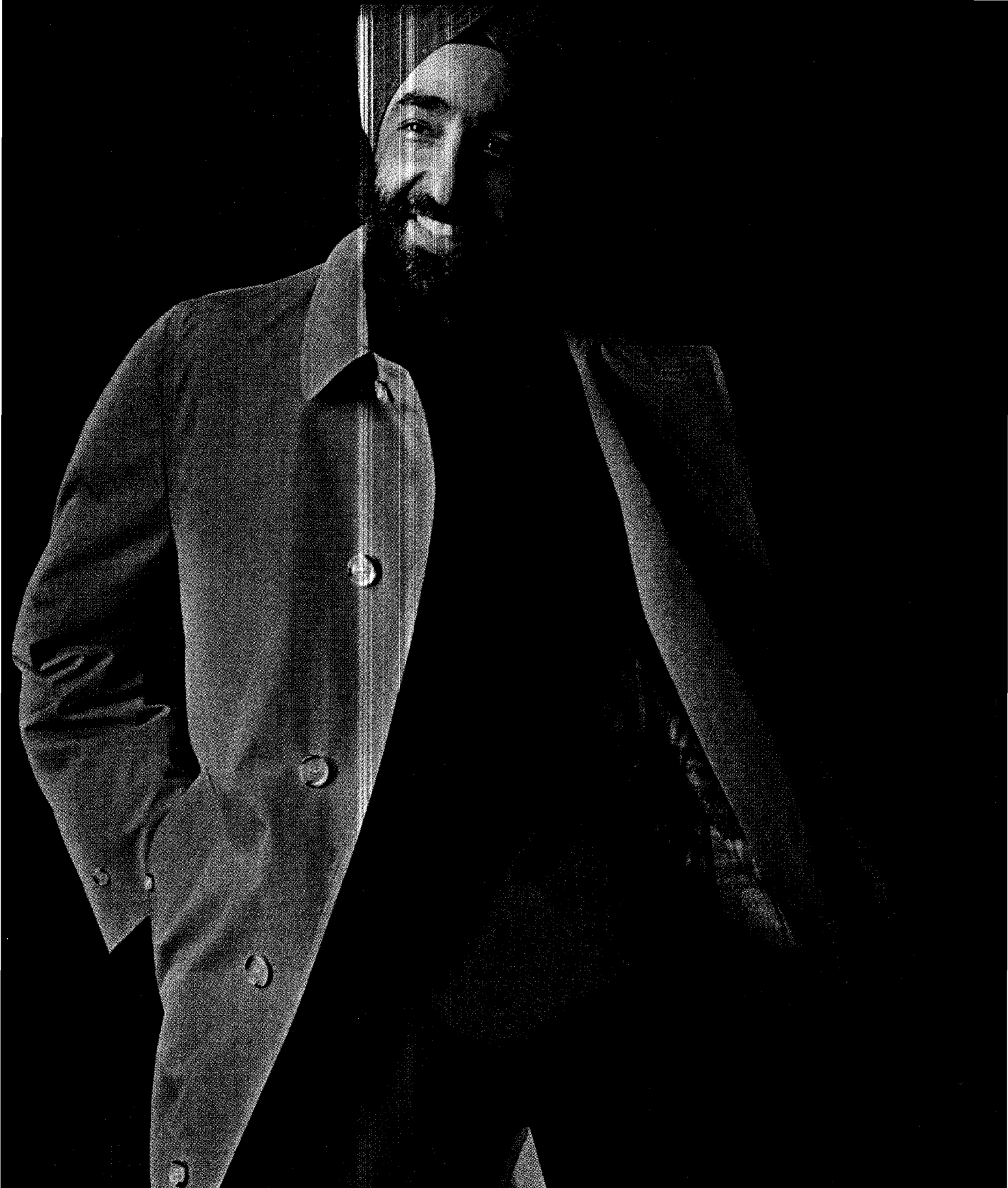
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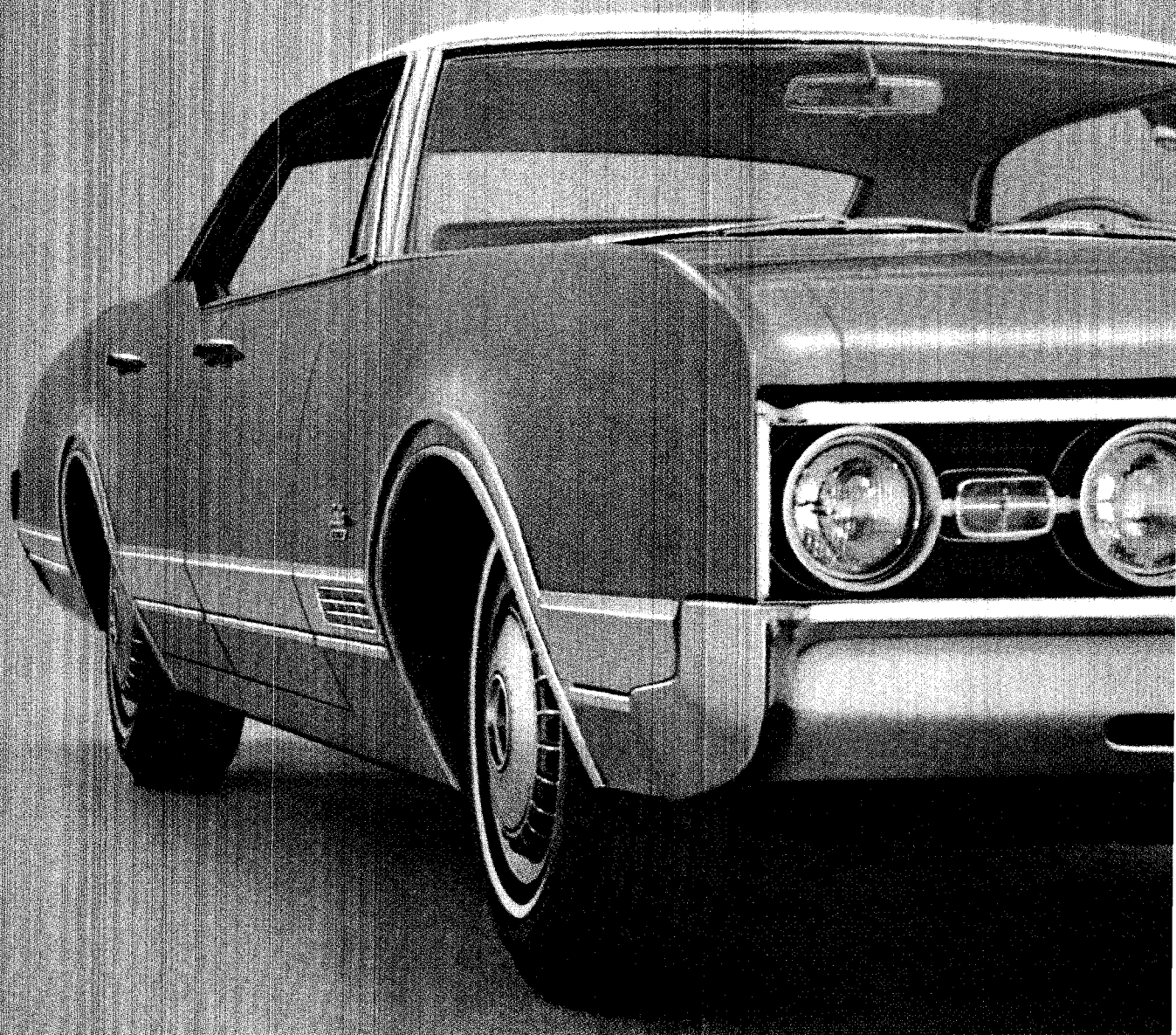
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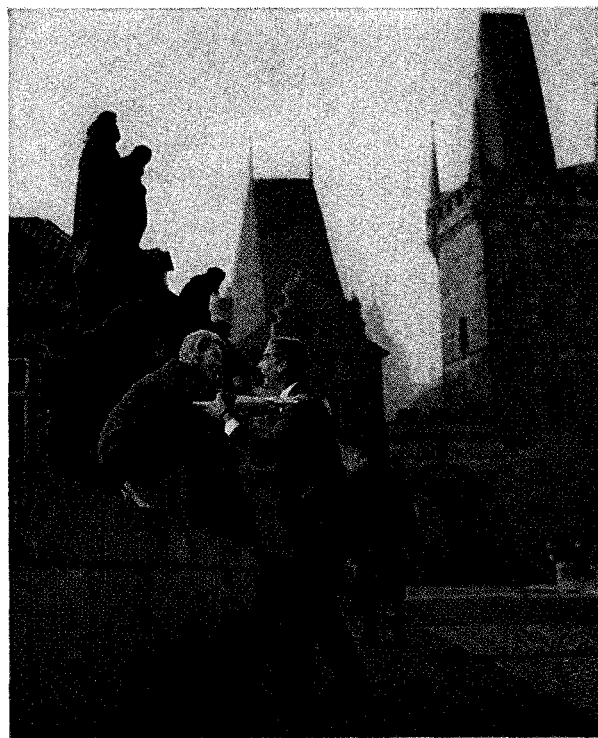


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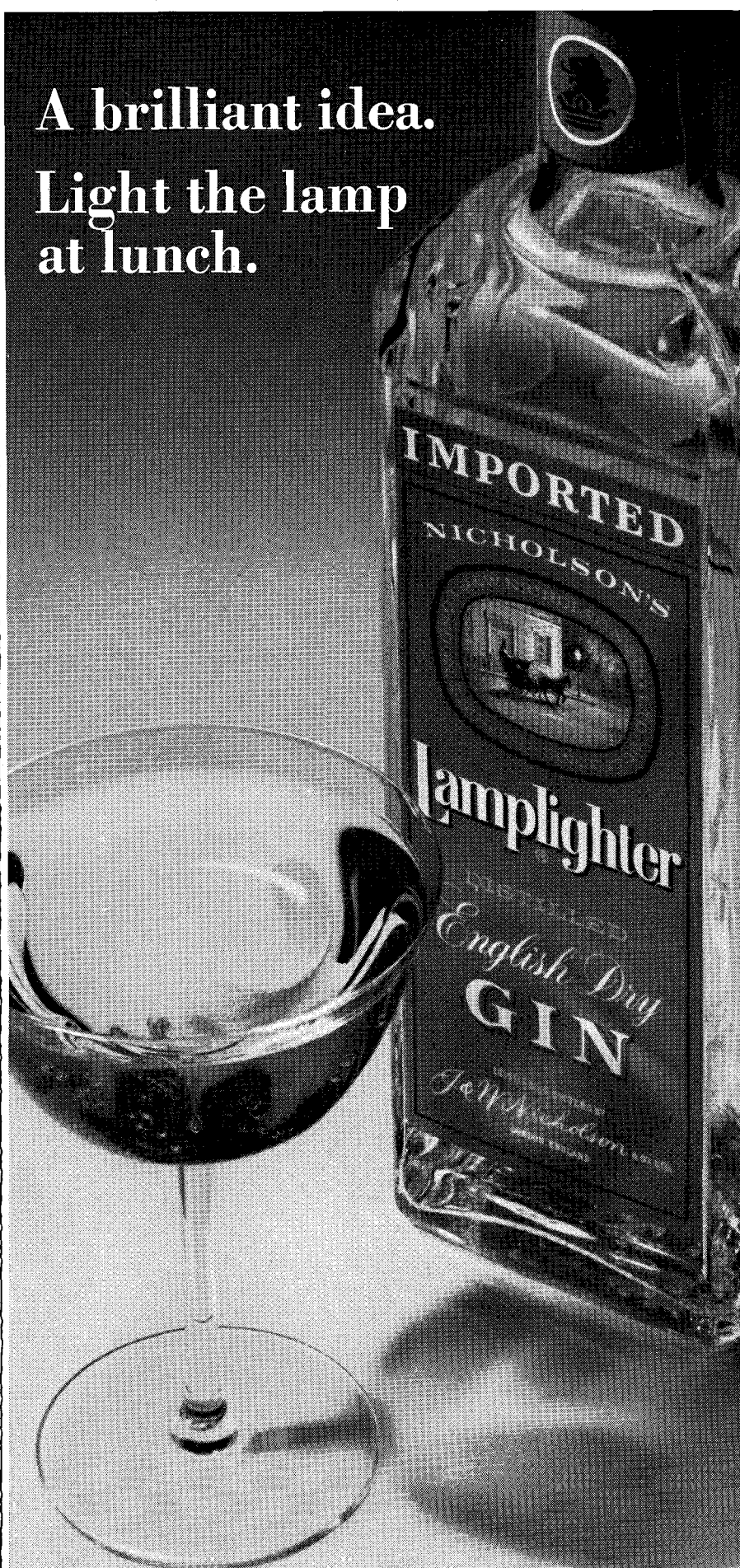


lenos ask where a mass-transit system could be placed to serve so unconcentrated a metropolis, and whether people would really surrender the "freedom" of driving themselves. The culture is just not hospitable to mass transit, these people say, and, indeed, as one drives around the city one often comes on the abandoned tracks of electric railways that used to serve mass-transit needs but couldn't hold their own as the automobile age intensified. The automobile habit is tenacious, obviously, and only time will tell whether L.A. can shake it.

THE city's motorized commuting has sprouted some ancillary radio services that recall motorized warfare. One such service, providing what are called "sigalerts," gives an official warning broadcast from the police to drivers, urging the avoidance of certain routes because they are obstructed by, say, accident wreckage. "Here is a sigalert," the radio will say at nine in the morning. "The San Diego Freeway is badly congested between the Ventura Freeway and Roscoe Boulevard. Motorists should use other routes till ten o'clock." As a rule, the well tuned-in autoplans will heed such warnings. An unofficial service is "Airwatch," consisting of radio commentary on the freeway traffic broadcast from a helicopter or a small plane and transmitted over the independent Los Angeles station KMPC. "Airwatch" was invented by the late Captain Max Schumacher, a former Marine pilot who got the idea while he was stationed, in the service, at a field in Orange County. At that time, he took to flying on weekends over a heavily travelled highway nearby and reporting any wreck he saw to his control tower, which would phone for an ambulance. As a civilian, he began doing somewhat the same thing, with elaborations, reporting to the public at large, to whom he became a familiar and beloved personality. His death a few weeks ago in a helicopter collision was taken as a more or less personal loss by thousands of L.A. motorists—and also served to emphasize the growing problem of helicopter congestion over the city.

One weekday morning some time before his fatal crash, I went up with Captain Max, a strong-looking, affable, brown-haired young man. We took off at seven from the Lockheed Air Terminal, in Burbank, on the city's northern outskirts, and were soon floating in our big bubble over the Hollywood Freeway, which is one of the arteries most heavily used by commuters. The traffic on it was thickening, but was

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still moving along fast, and Schumacher reported this through his microphone. Then we flew on southward over the city, looking at other routes. The inbound lanes of the San Bernardino Freeway, coming from the east, were merely crawling by this time—the traffic looked like a multiple column of ants—and Schumacher reported on them, too. Next, we found that the Santa Ana Freeway, from the southeast, was also crawling. “The inbound Santa Ana Freeway is very heavy today,” Schumacher said. “Just stop and go all the time. I think it’s due to traffic slowing down at the off ramps.” And he named some off ramps—exits—that seemed especially congested. When we got over the Harbor Freeway, south of the city, we found it slow, too, and Schumacher passed this news on. “I don’t see what the trouble is, though,” he added. “I haven’t gone down low over it, but all I can see wrong there is slow trucks. There are lots of trucks on the inbound lanes this morning.” We flew northward up the freeway. “Oh, yes,” Schumacher said into the microphone after a while. “They’re doing some work beside the Harbor Freeway, near Slauson Avenue—some repairs to a building, it looks like—and they’ve got the right-hand inbound lane closed off for it. That’s what’s slowing things down.” He advised his audience to avoid that lane, and I could imagine drivers getting out of it—or getting off the freeway entirely—for miles to the rear as he spoke. We seemed very close to the thousands of motorists below, and we were close to other scouts, too. KMPC had another helicopter aloft, piloted by a man named Herb Green, and it had a couple of mobile reporters in cars on the freeways, Schumacher said, and we heard their comments occasionally through earphones we were wearing. According to Schumacher, the station newsroom, the aircraft, and the freeway mobile units were also tuned in on the Los Angeles police net. The “Airwatch” patrols are being carried on by Green and by a pilot named Jim Hicklin, and the presence of one of them, as an eye in the sky, gives the lone freeway rider a sense of belonging to a larger whole. As you speed or crawl along one freeway, you hear him describing how things are along another, perhaps on the far side of town. It gives the autopia a feeling of unity that it could not otherwise have.

SMOG is L.A.’s great curse and the great expression of its auto culture. Most big modern cities have smog, but, in my experience, no other city’s smog

is as unpleasant as L.A.'s, and most other smogs are different from it. L.A.'s smog, like that of other cities, comes from the combustion of fuels, and it gets worse when the rising fumes are held down by an "inversion"—a layer of cooler surface air trapped under a layer of hot. Inversions are especially common in Los Angeles, because the city is, to some extent, a basin surrounded by hills. The winds of the Pacific help, but often they don't penetrate far, so the city's eastern, interior parts have an atmosphere that is quite consistently stagnant; it has been that way at least since the early Spanish days, when the site of the original pueblo was known as the Valley of the Smokes.

Los Angeles burns little or no coal, and its smog contains almost none of the soot of our northeastern cities; its windowsills are not gritty, and its building façades do not get dingy, though a certain oiliness does settle on its vegetation and its windowpanes. Its smog is photochemical, coming from the action of bright sunlight on some of the ingredients, like unburned hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides, of the fumes thrown off by cars and other burning devices. (According to one local expert, Dr. Ulric Bray, a big, powerful car produces several times as much smog as a small one; big cars, because of their pickup and sheer weight, are favored here as being safest on the freeways.) The photochemical L.A. smog looks less brown than eastern smogs—it is, rather, a gunmetal blue—but it can be thick, and it deadens the downtown scene, at least to some extent, all summer long. Last fall, just after the first rain had washed the air, I chanced to go downtown, and I was amazed at the appearance of the hills from there. I had looked at them often in the summertime, but now I felt I was seeing them for the first time. In the clear air, their lines had an unwonted sharpness, and their colors gleamed with a brand-new richness. I felt myself transported back to the beauties of old, pre-autopian L.A.

The smog here makes one's eyes smart. "Medium to heavy eye irritation in the L.A. basin" is a common phrase in the local weather forecasts, and a while ago, after a smoggy spell, a Los Angeles columnist observed that in the downtown section "tears have been flowing like wine the last few days." Anti-smog eye medicines are advertised in the press. The L.A. smog and the heat that often comes with it make one feel generally uncomfortable—uneasy. In July of 1964, in

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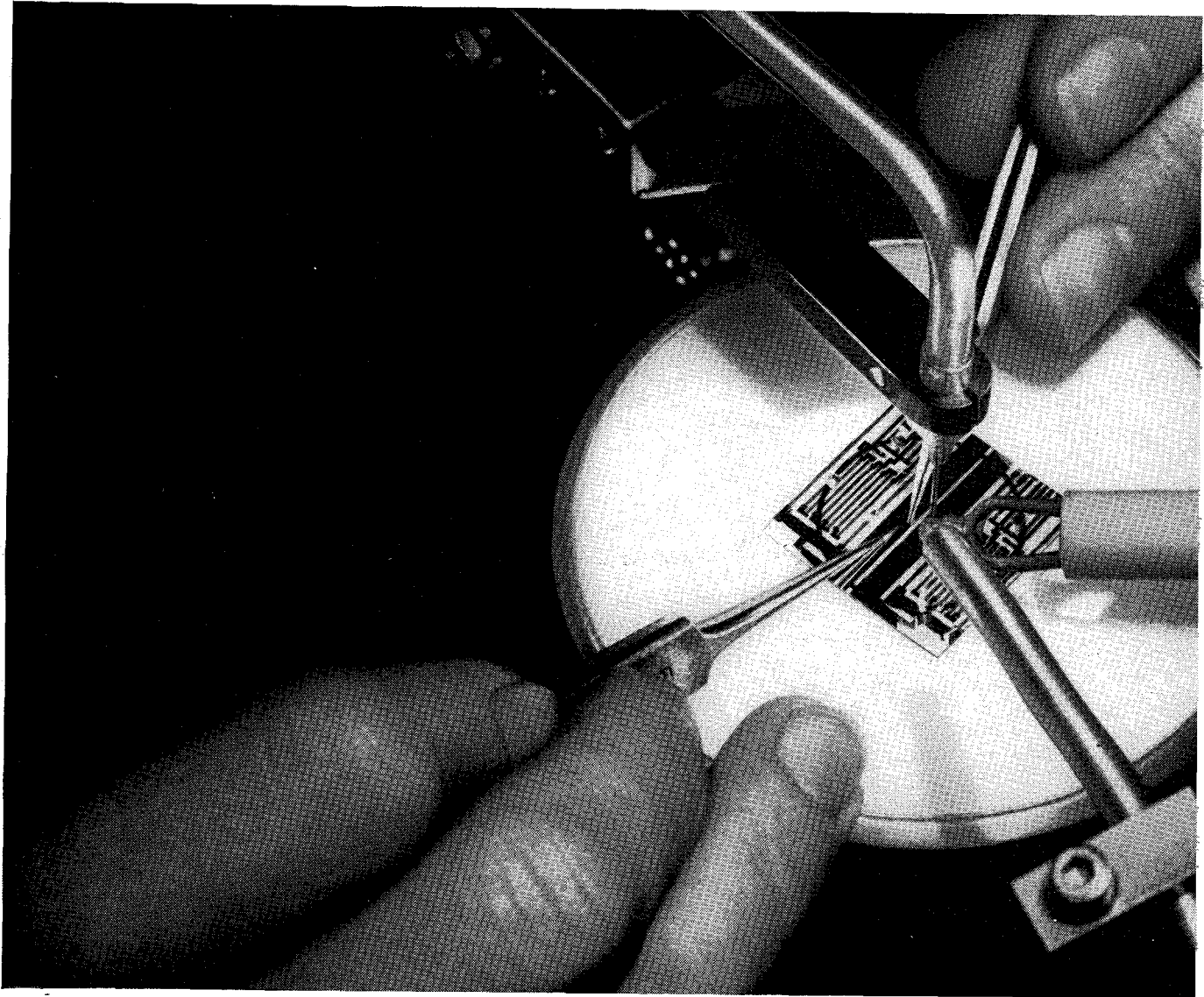


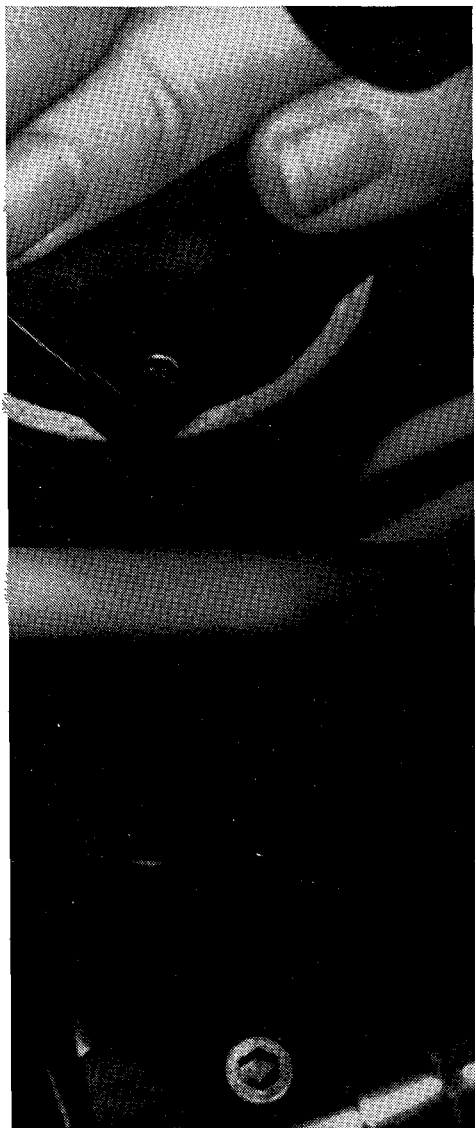
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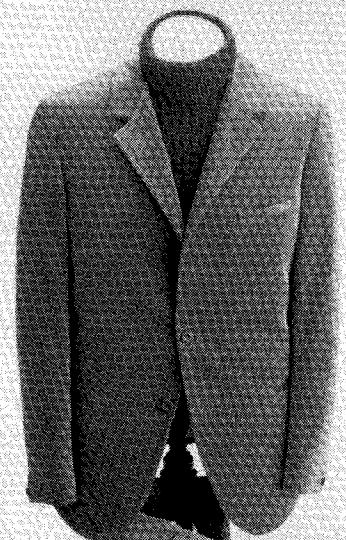
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L.A., a Russian track-and-field team was beaten by an American team, and the Russian team doctor laid this pre-eminently to the smog. L.A. smog is said to hurt the respiratory tracts of at least some people, and a couple of years ago the president of the Los Angeles County Medical Association estimated that thousands of respiratory-disease patients had been ordered by their doctors to leave L.A. for this reason. On the other hand, a belief that smog causes lung cancer has not been borne out in a recent study by the American Cancer Society in Los Angeles County and two neighboring counties. The medical effects of L.A. smog on human beings have not been well explored yet, though. Its effects on plants are probably better known. They are not good. "They say there's a black death that settles on vegetation near the free-ways," a botanist here has told me. This may be an exaggeration, since some plants seem to do all right in smog. But others do not. Petunias and bluegrass suffer badly from it, this botanist said, and the growth of pines and citrus trees is slowed down by it. (Petunias, in fact, are used to measure the quantity of smog in the atmosphere.)

The influence of the smog runs directly counter, of course, to the sort of good life—healthy, outdoorsy, sunny—that L.A. enthusiasts claim, on the whole with justice, for their city. This is generally realized, if not admitted, by the Angelenos, and they sometimes run from their smog when it gets bad. Resorts in the hinterland, which often advertise a smog-free atmosphere, are popular refuges from it, and air-conditioned houses and offices are others. The case of Pasadena seems portentous. The community once had a climate famous for its clarity. The Mount Wilson Observatory was built near Pasadena for that reason, and the Tournament of Roses was established to dramatize the winter sunshine. Now, although the prevailing winter winds still serve to keep the Tournament smog-free, in other months the former paradise, owing to the terrain and the weather, has become one of L.A.'s leading smog traps. Many Pasadenans are making the best of their new circumstances, but others have moved away and still others plan to move when they retire and can live farther from the center of L.A.

Plainly, however, smog is not driving many people from L.A. as a whole; the city's amazing growth keeps on in spite of it. But the growth can hardly last forever if the air gets steadily

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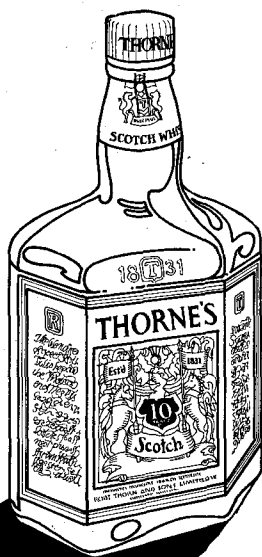
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worse; people may someday choose to stay in Iowa. Smog is, in fact, a deadly challenge to L.A., and the city has already done a lot to counter it. The burning of fuel oil is restricted during half the year, rubbish burning was forbidden some years ago, and decontamination measures were ordained for factory chimneys. Optimists thought these steps would end the problem, but they didn't, and the blame settled more and more on the automobile. State law now requires all new and some used cars when sold to have smog-control devices—one or more of them, depending on the model. The devices have been only partly satisfactory, however—many of the smog fumes elude them and many older cars don't have them. An air-pollution-control official here has talked of gas rationing and of the wearing of gas masks in the future unless automobile engines are radically changed. (American automobile design and the automobile makers' attitude toward it are scathingly criticized in L.A.) The L.A. smog problem has thus become a Detroit problem and a national one, since so many other cities are also suffering from smog. The recently passed federal auto-safety law stipulates that new cars be fitted with smog-control devices, but Angelenos point out that the requirements are not as strict as those already in effect in L.A. With smog control L.A. has, in fact, been playing its role of technological pioneer, just as it has with water management, brush-fire fighting, and so on. On the national scene, it plays a role somewhat like that of the whole United States on the world scene; both, for better or worse, are leaders of the technological assault on the environment. The role of technological leader is not always attractive. As it is played by the United States, it has undoubtedly helped inspire anti-Americanism in the Old World. And as it is played by L.A. it has helped inspire a distaste for this city among mellow ones, like New York and San Francisco. But, distaste or not, the role, and the playing of it, will doubtless go on.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

(This is the first of a series of articles on Los Angeles.)

Dr. Kagen is the first resident of the 8th District to throw his hat in the ring for the congressional nomination. "In this endeavor, I will need the help of all my friends," Dr. Kagen said. They reside at 505 E. Grant St.—Appleton (Wis.) Post-Crescent.

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SIX ON A SEESAW

THE heroine of Edward Albee's "A Delicate Balance," at the Martin Beck, is an elegant and loquacious suburban matron who readily admits to being the drill sergeant of her family. As a martinet, however, she is singularly unsuccessful in keeping order in the ranks, and when we first meet her she is so oppressed by the aimlessness of her own life and the lives of those around her that she is moved to soliloquize about her frequent urge to abandon her domestic obligations and sink into insanity. Considering her environment, the lady has some justification for contemplating madness as an escape. She lives in a house that has no warmth, with a husband who no longer loves her, and with a besotted sister whom she despises. She has a gawky daughter who keeps getting into disastrous marriages and who, when she first appears, is in such a state of hysteria after the conclusion of her fourth that her mother finds it almost impossible to communicate with her. In fact, any attempt at communication among the characters invariably fails, and the dialogue frequently resolves itself into savage bickering. On occasion, the author introduces a bit of acerbic wit into the proceedings, and every now and then he cuts loose with flights of poetically oriented rhetoric. On the whole, though, Mr. Albee, who is trying to show us some representative hollow modern types, is not successful in blending his various styles into a coherent pattern. He is not successful, either, in building "A Delicate Balance" to any sort of dramatic climax. After he has established the benighted nature of the family his heroine

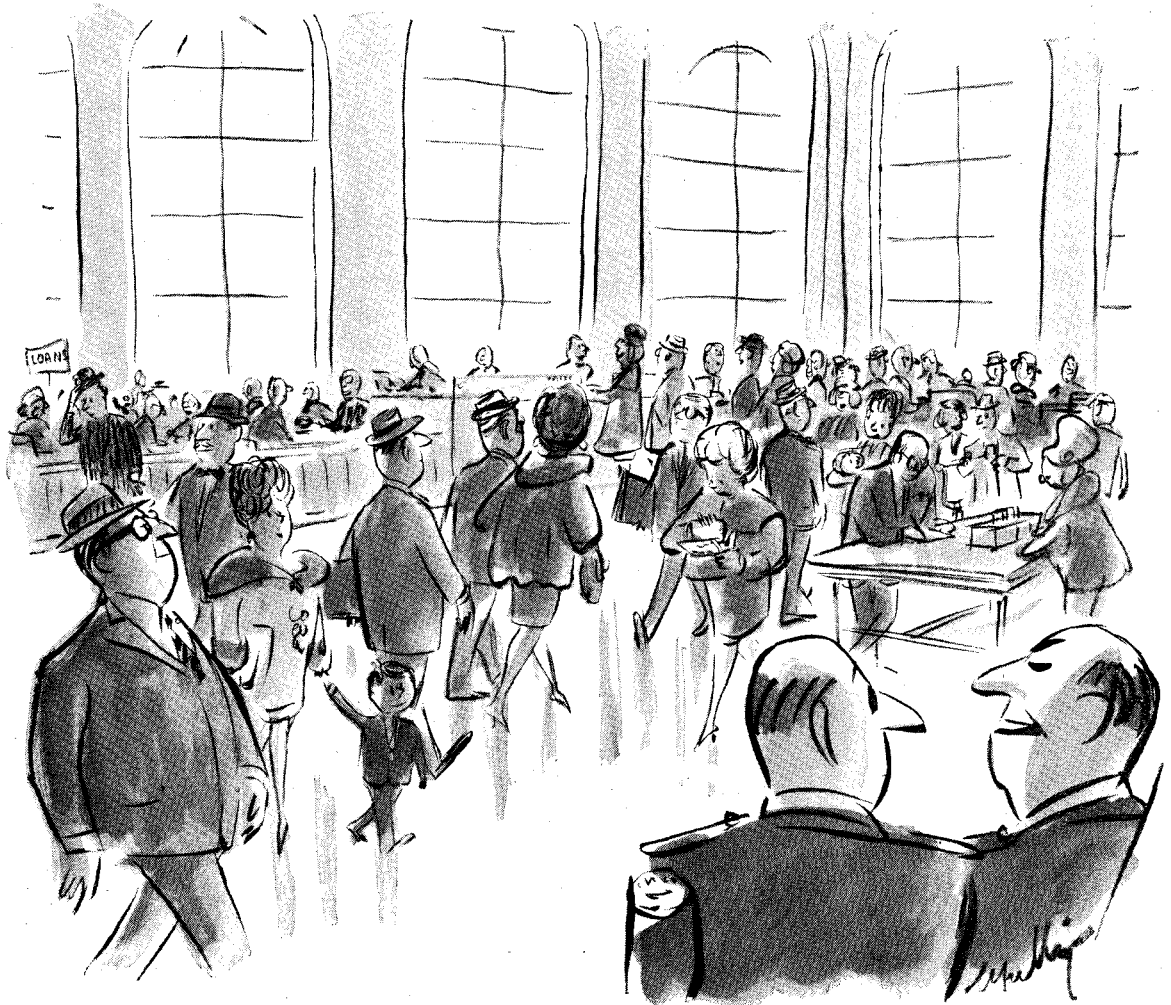
is striving to keep on an even keel, he inflicts upon it a couple of neighbors who have decided to move in because they are afraid. What causes their fear—whether the H-bomb, Beelzebub, loneliness, or overwrought imaginations—is never explained, but their arrival does serve to upset the family's delicate balance, and there ensues the problem of whether they are to be made welcome or cast out. Thus Mr. Albee poses for his family the problem of whether self-protectiveness or responsibility for friends in distress shall guide it.

Although "A Delicate Balance" may be lacking in cohesion, and the motivations of its characters rather hard to follow, the performers are for the most part laudable. Hume Cronyn makes the husband not only a credible

figure but also one for whom we can every once in a while feel a bit of sympathy. Jessica Tandy has an icy charm as the bedevilled matron, and Rosemary Murphy, as the matron's sister, is skillful in the familiar role of the wisecracking female who knows her way around. In the role of the daughter, Marian Seldes has the unenviable chore of being constantly unstrung for no easily understood reason (she had a brother who died in childhood, but that was a long time ago, and to judge by the description of her husbands she was well rid of them), yet she certainly tries hard. As the scared intruders, Carmen Mathews and Henderson Forsythe are helpful.

"A Delicate Balance" was directed by Alan Schneider and has a setting by William Ritman, complete with library and ferny conservatory. Mr. Schneider's direction is quite unhurried, but then so is the drama. Mr. Ritman's setting is standard rich interior.

"A HAND IS ON THE GATE," at the Longacre, presents eight Negro actors, backed by a four-piece orchestra, in a show that consists of readings from



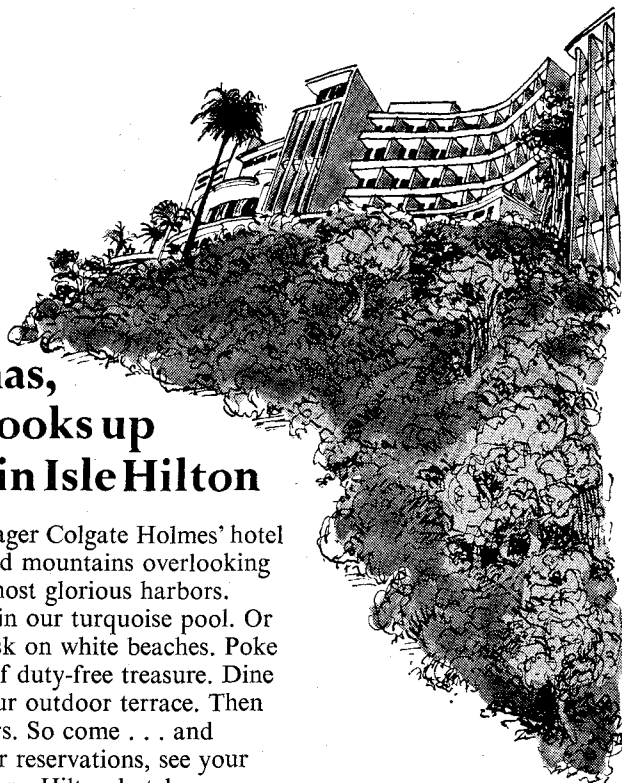
"Well, to me every last one of them is a potential bank robber."

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various Negro poets interspersed with Negro folk songs. The program was arranged and directed by Roscoe Lee Browne, who also participates in the proceedings, and it is only fitfully effective. The readings are often no more than bits and pieces, and there is no particular theme to hold the business together. However, Mr. Browne, Leon Bibb, Gloria Foster, Moses Gunn, Ellen Holly, James Earl Jones, Josephine Prémice, and Cicely Tyson, who make up the cast, do have their moments, and Mr. Bibb can certainly line out a song.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

NASA-supported research has already developed a synthetic diet of which one-half cubic foot in a soluble solution can satisfy the daily caloric and nutrient requirements of a man for a month; and equally important, it is also quite palatable. Adapting the synthetic diets for home use is a real possibility. Estimates are that one quart in a soluble solution can adequately feed a family of four for a week. If bulk is craved, it could be supplied by any crunchy edible foods such as cold cereals, crackers and similar foodstuffs. However, according to tests with human volunteers who lived on the synthetic diet exclusively for six months, bulk is not essential.

With synthetic diets available for home use, the family could line up for its meals at an automatic home dispenser that would pour out just the required amount in a disposable cup. In fact the cup could be a cookie confection with an edible coating to make it waterproof and thus be multi-purpose in function as container, dessert and a source of bulk. The synthetic diet could be delivered to the home as milk is today. The meal could be prepared and ready to serve in a matter of seconds. There would be no need for tablecloths, dishes, cutlery, pots, or pans—or even instruction in table manners other than a reminder not to push or fidget while waiting a turn at the home dispenser.—From *"Space: Its Impact on Man and Society,"* edited by Lillian Levy.

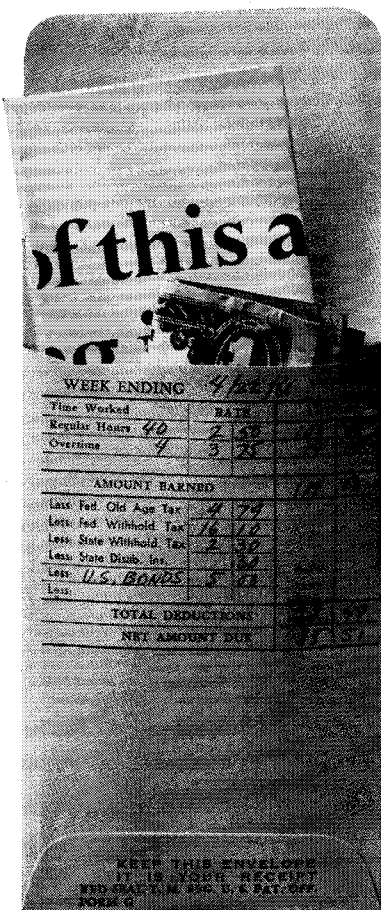
And at Thanksgiving the cup could be in the shape of a turkey.

CRIES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CRIED ALONG THE OL' SLIPPERY ROCK

[From the Ellwood City (Pa.) Ledger]

The Slippery Rock Watershed Association conducted a guided tour of the Slippery Rock Watershed yesterday and gave oral testimony to a state House of Representatives Clean Streams Investigating Committee. The cry of those representing the Watershed Association in yesterday's tour was: "Have the Sanitary Water Board clean up the acid ponds that eventually drain into Muddy Creek before the Muddy Creek waters are impounded for the formation of Lake Arthur."

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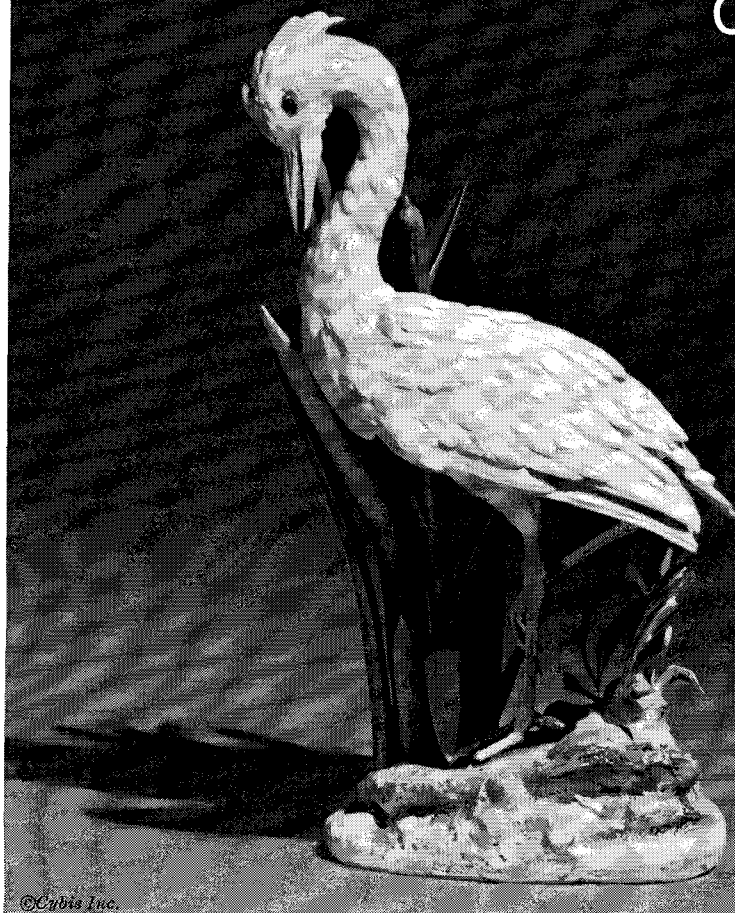
In our next ad we're going to promise customers that we'll get the rental form filled out within 2 minutes.

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CYBIS



FOOTBALL

Beginner's Luck



NEW YORK, NEW YORK, it's a hell of a town; the Jets are up and the Giants are down. (Not as far down, though, as Columbia, which on this island is the sole representative of organized—or is it disorganized?—college football.) The Jets are really newcomers to the big business of professional football, and until the middle of last year's session they looked it. Today, they look as if there is no—or not a great deal—stopping them; the Giants, steeped for all these years in football, now are steeped in rather bitter lees. The Jets are not just the best players that money can buy; they possess (though they may resent being told it) ambience and insouciance, and a successful mingling of these qualities is not easily found in professional football. And Shea Stadium is the only professional parlor where smoke does not get in your eyes; the incense of the cigars that are a requisite of all professional games is wafted from the beholders by the stadium's uniquely efficient open-to-the-skies air-conditioning.

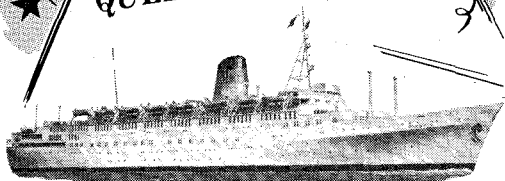
Meanwhile, back on its ranch, Columbia, which has been at football much longer than the Giants and Jets put together, is in for what must be, on the evidence, a long, cold fall; Burton, the newcomer who pitches ball for Colgate from his post at quarterback, had a good Saturday (Colgate 38, Columbia 0) up at Baker Field last weekend. Colgate, let it be said, never fields a poor team (in that respect, it resembles other smaller colleges like Williams and Amherst), and this year's crop is an excellent one.

Beginner's luck was at work up at West Point, too, over the weekend; Army, employing a brace of new quarterbacks named O'Toole and Lindell (fair to middling) and a new end, Steele, topped off Holy Cross, 14-0, after a great deal of grunting and groaning. Steele is a sure-handed catcher of passes, who can go into the air to snaffle them the way those Michigan State ends were snaffling them in the 42-8 victory over a bewildered Penn State. (The bewilderment was plain enough on the video tape, which does not lie, although it *does* overlook. "I'm sorry," said the Big Brother who was monitoring the game for the rebroadcast. "You missed that beautiful block

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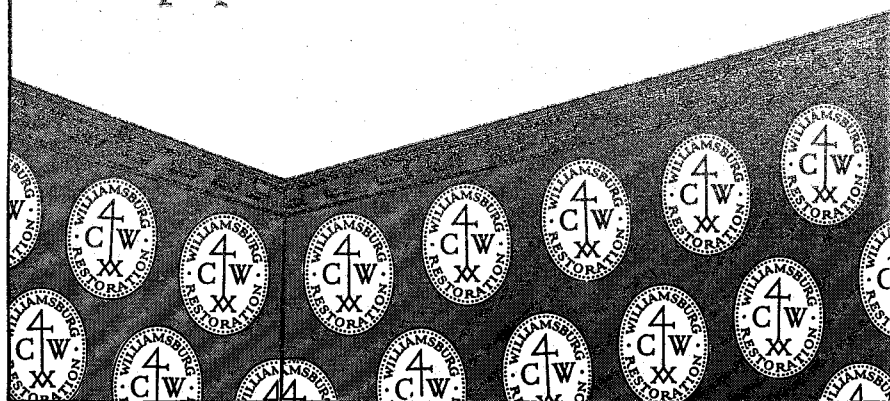


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at the line of scrimmage that made that run possible; the camera didn't pick it up"—an aside that finally put into television words what so many of us have felt all along about that golden but imperfect medium.) It was not a newcomer at West Point but an old hand, Army's Kurilko, who contributed a candidate for Play of the Week. (A Play of the Week, like a Player of the Week, is now mandatory in this democracy.) Pursuing into his end zone a lamentably defective pass from his center and simultaneously dodging a relentless Holy Crosser, he let fly—running at top speed—a truly Gaelic-football punt that put the ball way out on Army's forty-three-yard line.

There were a bunch of newcomers in the Michigan State backfield, too—all of them too big and too fast to be true—and there was a more down-to-size newcomer in the Princeton backfield that beat Rutgers on Saturday, 16-12. There had to be; Princeton has a roster of twenty walking and non-walking wounded—a fine position in which to go up, next weekend, against the likes of wily Dartmouth. The new Princetonian was Bracken, whose running and throwing, along with the kicking of Garcia, another new man, accounted for all of Princeton's sixteen points. It was a match of ambience and insouciance as well, though at times the insouciance was so insurgent that neither quarterback could be sure whether his opponents or his playmates were his own worst enemy.

THE trouble with T-formation centers is that they grow accustomed, on offense, to merely handing the ball to the quarterback; when they must snap it back fifteen yards to a punter, they as like as not give him a very bad ball. Kurilko was not the only player who had to scramble like mad last Saturday. And the trouble with all the visual-aural jokes that the college bands play as they march downfield at intermission is that the audience must have a word-for-word knowledge of the lyrics that go with fifty of the current rock-rock successes. —J. W. L.

Acclaim: A total of 45 of 49 foreign beauties in the Miss Universe contest in Miami Beach . . . agreed that U.S. men were the best-dressed men in the world.

Explanation: Seams on clothing are liable to pucker on very hot days. It is caused by the humidity, and they'll smooth out quickly with a temperature change. —*Lincoln (Neb.) Sunday Journal & Star*.

And God knows this country has a lot of that.

THE RACE TRACK

Father's Day



THOUGH the Futurity doesn't have the glamour it once had, it still has its moments. The seventy-seventh running at the Big A last Saturday was a smasher; Bold Hour won it by half a length from Successor, and Pinnacle, three and a half lengths behind, led the four other two-year-olds. While the race lacked the dramatic quality of those cavalry charges down the old, straight Widener Course at Belmont, it was truly contested and the best horse won. In the paddock beforehand, there was a study in contrasts. Successor, cool, calm, and looking a picture, did everything the way a dignified member of the Wheatley Stable should, but it took the best efforts of Bert Mulholland and several assistants to get a saddle on Bold Hour. When the job was done, I asked Syl Veitch, who trains the other division of George Widener's stable, if Bold Hour wasn't being a bit obstreperous. "Oh, no," said Veitch. "This is nothing. He was really a handful at Saratoga. It's hard to believe, but around the barn he's a perfect gentleman."

Bold Hour was first to show in front after the start, but in a few strides Reason to Hail, whose workout for the Futurity was five furlongs in the remarkably fast time of $57\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, took the lead. Almost as quickly, Great White Way, Successor's stablemate and pacemaker, passed both of them, and the trio went down the backstretch and around the far turn with Bold Hour third, on the outside. Reason to Hail was the first to crack (he finished last), and then Bold Hour drew away from Great White Way and swung into the homestretch lengths to the good. Presently, he began to loaf, as some horses do when they sense they are winning, just as Successor, who was seventh at the half-mile mark, came bearing down on him. It was a good try, and Successor, who is a full brother of Bold Lad, nearly made it. On the other hand, Rotz, who rode Bold Hour, must be commended for his skill and judgment. If he had used his whip, as most jockeys would have in the circumstances, there is no telling what Bold Hour, who has apparently inherited a streak of temperament from

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Nasrullah, his grandpa, might have done. We've all seen high-strung racers swerve and even pull up to a full stop under pressure.

Diogenes Checkpoints can't recollect when, if ever, two colts by the same sire, running in different interests, finished one, two in the Futurity. (Bold Hour and Successor are both sons of Bold Ruler, who won the race ten years ago, but they are not brothers; in thoroughbreds consanguinity is traced only through the dam.) As the score stands, Bold Hour is one up. He beat Successor by a neck in their first start under colors. Then Successor beat him by the same margin in the Tremont Stakes. The rivals may meet in the Cowdin Stakes on October 5th, and both are eligible for the Champagne Stakes on the fifteenth. Take your pick.

This was the fifth Futurity won by Mr. Widener. The others were with St. James, in 1923; with Jamestown, St. James' son, in 1930; with Battlefield, in 1950; and with Jester, in 1957. For the record, Bold Hour has won four of his seven starts, including the Flash and the Hopeful Stakes, and his Futurity prize money of \$91,084 brought his earnings to \$193,975.

It would seem that Flag Raiser has returned to his form of early last year. Half an hour before the Futurity, he led all the way in a sprint at six furlongs to win comfortably from Royal Gunner, Creme de la Creme, and three others. Another item at Aqueduct last week was the Stymie Handicap, named in memory of that darling of the Saturday horseplayers of twenty years ago, which was won by the Greentree Stable's Malicious. It was run off on as wet an afternoon as any of us remember.

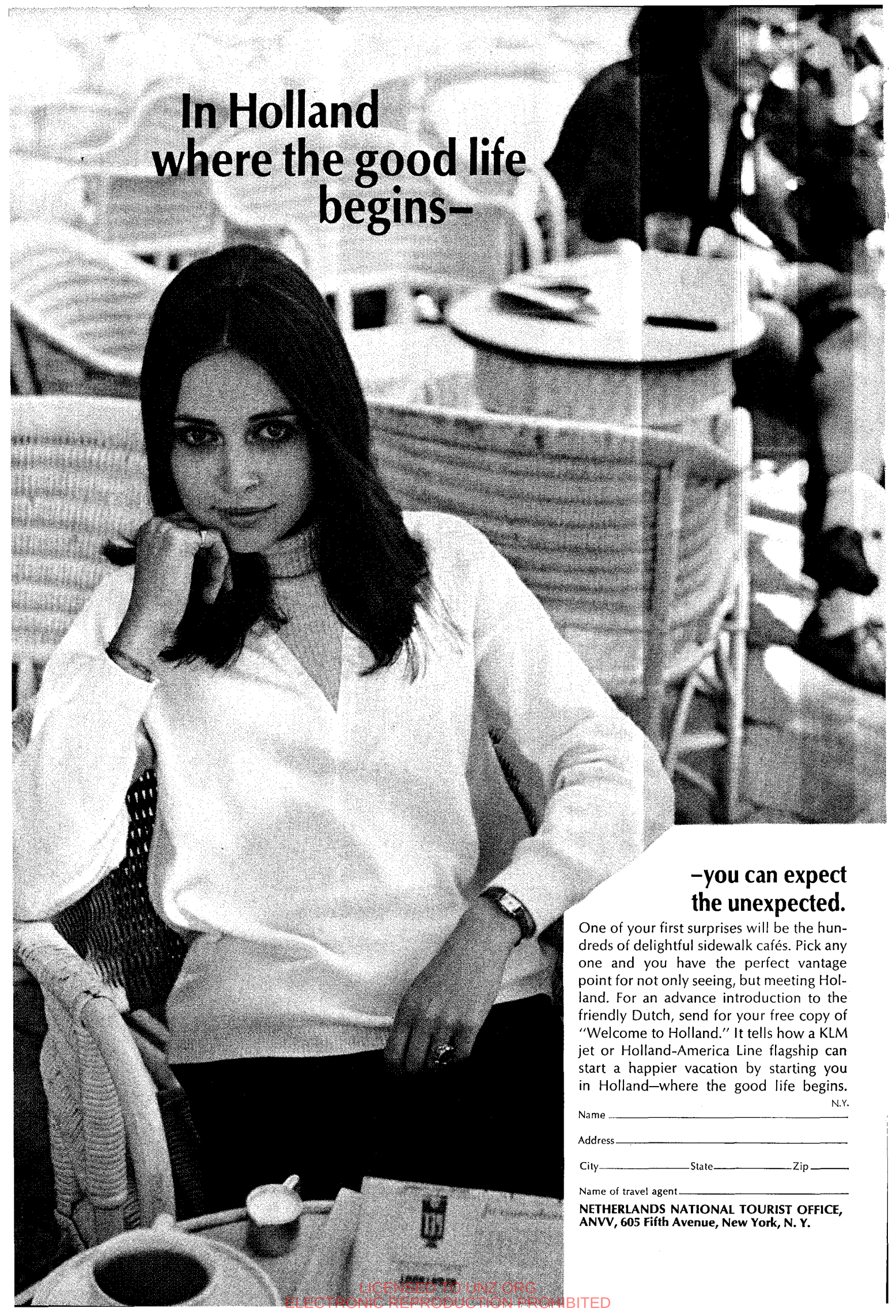
THE Woodward Stakes comes up this weekend. Buckpasser takes on Tom Rolfe in it at a mile and a quarter. He should do a good job.

—AUDAX MINOR

HOROSCOPE FOR TOMORROW

GENERAL: Until nightfall interesting communications from a distance can bring you some very desirable and favorable outlets, and General de Gaulle is in a mood to be less recalcitrant and more cooperative. So make full use of this good time. However, the evening finds all kinds of problems in effect so use caution, restraint. —*Carroll Righter in the White Plains Reporter-Dispatch.*

And don't forget the time lag. Night will fall on de Gaulle before it falls on you.



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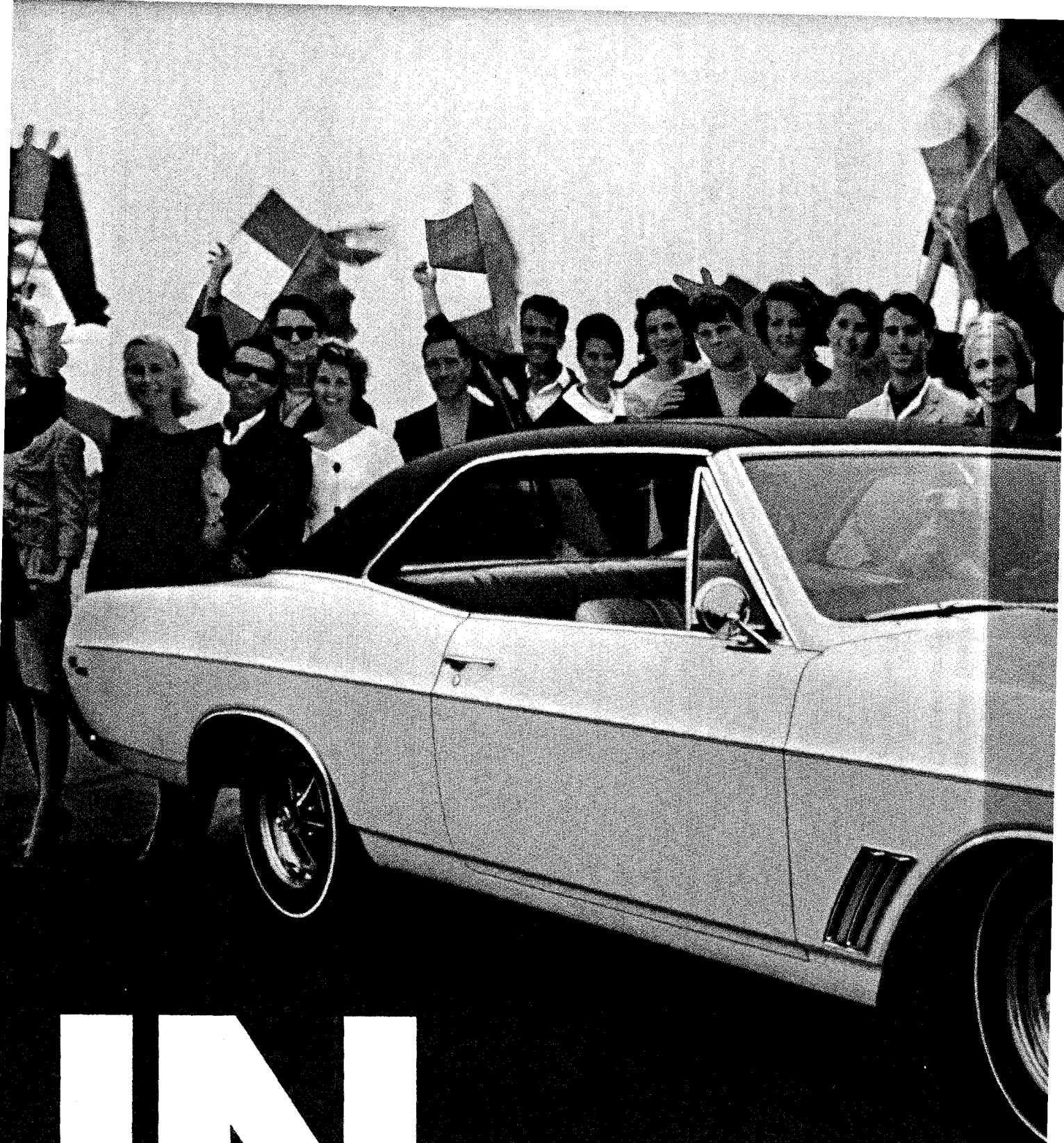
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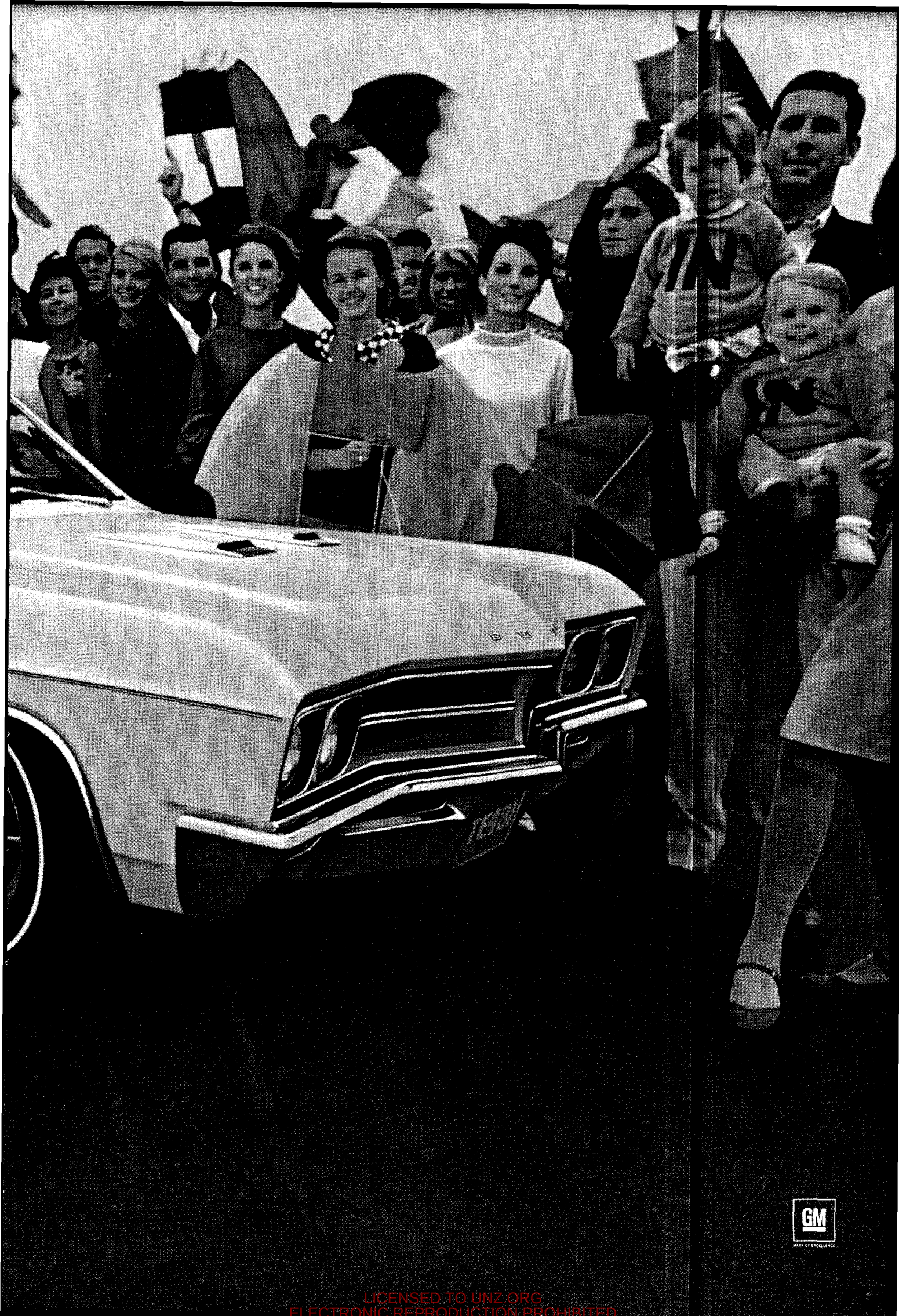
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FUGUE IN THREE VOICES

LEAVING the car door open, she hurried ahead up the long flight of stone steps to the hospital entrance. From the landing, she saw that her husband was not following but had stayed and was moving over in order to close the door. Out of the lowered window, he indicated with a forefinger the line of cars. Then he lifted his hands, fingers outspread, communicating in this pantomime that there was absolutely no room to park. "Kiss the Doctor for me," he called out in the "QUIET—HOSPITAL ZONE" air, looking up at her out of his dark and wide-apart and slightly exophthalmic eyes. Surface eyes.

She frowned fiercely and fondly for his calling out, and nodded for the kissing, and pushed the revolving door, holding in her closed hand the little key; to deliver it was the excuse for coming here on the way home.

No one was at the desk in the high-domed marble Administration Hall, or in the adjoining room. She stood waiting, then began a hesitant tour of the hall, walking first to a glassed-in corner cabinet to study its contents. Down the years, the medical staff, it appeared, had occasionally stopped everything—healing arts and all—to engage in contests, from which it had emerged with basketball, skating, and baseball trophies of silver and gold. In 1898, it had wrested away an immense silver cup from opponents whose names were illegible in the half-light. A mural covered the facing wall: "Osler at Old Blockley"—a cleanly swept Dean Cornwell battlefield with an overwhelmingly starched nurse foreground and immaculate uniforms on Civil War soldiers; a cheerfully miserable pink-cheeked outstretched patient, too.

From the corridor came the sound of rubber-padded feet. The nurse of Administration appeared, simultaneously seating herself behind the desk, adjusting her eyeglasses, and briskly inquiring, "Yes?"

She said the name, and added, "Please."

"Patient of Doctor's?"

"Relative. Mother."

Pursing her lips, the Administration nurse deliberated, then talked into the telephone guardedly. In the corridor there was a preliminary growl from the paging system, then flatly, rever-

beratingly, "Doctor Di-dum, Doctor Di-dum."

"It has a cold in the head," the mother observed, but felt immediately that she had been frivolous, and, indeed, she was given no reply.

"Do you want to see Doctor?"

Contrite, she said, "If she isn't busy," and, saying this, heard an echo awake in her mind and at once die away.

"Doctor is *very* busy."

She was almost routed. She was about to say, "May I leave this?" but her sentimental longing prevailed. Her fingers closed more tightly over the little key and she was silent.

"Be seated, please."

She sat on the bench that stood beside the trophies, and the echo that had awakened and died away was once more awakened. The question was almost the same, and she had made the same reply—a usual question and a usual answer. The reason this particular exchange had awakened an echo was, she thought, that it concerned the same people in a like setting. Then it had been another hospital, another nurse, but the two remaining characters were the same, with her husband, then as now, nearby.

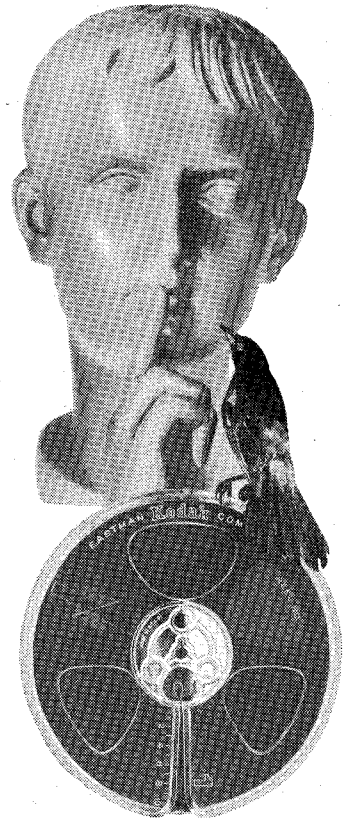
She had been a patient in a room in which pale light—dawn? dusk?—was visible through green Venetian blinds. Exhausted and vanquished, she lay. Through half-closed eyes she saw the nurse at the foot of the bed. She heard her say, "Do you want to see your daughter?"

A daughter. The nurse had said "your daughter." Beneath and through the exhaustion, a light pulse of happiness began to throb.

"Do you want to see your beautiful daughter?" the nurse repeated softly.

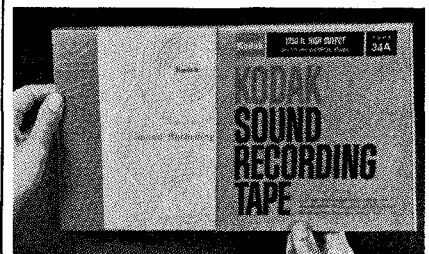
Giddiness and the uncontrollable mirth of weakness overtook her. She said, laughter rising and impeding the words, "If—she isn't busy," and was aware, with the engulfing mirth, of the wetness of tears. She saw the nurse lift her head in amusement, saw her turn and disappear. She waited—rather, tried to wait—for her, for them, to return, but fell asleep and was at once involved in a tangle of troubled dreams.

She was a child. Her father had her hand in his, enclosing it, and together they were running down the dimly



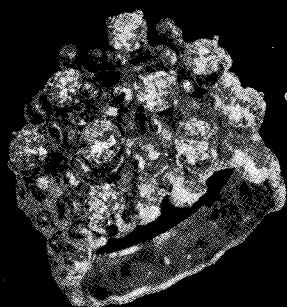
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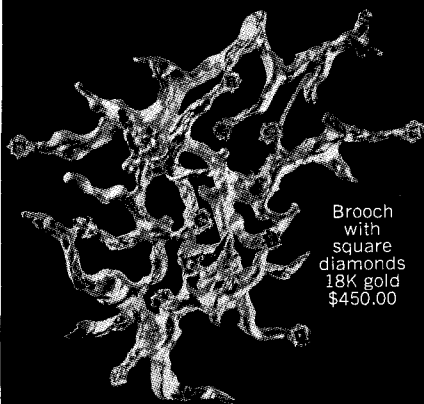


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lighted street with the cold wind blowing and the wet snow on her face and the thinly whirling snowflakes about them. Her father held a roll of newspapers tied with string, and inside them was the most miraculous of all toys, the longed-for little furniture. But even as they ran, it changed. Not her father was beside her but her husband. She was no longer a little child, and it was not a roll of newspapers he carried but soft white blankets, a roll of soft white blankets. Inside and tenderly wrapped was their new and warm and beautiful daughter she had not yet seen—wanted dearly to see.

From across the hall, the Administration nurse said, "Doctor has answered the page. Doctor will be down as soon as possible."

"Thank you," she answered—unheard, unlistened to, not listening to herself. As she sat in the hospital's Administration Hall, trophies in the case beside her, the mural as the background for the Administration nurse, here and now, then and there, mysteriously encoded, and in noncalculable space, lay in her head, not fused but existing side by side. A light fell upon here and now, or upon then and there, and it was as in the theatre when a scene is lighted first at left, then at right, but the curtain is not lowered. Like voices in a fugue, each was distinct and separate, contained and linear within the fugue, within her skull.

THE light fell on a cluttered room of long ago, with its two treadle sewing machines. She was kneeling on a chair at the window. Her nose and hot forehead pressed against the cold pane and she stared into gathering darkness. The snowflakes dryly whirled, first lightly, then quickly. Stopped, danced, and whirled again. She was staring across the street, across car tracks, into a pool of light on the gray sidewalk opposite. Passerby after passerby hurried into and out of the pool of lamplight with its eddying snowflakes, but no one of these was her father, standing for a moment, lifting up his hand with the little bag of peppermints in it.

The cluttered room was in her Aunt Ester's house, a place in which to wait for him, from which to go home with him, when she came from the library in late afternoon. In that room, adventures flowered. On the floor lay countless pins, which, on occasion, she was allowed to retrieve with a large magnet possessed by, and in the strict care of, her aunt. And there was a sack in a corner, stuffed to overflowing, into

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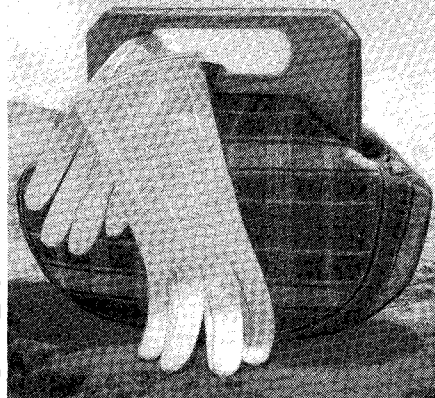
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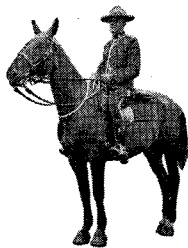
She was still flying after we landed.

American Airlines

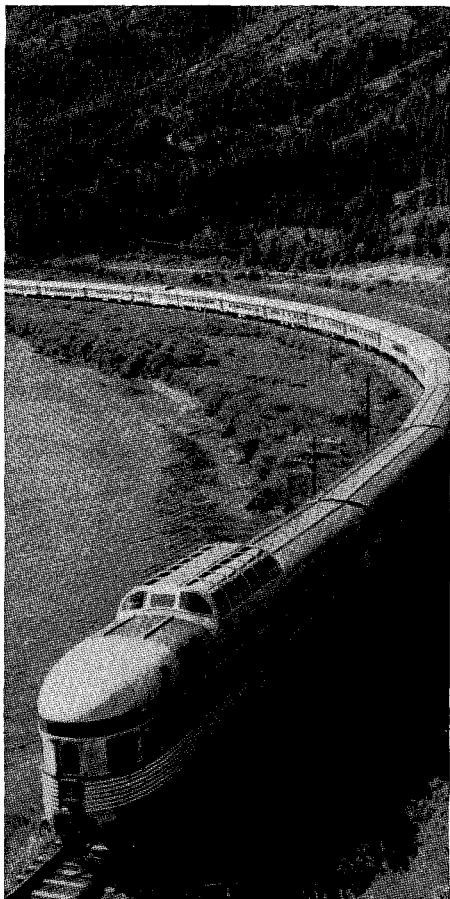
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which an arm could be tinglingly plunged. Brilliant bits could be dredged up—shining silk, creamy velvet, glittering sequined lace.

That day as she watched at the window, into the circle of wavering light there hurried shapeless figures out of an unknown world. Immigrants in coats that reached the ground—men, women, children, all carrying strongly woven baskets, all weighed down by bundles as shapeless as their clothing. They hurried into a doorway across the street, so ending their long journey, so finding their first shelter in the new land. Over the door, the sign in two languages, one of which she could already read, said "Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society."

Suddenly the doorbell rang. Joy replaced sorrow—he had not forgotten. She turned happily and, bitterly disappointed, saw that the ring of the bell preceded not her father but Mrs. Wiener, a customer of her aunt's.

She turned once more to the window and stared hopelessly into the pool of light in the surrounding darkness. He had forgotten her. Or he was dead. Something had fallen on him and he was dead. She could see him lying dead, his forehead deeply furrowed as it was furrowed in sleep.

From in back of her, she heard Mrs. Wiener saying, "I came today to bring material for another dress. Can you make another one exactly the same?"

Aunt Ester replied with questions that turned out in their way to be an answer. "Can I make a dress exactly the same? Mrs. Wiener, after so many fittings, you do not know me yet?" Then her tone changed. "Have you a few minutes?"

"A few minutes? Yes, a few minutes I have."

She heard her aunt take short, rapid, noisy steps out of the room. On her return, she lowered her voice. "You will see something when I open these little boxes." If by lowering her voice her aunt thought not to attract attention, she was mistaken. It had the opposite effect.

She abandoned the windowpane, so cool against her hot forehead, and came to her aunt's side. Now she saw the most astonishing thing happening. Her aunt was removing from wrapping of white tissue paper a tiny table of pine twigs, a tiny toy stool covered in bright-red velvet, a tiny sofa of green satin. More and more miraculous pieces of furniture made of twigs and silkenly upholstered were revealed.

She was grateful that her father had

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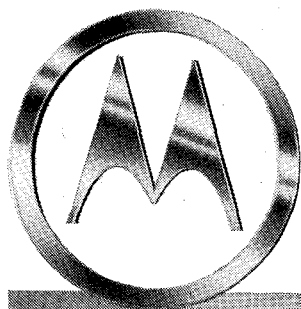
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forgotten her. She put a finger on the tiny stool and her aunt did not object. She grew bolder and put a hand under the green satin sofa and lifted it up. She knew something—she had a new piece of knowledge no one else had. It was that never again for the rest of her life would she be separated from this tiny furniture.

Mrs. Wiener said, "Such a talent! Such a little person with such a big talent!"

Her aunt nodded and sighed as if this talent were not sufficiently recognized, not sufficiently rewarded.

Again the bell rang, and her father entered noiselessly. She gave him no sign of welcome. He did not speak but motioned her to come with him. She pretended she did not see.

"Come home," he whispered at last, and took her by the hand.

She wrenched her hand away. "I am staying here!" she shouted. "I am not going home. Here, with this furniture." She lifted the stool, the little table.

Mrs. Wiener removed her attention from the toy furniture and looked at her balefully. Mrs. Wiener said, "When a father speaks, a child should obey." Then she turned to Aunt Ester. "I myself would like such a little set. For my china closet."

Every word was a blow. To find the little furniture and lose it almost in the same moment? She stared at her aunt and hung on her next words.

Her aunt only laughed. "These are remembrances of home, of childhood, of the past. They are for myself."

"I understand, I understand," Mrs. Wiener said, and sighed, too. "Such a big talent! To make such a little set of furniture! Such handwork! When shall I come for the next fitting?"

Aunt Ester bit her lip thoughtfully. "Friday morning. Not before Friday morning."

Mrs. Wiener was leaving ponderously, with dignity. She gathered up her coat slowly and put it on, then put on her hat. She picked up her umbrella, put it down again, installed herself in a pair of rubbers. At last, Mrs. Wiener left them.

"Come," said her father, bringing her coat.

She escaped under the table. From there she shouted, her throat aching with desire, "I am staying with the furniture!"

His voice and his face were grief-stricken. "Where will you sleep? There is no place to sleep here. Come home."

"Here! I'll sleep here! Under the



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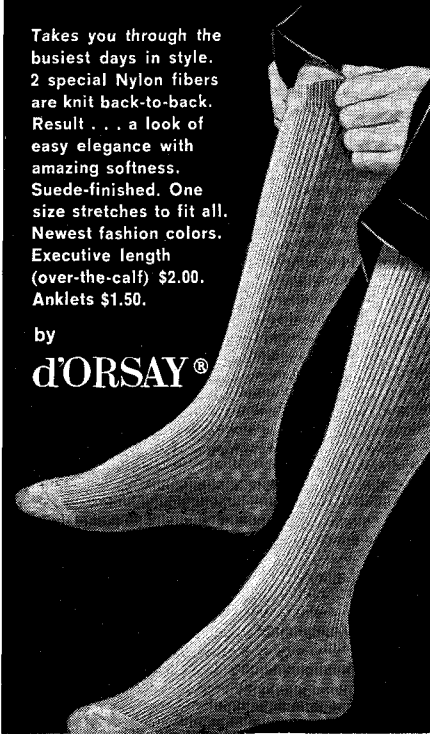
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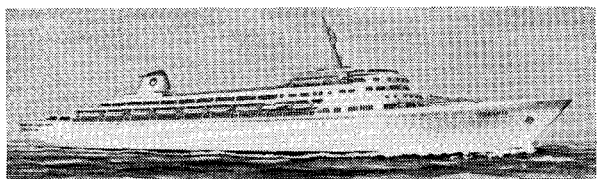
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table!" she continued to shout hoarsely.

Her father said to her aunt, "Ester, come here," and together they went into the dimly lit passageway.

"No," she heard her aunt say. "Never."

Again they whispered, for a longer time.

Her father was back. "You can come out." He bent down, doubling his long lean body to talk to her under the table. "Ester is packing up the furniture. She will let you take it home. She will lend it to you. Come."

It had been an easy victory. She had won more than she expected. Not only was the little furniture won but she would have it in her own house. She would never give it back. This she had already decided.

Aunt Ester came into the room, holding a large roll of newspapers tied with string. "Take it. Go home," said her aunt. "Stop crying. You are not a baby. Go. Go."

Her feet, cold and numb, flew beside her father's. The snow now fell thickly.

"Give it to me," he said. "I will carry it." He held her hand enclosed in his. "Put your other hand in your pocket."

The walk seemed to take hours. Home had never been so far away. Suspended in life, frozen, waiting only for arrival, for seeing the little furniture again, she flew beside her father.

At home, the kitchen door stood open after they climbed four flights. "So late!" her mother said from the door. "You won't be able to lift up your head in the morning. What is this?"

"The furniture!" she shouted, her throat choked with pain and love and impatience. "The little furniture Aunt Ester gave me."

"Aunt Ester gave you the little furniture?" Her mother put her roughened hand to the child's forehead. "She is burning."

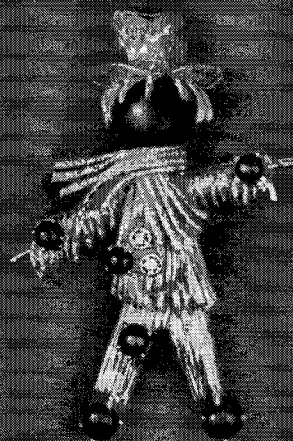
She shook off the hand. "Look! Look!" Wildly she tore off the string, the first sheet of newspaper. Then the next one, and the next. She began to unroll the newspapers more carefully, one sheet at a time. They were all unrolled. There was no little furniture.

She began to cry—at first silently, then loudly.

"She is sick," her mother said. "She is burning. In this bitter cold to come so late—in this bitter cold!" As if that were the tragedy and not the other.

She cried, the pain in her throat

Lovable Scarecrow

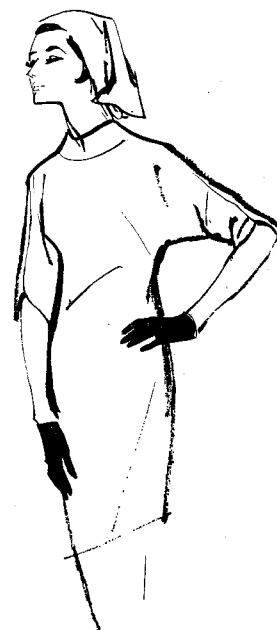


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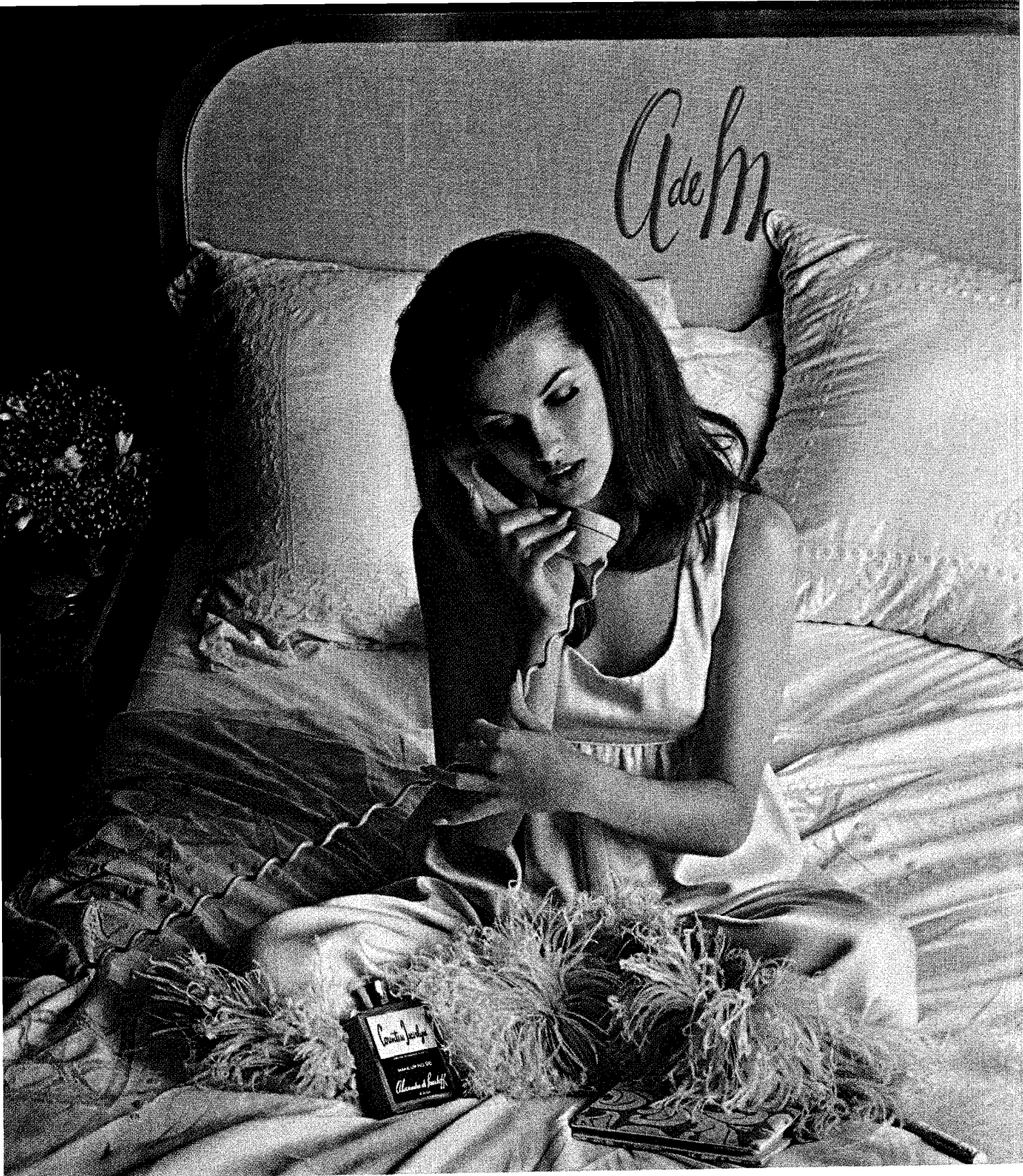
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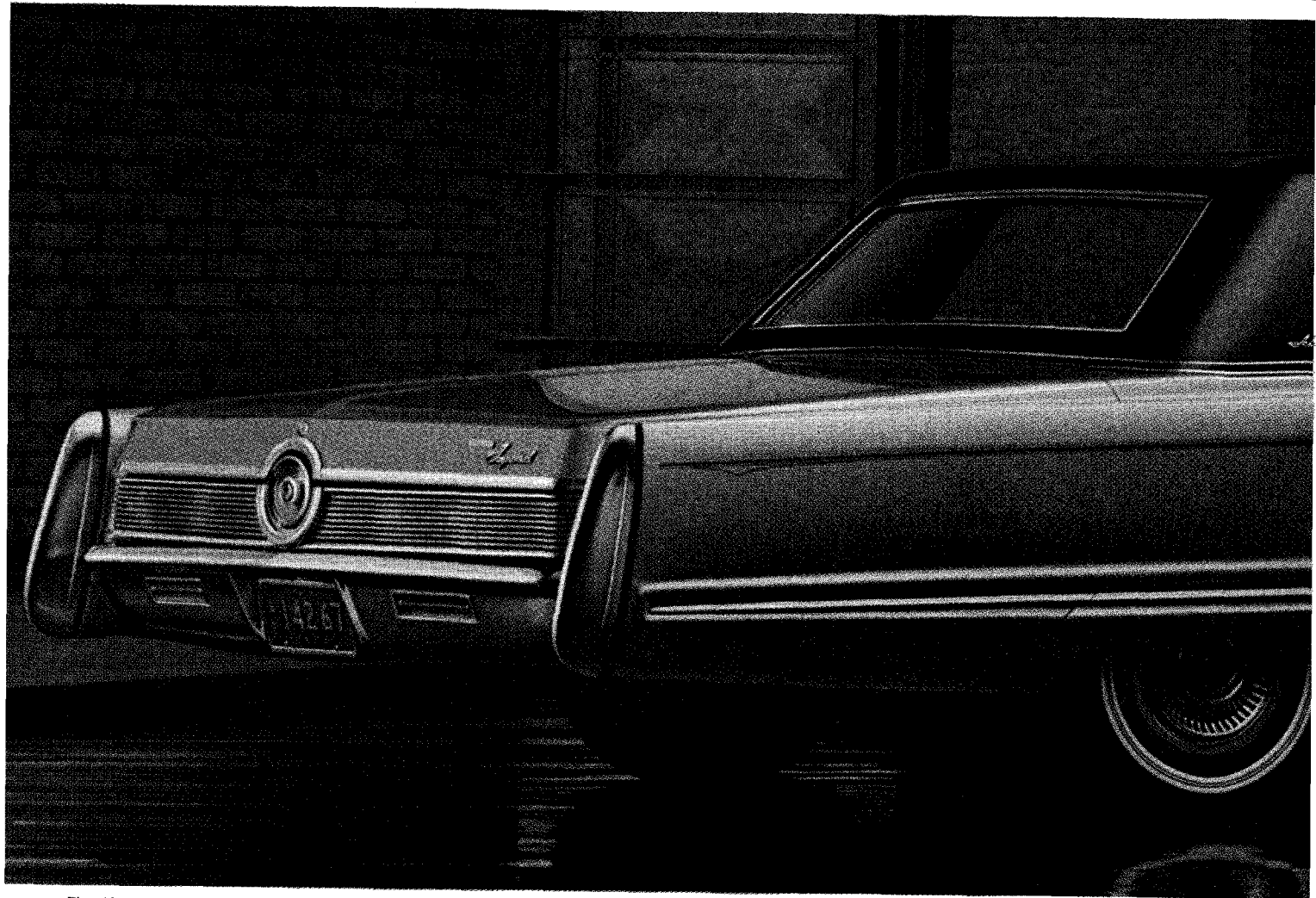
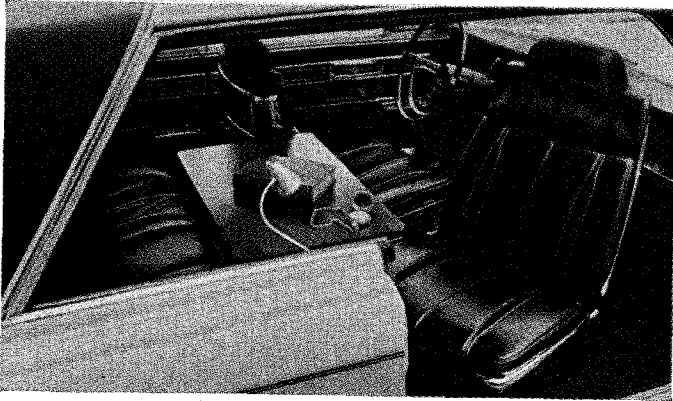
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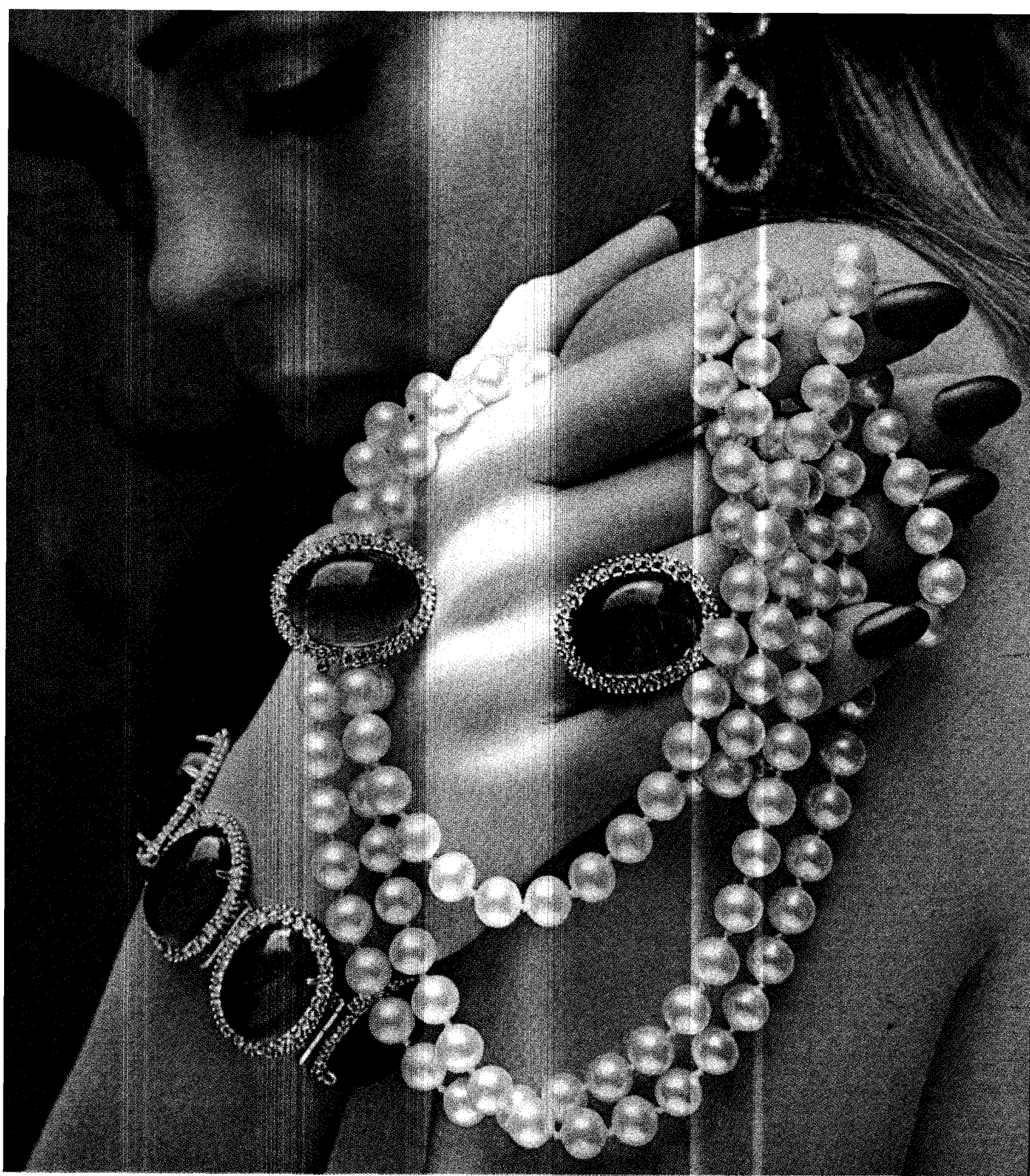
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mounting, becoming the huge pain of the lost little furniture.

"Drink," said her mother, "drink the tea with raspberries. Drink," she said. "Stop crying."

THE kitchen, by virtue of the light upon it, existed again. It was weeks later. She had been sick for a long time after that winter's night, but now she was recovered. She and her mother sat at the white oilcloth-covered kitchen table. The child was the teacher. She folded a piece of lined yellow paper into eight sections. At the top of the paper she wrote the two letters "AT." She said to her mother in English and in the other language she knew as well, intermingled, "This is called the AT family."

Her mother repeated, mixing, too, a little English with the Yiddish, "This is the AT family." Then looked down at her, the teacher, and asked, "What does it mean, the AT family?"

"Like this. Here I write BAT." At the top of the first column she wrote BAT. "Then here I write CAT. Here HAT. Here SAT." After she had written each word unevenly in each of the four columns, she glanced up. Her mother had lifted her eyes from the paper, was looking at her with a frown, fierce and tender. From the table, she lifted the child's hand and pressed it to her lips, then put it gently down, taking up the pencil. With concentrated care, she wrote until the first section was filled with the stiff, European, slanted writing of BAT. Now she looked again at her child, the American, and their eyes met. The mother smiled self-consciously and shyly—her short wide upper lip pulled down, but not quite, over the white shining teeth—then went on copying.

THE paging system was again in use. This time the name was clear: "Miss Wool-wool, Miss Wool-wool." Could it be?

She stood and walked to the desk, glancing at her watch. As she approached, the Administration nurse said, "Doctor will be down as soon as possible," but lifted the receiver nevertheless. Again from the corridor came the reverberating, flat, nonsensical syllables. And in a few minutes, surprising her, she heard hurried footsteps. She recognized these.

"Do you want to see your daughter?" one nurse had asked, and not too much later this nurse had asked, "Do you want to see Doctor?" Briefly and for this moment, the scenes were, after all, fused and she was seeing them



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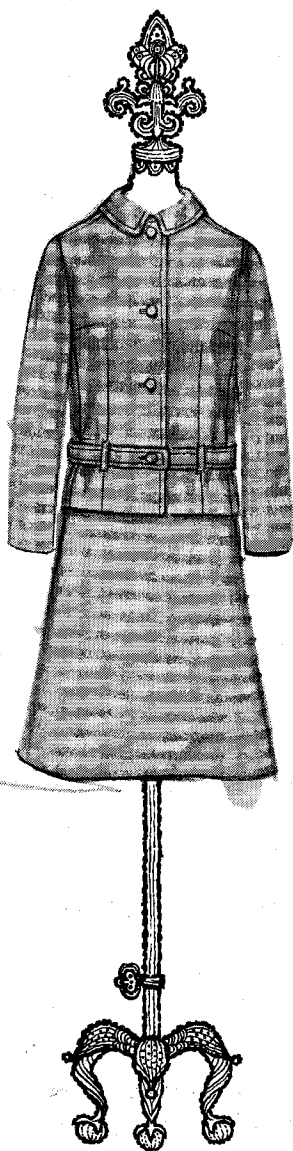
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both and at once, and, thinking of this, it was like seeing her daughter for the first time, newly studying her as she had then.

She kissed her, lightly touching her cheek, embarrassedly, for the nurse was looking on.

Her daughter smiled, her short wide upper lip pulled down, but not quite, over the white shining teeth. The surface eyes were wide-apart and richly dark, happy and apologetic. "I'm sorry. I forgot you were waiting. I heard the page, and forgot. I'm in Clinic by myself. There's a huge crowd—a few had to be admitted—and there are lots of babies crying. I'm terribly sorry."

"Hurry back then. The little key—here it is."

"Come soon? Please?" Her daughter slid the key into the upper pocket of her white jacket, and lifted her head and kissed the air, already turning away.

She went out into the morning sunshine overlaid with light-gray mist.

Her husband opened out the car door and turned off the radio. "You had a long talk."

"A short talk. She forgot I was waiting."

"Forgot!"

"She's very busy. I gave her the little key."

"Couldn't you have left it?"

"Yes, but then I couldn't have kissed her for you."

"True. How does she look in a doctor suit?"

"Thin. Pale. Lovely in a doctor suit."

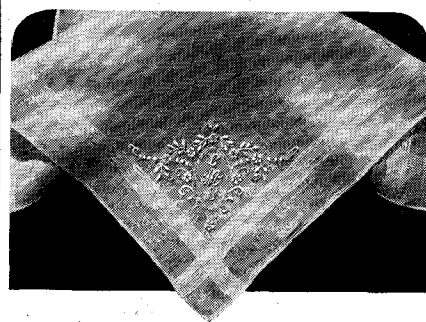
They began their ride, leaving the tree-lined streets, entering the scribbled bleak landscape of outskirts.

"I think we should be making a turn soon," he said.

"Let me see." She searched in her handbag. "This has her directions for getting here—I'll read them backward." She unfolded the letter and read aloud, "Watch for Exit 3 or you will wander for hours," noticing that she had folded the letter as she had folded the lined sheets of the first grade, as she had folded the yellow lined sheet in the long-ago kitchen.

She opened out and flattened the folded-in-eight letter, and idly she began to reread, silently, the paragraph that preceded the directions:

After the age of six the little boys don't want to be examined by a lady doctor. But yesterday a very small one came to Clinic. He had a broken toy in one hand and the other was attached to a traffic cop. The lost ones have to be examined before they are sent off to a shelter. This one, the policeman said, had been waiting



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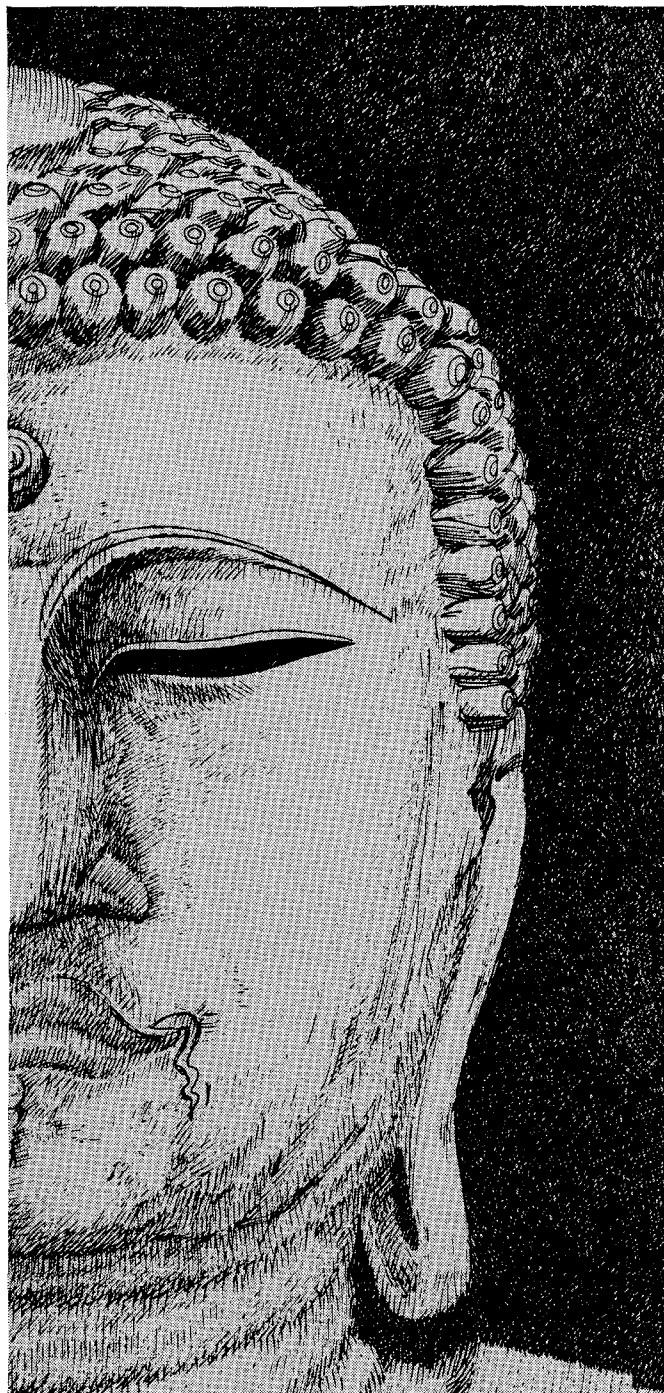


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PBM?PBM!



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for 48 hours or more on the street for his mother to come back from N.Y. He wouldn't let go the policeman's hand or the broken toy so he was hard to examine. Anyway he didn't object to *me*. The policeman muttered (still tightly attached), "Wish they'd send me back to catching speeders on the Schuylkill Expressway."

There was a postscript: "Don't forget the little key. My birthday bracelet is locked up until you bring it."

Looking up, she saw an arrow and the words "TO N.J. TPKE." "Here's the turn," she said. "The sign is protectively colored."

"Thanks," her husband said. "In a minute we'd have been on our way to Delaware."

Instead, in two hours they would be home, and this day would take its place among the scenes of her life. In all the world, no one else possessed inside her head these particular scenes. In all the world, no one else could see that long-ago kitchen, that fiercely tender frown of the writer of the AT family. No one else held inside her head the scene in which she had recognized the foot-steps of, had brushed the cheek of, had given a little key to the writer of the words "But yesterday a very small one came to Clinic." Seated here, swiftly homeward borne, already in her heart a longing to return, she saw herself, strongly lighted, at the center between those two writers.

—MINA LEWITON SIMON

"You've got to get out there and find these 27 million people who voted for Goldwater," he admonished.

Mr. DePugh called the convention. He is serving as national chairman. But he told the audience it was only their "explosive enthusiasm" that could build the "third party" successfully.

Mr. Payson, under Federal indictment since January on charges of illegal possession of a machine gun, elaborated.

"Who are the leaders of the Patriotic party?" he asked. "When you get back to your room, look in the mirror. You are the leaders of the Patriotic party. You are going to lead this nation to victory."

He advised them to go to the library and read up on leadership qualities.
—*The Times*.

And leave their machine guns at the librarian's desk.

Those who shared their experiences with us were Barbara Cholfin Johnson '56, who spoke about the field of freelance book editing; Patricia Newman Woolner '44, who held our rapt attention while she told of the many pies in which she had her fingers in the world of dance . . . —*Bennington College Bulletin*.

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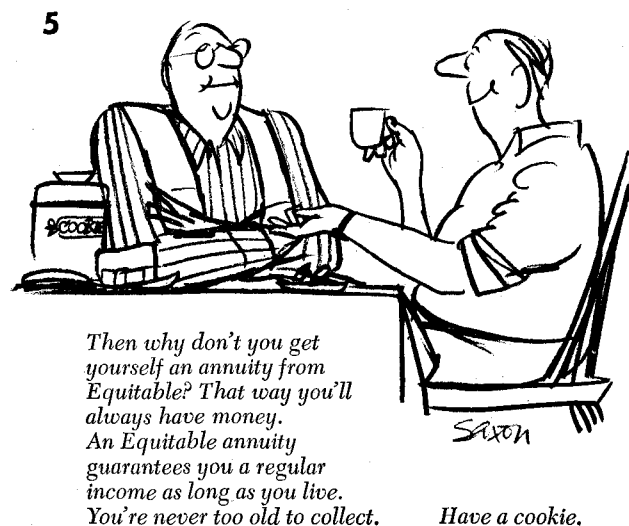
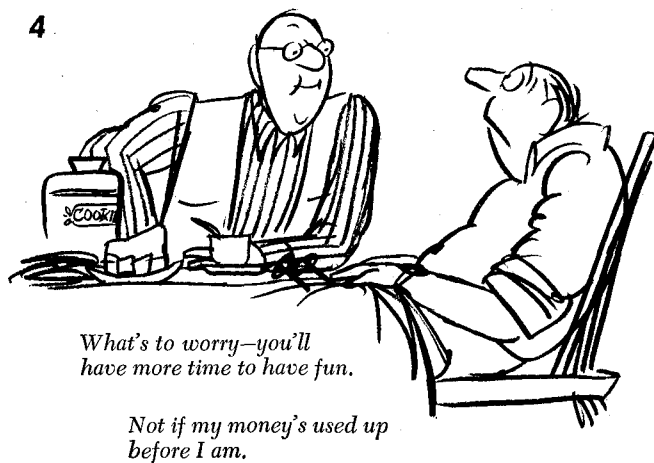
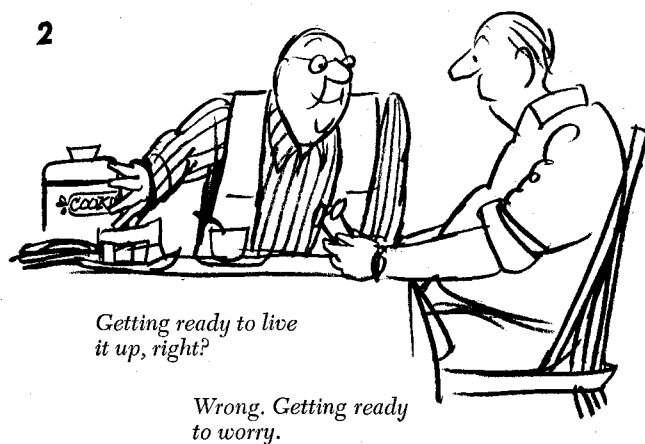
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THE SPORTING SCENE

UNSEEDED THOUGHTS ON FOREST HILLS

MORE than any other sports event, the United States Lawn Tennis Championships, which begin at Forest Hills every year a few days before the Labor Day weekend and reach their climax the following weekend, signify the end of another summer and the coming of another autumn. There is, inevitably, a certain pre-dated nostalgia in the air during the fortnight of the championships. For example, as a spectator gazes down from the stands at the female competitors, still the prettiest girls in sport, he appreciates only too well that in a matter of days their tans will be growing paler and their hair less blond, and he himself will be back in his clerical-gray suit and his colorless post-summer rut, a year older than last autumn and half a step slower sprinting for the office elevator. As the last major tennis fixture of the year (except for that almost invariable feature of the Christmas season in Australia, the Davis Cup Challenge Round match), our national championships also tend to kindle in most men who follow tennis another type of reflectiveness: one finds oneself reviewing the whole tournament year—evaluating what the various individual players did and what they didn't—and, concomitantly, thinking fairly long thoughts about the current state of the game. One humid afternoon around Labor Day, when I was going through the long thoughts at Forest Hills, it struck me that my conclusions about the current state of the game were almost precisely those I had arrived at each September for the last half-dozen years—in a word, that tennis remains the reigning enigma of the sports world. On one hand, the game has never been healthier. In 1966, more Americans than ever before—upward of eight million—played tennis; more tennis equipment and tennis apparel were sold than in any previous season; hundreds of new indoor and

outdoor courts were built; attendance at the tournaments increased markedly; subscriptions to *World Tennis*, the game's leading magazine, were up a full twenty per cent; and a record number of youngsters were sent to that new American institution, the summer tennis camp. To a somewhat lesser degree, I gather, the same kind of growth has been going on in just about all the eighty-five other nations that are members of the International Lawn Tennis Federation. On the other hand, at its championship level tennis continues to pack very little importance or impact—far less than any other major sport. Except for members of the game's inner circle, hardly anyone discusses the champions and the contenders the way everyone did in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, and, indeed, in the first decade after the Second World War. Even the major

events slide by with such a lack of involvement among the people who customarily are interested in all sports that it's a rare person who can tell you, for instance, who won this year's Italian and French Championships. (Tony Roche, the rugged twenty-one-year-old Australian left-hander, won them both, in the course of compiling the best spring and early-summer tournament record of any player.) This pervading apathy would be less noticeable if it were not that it has come about during a period when most other sports (professional football and professional golf outstandingly) are being followed with unprecedented intensity by the general sports public, and, moreover, as the crowds at Shea Stadium have shown us, during a period when the people who attend sports events are more eager than ever to be identified with their heroes—so eager

that it is really to be wondered at that the galleries at Forest Hills have yet to be infiltrated by youthful platoons carrying banners proclaiming "The Sands Point Beach Club Loves Cliff Richey," "Hello, Stolle," and "Bring Back Nicola Pietrangeli."

There are two main reasons, I should say, for the relative dullness of the contemporary tennis scene, but it strikes me that instead of simply stating them I might do better to approach them indirectly, by reviewing some of the highlights of the past season, as I found myself doing in the stands at Forest Hills. All in all, it was a typical year, with just about the usual mixture of heartening and disappointing episodes, along with the usual quota of those wonderful vagaries that are peculiar to the world of tennis. Anyway, here are a few of the events of 1966 that made the sharpest impression on me:

Early in the year, two of our most incident-prone young amateurs



"Who did you think it was? Paul Mellon?"



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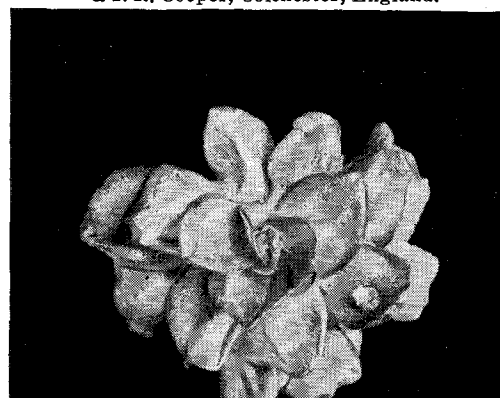
The lustrous bonsai tree sculpture shown above is eight inches high. It is 18 karat solid gold. The base is Malachite of a rare green color. Mr. Cooper says he thinks the tree would be an ideal present for someone

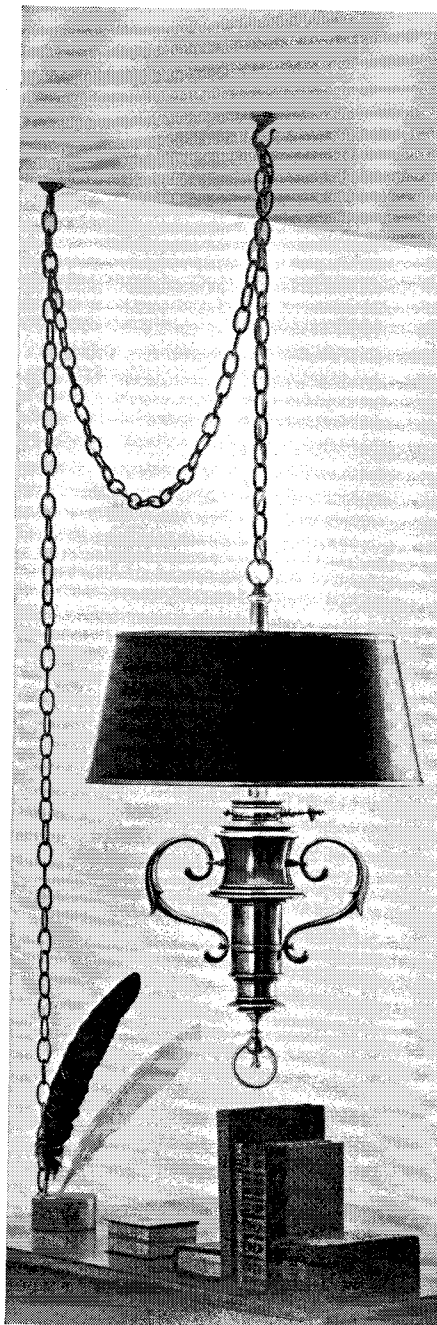
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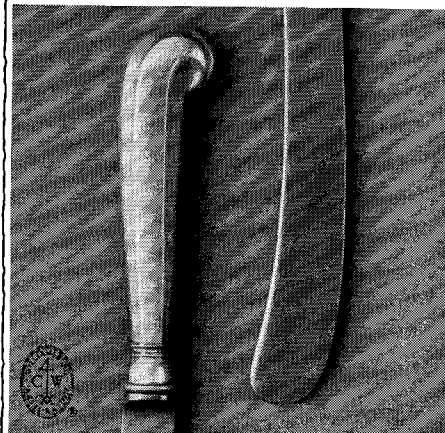
acted up badly on the Australian circuit, and soon after this, it followed, traveling under the auspices of our State Department, they were off on a series of good-will missions to underdeveloped tennis nations.

At Wimbledon, Roy Emerson, the defending champion, again showed us why he is looked upon as one of the most admirable athletes of our time. Today, as in every era, there are game-players who wish to be known for their sportsmanship and who make a career of providing periodic displays of thoughtfulness and "character." Emerson, however, is the genuine article. He knows only one way to act, and he acts that way whether he is being watched by thousands or by practically no one at all. At Wimbledon, after a so-so spring, the Australian veteran—he is twenty-nine—had played himself into absolutely withering form. Following an easy opening match, he eliminated Wilhelm Bungert, the dangerous German player, in straight sets with the loss of only six games. He then defeated two very competent Americans—Charley Pasarell, our Indoor champion, and Stan Smith, a solid young Californian—taking them both in straight sets and dropping only six games to Smith. His opponent in the quarter-finals, which were played on a wet court on a misty afternoon, was Owen Davidson, a big left-hander, who is ranked sixth in Australia. Emerson whistled through the first set, 6-1, in fourteen minutes. In the third game of the second set, going for everything, as is his habit, he raced in to pick up a drop volley, skidded on the slippery turf, and crashed hard into the umpire's chair. He got to his feet quickly, moved his left shoulder around a little (he had torn some shoulder ligaments), and, with no further ado, went back on the court and resumed play. Unable to serve with any force or to approximate his regular backhand stroke, Emerson lost that second set, 6-3, and the next two, 6-4, 6-4. Not once did he call attention, either by physical movement or by facial expression, to the fact that he was laboring under a painful handicap. He simply played as well as he could, and when the match was over, and, with it, his hopes for winning Wimbledon for the third straight year, he ran to the net, congratulated the winner, and then walked off the court with his inveterate untheatricality. It did one's heart good to realize that the difficult thing Emerson had done so gracefully was lost on no one. For example, Davidson, in an interview after the match, said that he would probably have gone

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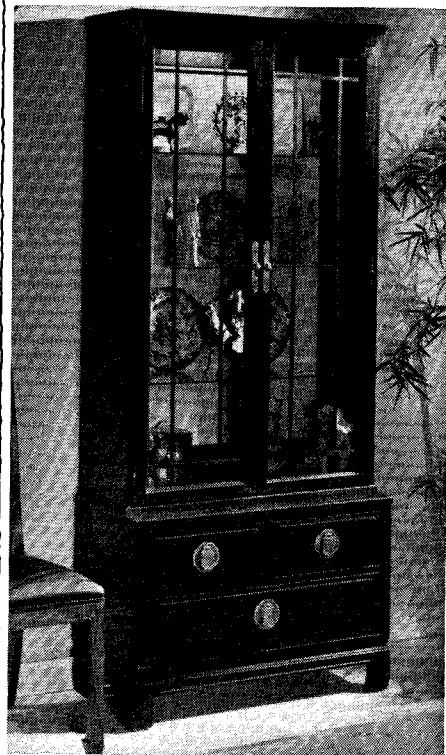
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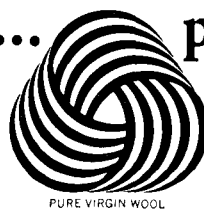




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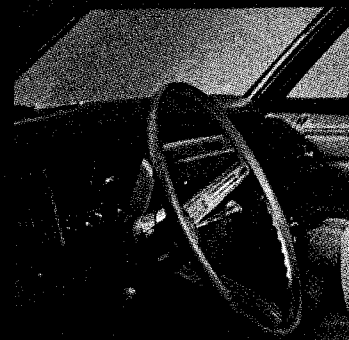


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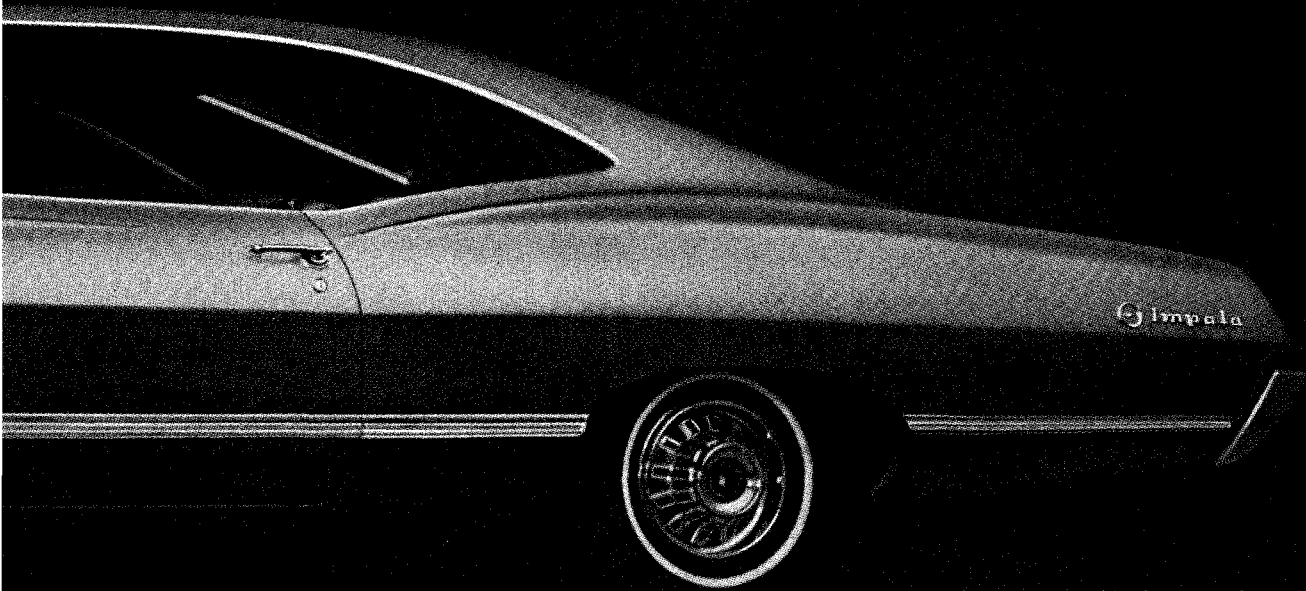
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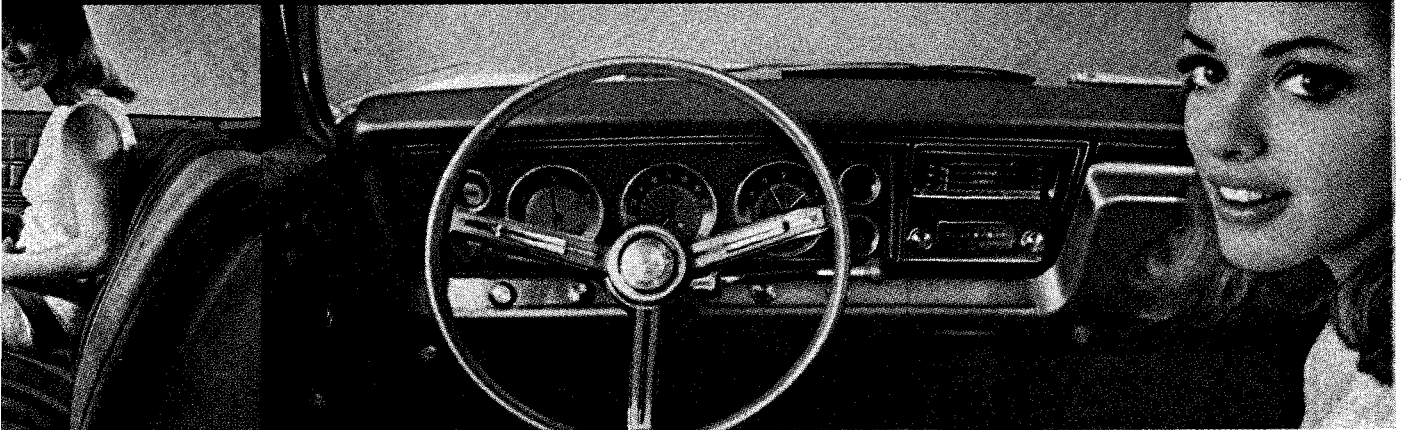
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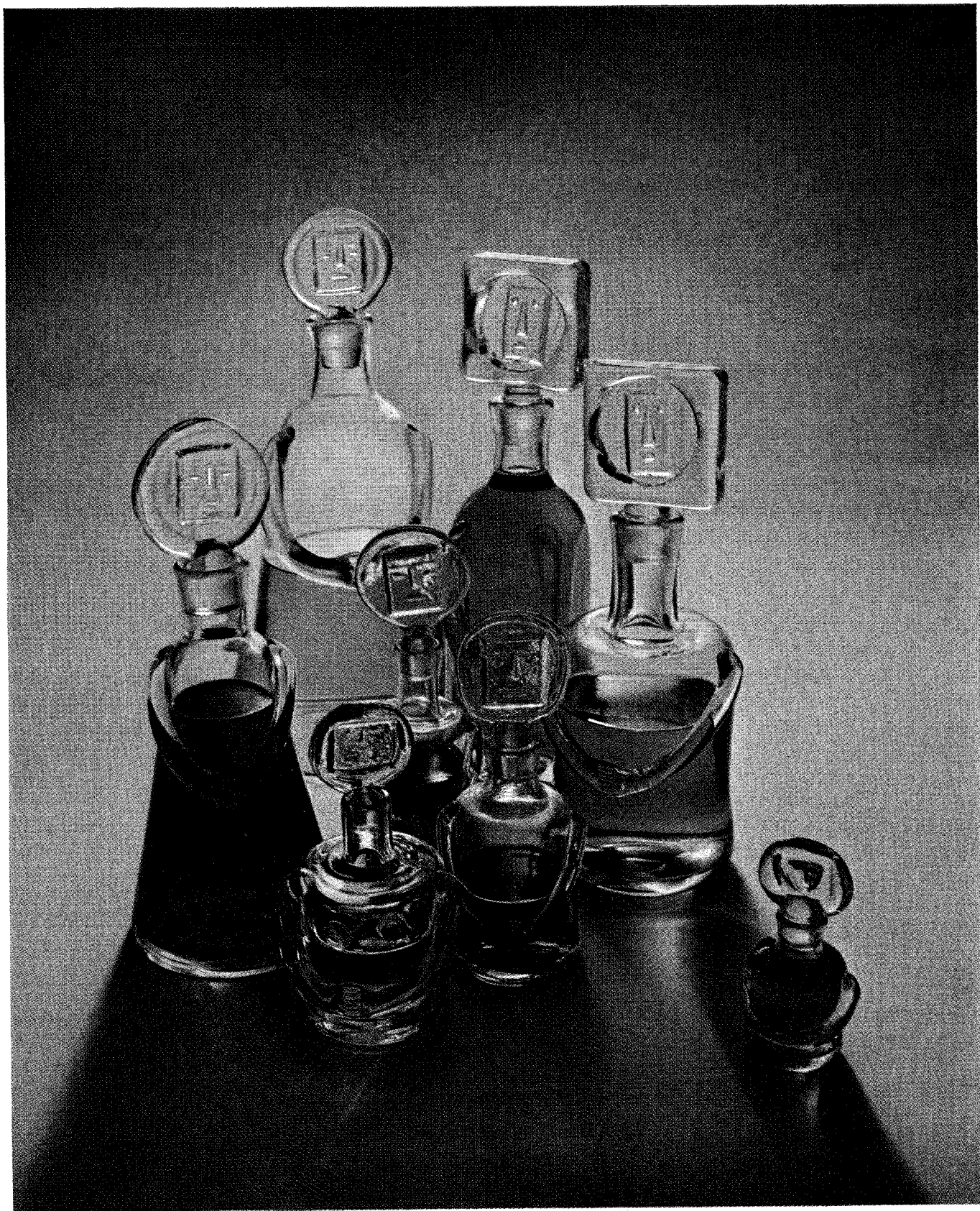
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down 6-1, 6-2, 6-2 but for Emerson's injury. Manolo Santana, of Spain, the eventual winner at Wimbledon, who is an exceptional sportsman in his own right, declared after his victory that he probably could not have beaten Emerson if they had met in the final—not the way the Australian had been playing. The *New York Times* was sufficiently impressed by Emerson's sportsmanship to applaud it in an editorial.

Unquestionably the biggest disappointment of the season was that Arthur Ashe, Jr., the twenty-three-year-old Virginian who was called up for a tour of duty in the Reserve Officers Training Corps, missed most of the tournaments. Ever since Ashe's clean-cut victory over Emerson in the quarter-finals at Forest Hills last year, tennis aficionados have been waiting to see if this wholly engaging young man would continue to develop and possibly go on to become the most formidable American player since Pancho Gonzales. We will all have to wait a little longer.

Somewhat unexpectedly, Dennis Ralston, our first-ranked player, provided a bit of encouraging news. At Wimbledon, for the first time in his career, he reached the final of a major championship. More than this, he gave evidence throughout the year that he is at last almost entirely able to check the outbursts of petulance and plain temper that have plagued him ever since he first demonstrated his considerable talent back in 1960, when, as an unknown seventeen-year-old, he teamed with Rafael Osuna, of Mexico, to win the doubles at Wimbledon. In America, for some reason or other, we produce a peculiar type of athlete, of which Ralston is the epitome: the decent, warmhearted young man who, unduly vulnerable to self-pique, handles himself so maladroitly in competition that the spectators gain a completely wrong idea of what he is like. From a distance, one would never guess that Ralston is, among other things, probably our most generous-spirited player. Nearly all the young men who have moved up near the top of our national rankings owe him a sizable debt for countless hours he has put in working with them on their games and—ironically—helping them to be temperamentally set for their key matches.

On our summer circuit, the tournament at the Merion Cricket Club reminded the tennis world, as it is reminded at least once every summer, that Vic Seixas is surely one of the most

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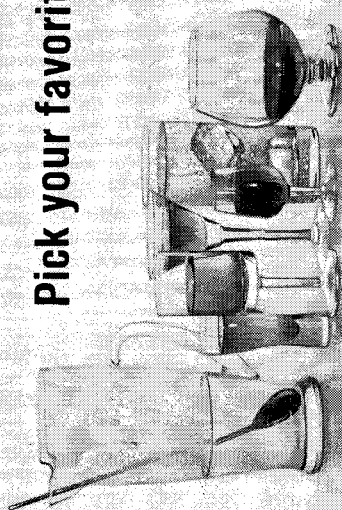
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superbly conditioned athletes of the century. After losing the first set, 32–34, to Bill Bowrey, an up-and-coming Australian half his age, Seixas, despite a broiling sun, had the resources to pull out the next two sets, 6–4, 10–8, for the match. He is now forty-three.

Among the women, Billy Jean (Moffitt) King, equipped with a new forehand she was taught by Mervyn Rose, this year finally carried the day at Wimbledon, where she always seems to reach her top form. The most exciting player, though, was a small (five feet two), chunky, insouciant seventeen-year-old moppet named Rosemary Casals, off the public courts of San Francisco, who won no big tournaments and appeared far more elated at being selected by Mrs. King as her doubles partner than by any of her own victories in singles play. (Two of them were scored over Mrs. King.) The appeal of “the little Casals girl,” as everyone refers to her, lies in her astonishing coordination. It is a treat just to watch her reach out at the service line and grab a ball thrown a little wide by a ball boy. In addition to being able to run all day, she has a wide repertoire of attacking shots and the tennis sense to use them imaginatively. Miss Casals, by the way, is a grandniece of the famous cellist and plays a pretty fair living-room piano.

As for the pros, they underwent yet another administrative reorganization, placing themselves in the hands of a new tournament director, Wally Dill. A young Californian, he is best known as the manager of Billy Casper and other professional golfers, and his aim is to set up a tournament schedule roughly similar to the professional-golf circuit, with his troupe moving to a different city each week and competing for prize money in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars. This year, he was able to arrange a number of tournaments. Rod Laver won the majority of them, and Ken Rosewall won most of the others. Unquestionably, though, the high point of the professional season was the excellent old-fashioned elimination tournament held in March at Madison Square Garden, on a slow rubberized canvas that elicited excellent old-fashioned baseline exchanges. Rosewall won the final from Laver, and, en route to his victory, played two shots that no one who saw them is likely to forget: twice, after he had tossed up a shortish lob, he somehow managed not only to get his racket on Laver's powerful overhead smash but to volley the ball with a controlled stroke past Laver for a clean win-



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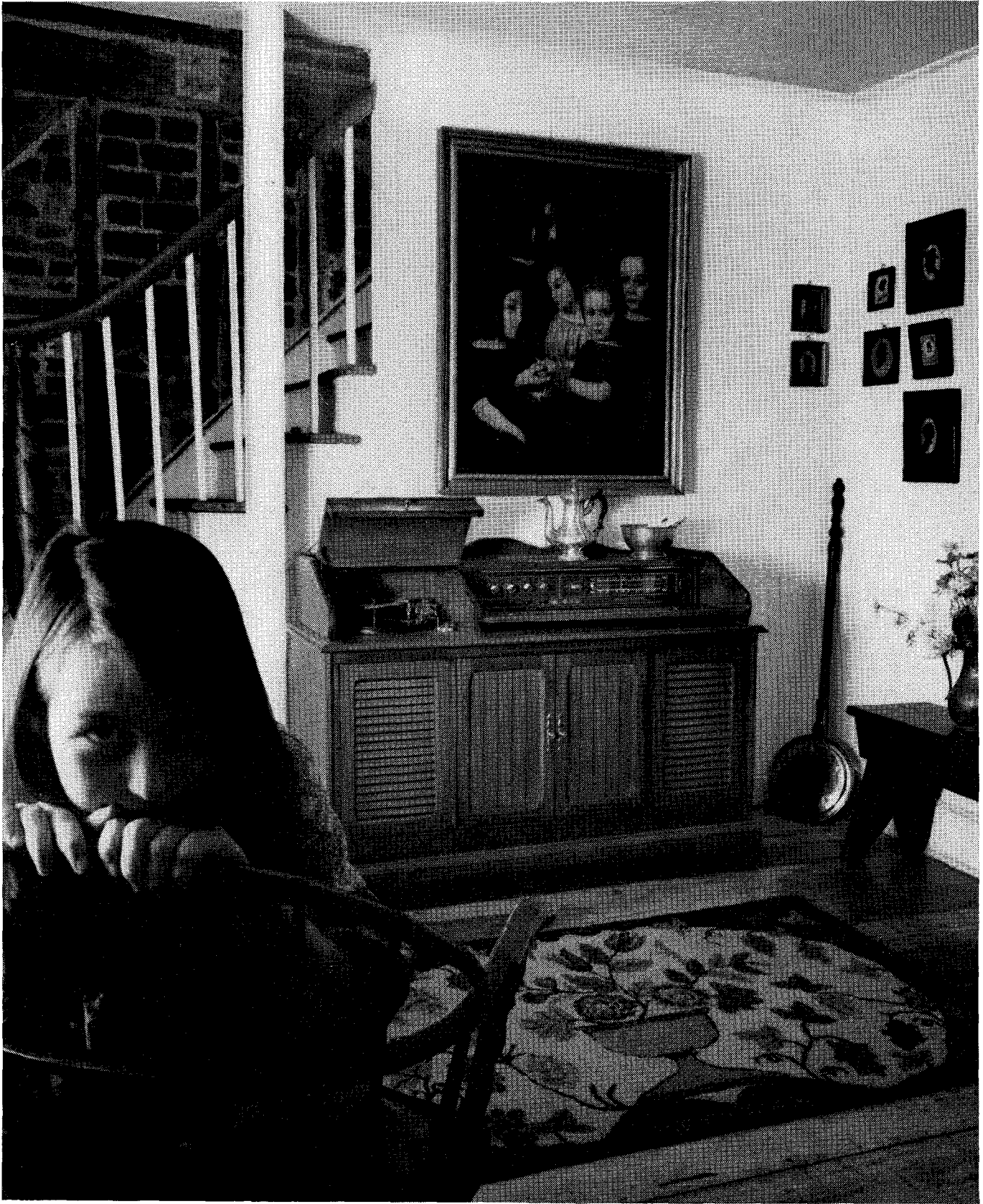


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ner. Rosewall may possibly have a better eye for the ball than anyone since Cochet.

As this quick, Impressionist review of the season perhaps makes clear, there are at present quite a number of very capable players in the amateur ranks. The trouble is that nearly all of them flicker in and out, performing handsomely for a stretch and then abruptly losing their timing and touch. As a result, they never quite come to be regarded as champions rather than as just very capable players. Moreover, few of them possess the athletic artistry, let alone the personal magnetism, that a tennis champion—like any other champion—must have if his sport is to capture the enthusiasm of a public that has a great many diversions to choose from. Even Emerson, the most consistent player in recent years, does not entirely fill the bill. While he certainly commands the respect of the knowledgeable, his style of tennis does not delight the average spectator, since it depends essentially on blunting his opponent's weapons through superior speed, agility, and application. Ironically, too, his straight-ahead, businesslike approach to the game keeps him from being very colorful to watch. Much the same is true of Laver, though he is an attacker with bold, flashing strokes; he might well have become a popular idol if his court personality had matched the fluorescence of his tennis.

What tennis needs today, essentially, is one or two superstars of the magnitude of Tilden and Lacoste, Perry and Budge, Kramer and Gonzales—men with both a champion's skill and charisma, who, by maintaining a high standard of performance over a period of years, build up a devoted following (exactly as the top professional golfers have done) and create an eruptive interest whenever they appear in a tournament that means something. In the amateur field today, two players, Ashe and the more experienced Santana, have the stuff to become international heroes of this order, but so far, of course, neither has done nearly enough to establish himself as an authentic superstar—a Willie Mays, Sandy Koufax, Jimmy Brown, Gordon Howe, Oscar Robertson, Jack Nicklaus, or a Pelé.

In any event, it seems to me that it is imperative for the good of tennis that open tournaments be established, in which both amateurs and professionals can compete. With so many promising amateurs around and with most of the top professionals past their peak, there is



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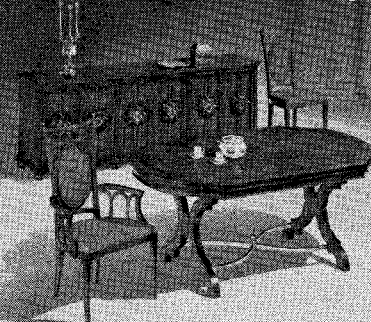
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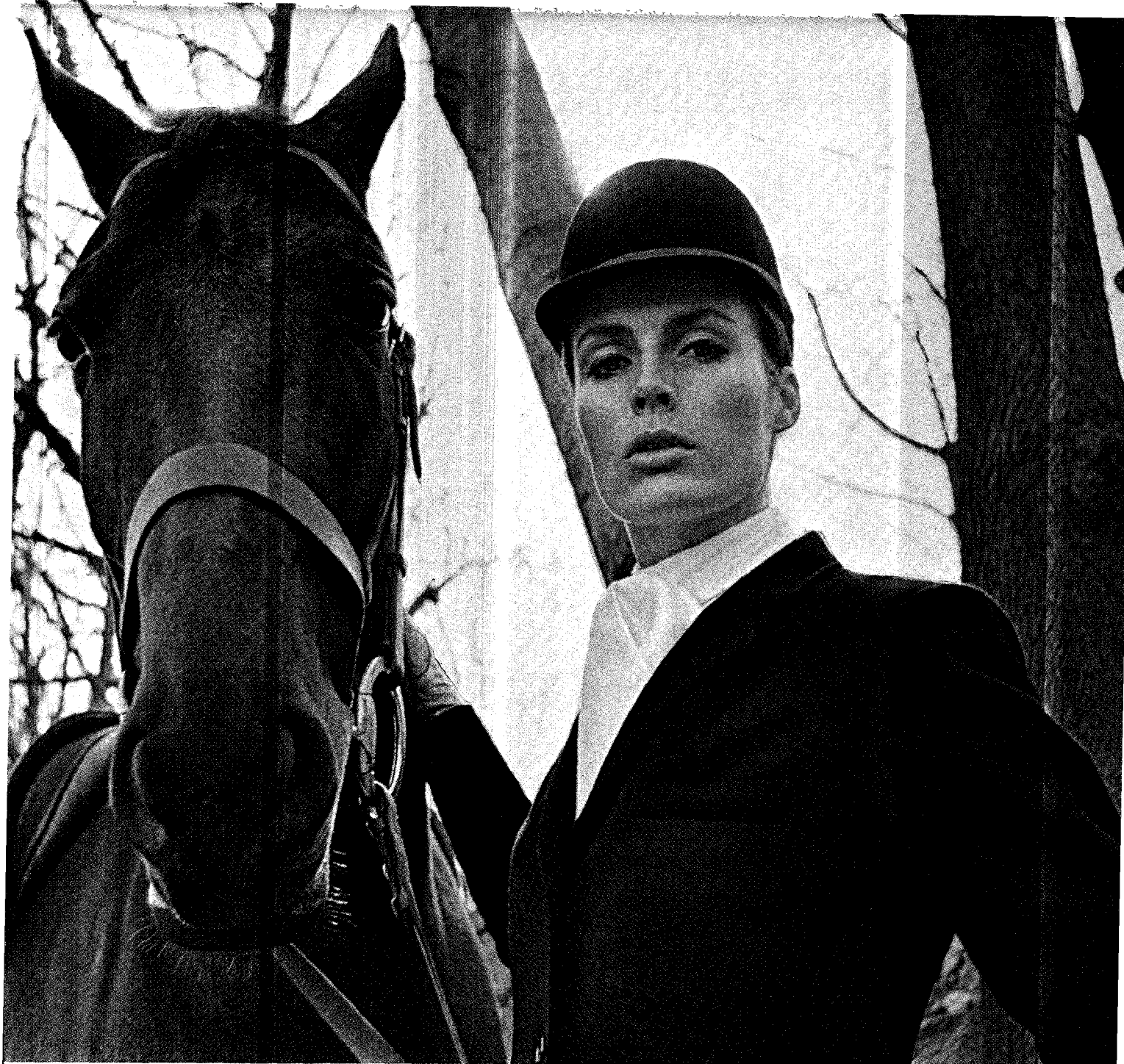
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less demand for open tennis than there was, say, half a dozen years ago. Yet it should be pointed out that in this present era, when a standout college linebacker can command upward of half a million dollars from a professional football team, it is a natural thing for the leading amateurs in every sport to turn professional and get what they can while the getting is good. However, in tennis, as in no other sport, when a first-class amateur turns pro he practically vanishes from sight. For example, after Rosewall made the jump—and in a relatively short time succeeded Gonzales as the best player in the world—it was years before his American admirers had a real chance to see him in action. Tennis, to be sure, has been the loser, and it stands to lose more in the future, since it is essential for any game to have a strong continuity, and this can't be maintained unless its ablest exponents remain on view in significant competition throughout their career. (When one thinks back to 1960 and the annual meeting of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, in Paris, at which the motion to grant open tennis a year's trial was defeated by a mere three votes, it fills one with regret and chagrin, all the more so since there would have been votes enough to carry the motion if the Chilean delegate had not missed the roll call—he was out telephoning a friend—and if the Mexican delegate, who was also in favor of open tennis, had not authorized his son, who inexplicably cast Mexico's votes against the motion, to act as his deputy.)

The other main reason that tennis lacks glitter and consequence on the championship level is the paucity of the television coverage it has been able to arrange, even for its distinguished events. There are no two ways about it: nowadays, access to the huge television audience largely determines national interest in a sport. Long before television discovered professional football and professional golf, they were thriving games, but after the viewing public had received steady exposure to them their popularity burgeoned at a rate that was geometric rather than arithmetic. For a sport like tennis, television is absolutely vital, not only because of the power of that medium but because the sports sections of newspapers, which for decades were the main germinating ground of mass enthusiasm, now devote so much of their coverage to reporting horse-racing and harness-racing results and to spreading before us the hottest news about auto racing, motor-boating, and senior golf that there is



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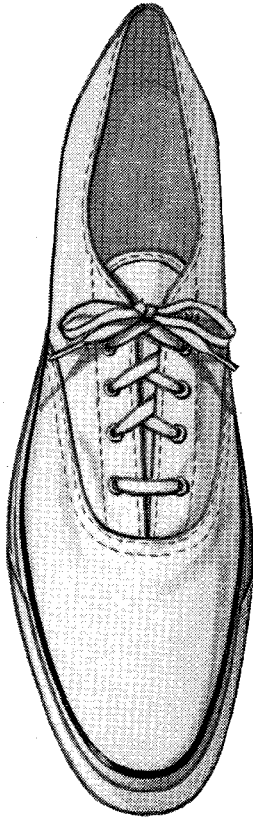
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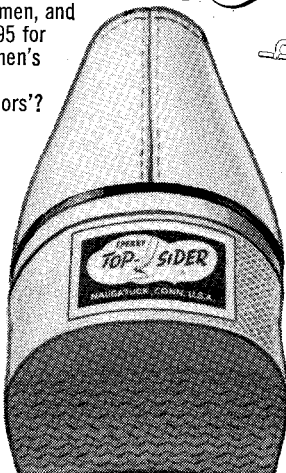
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room left for only skeletal accounts of what is happening in a "secondary major sport" like tennis. With the readers given so little tennis sustenance to chew on, no wonder few people think and talk tennis the way they used to.

Where television is concerned, tennis has one big plus going for it and one big minus. The plus is the limited area of the court, which lends itself well to camera coverage. (The ball is large enough to be picked up easily, too.) The minus is the unpredictability of the length of a match; a five-setter can take two and a half hours or longer, running over the scheduled air time and necessitating either that the telecast be ended before the outcome is determined or that the network preempt additional air time in order to stay with the match to its conclusion. In the latter contingency, if the network has no sponsors lined up to underwrite the extra time, it stands to take quite a financial beating. James H. Van Alen, the inventor and indefatigable publicist of the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System, or VASSS—in which the players alternate in serving five points in a row, as in table tennis, and the first player to take twenty-one (or thirty-one) points is the winner—has always maintained that tournaments played under its rules could solve the tennis television problem, inasmuch as one can forecast to within minutes the time a twenty-one-point or thirty-one-point match will require. The difficulty is that VASSS, since it encourages defensive tactics, does not permit the game its finest expression. Neither do other abbreviated forms of tennis. For better or worse, tennis reaches full flower only when two well-matched opponents are locked in a fairly protracted struggle, for it is the strange, complex turns of the tide of battle that produce its magnificent excitement. Admittedly, there are many drawn-out matches that are flat bores, but take away the extended, shifting, altogether fascinating duels between Brookes and Wilding, Tilden and Johnston, Budge and von Cramm, or Hoad and Trabert—to name the ones that come first to mind—and you take away tennis.

Artistically, the best way to present an important tennis match on television—assuming, that is, that complete live coverage is out of the question—would no doubt be to tape it in full and then edit it so that only the most dramatic and meaningful moments are retained. Unfortunately, such an approach takes time—so much time that viewers would probably learn the

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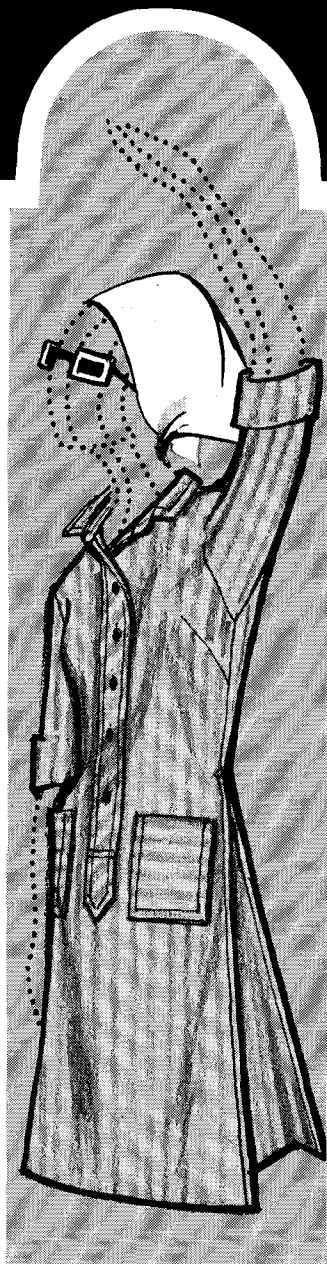
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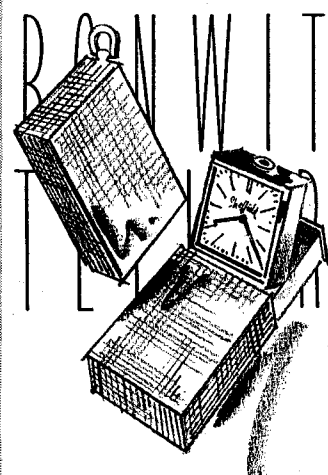
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results of the match on a news program or on radio before the edited tape was ready to be shown, and the suspense of not knowing the resolution of the match would be lost. Accordingly, if the allotted air time for a best-of-five-sets match (an average set takes about thirty minutes) is a firm hour and a half or a firm two hours, the wisest procedure, most people agree, is to begin the match about an hour before air time and tape this section. This way, with the telecast picking up the action near the end of the second set, the viewing audience is all but assured of seeing the climactic passages even of a long-drawn-out match. In the event that the match turns out to be relatively short, there is the tape of the opening sets—and, ideally, the edited highlights of the earlier rounds of the tournament—to fall back on, not to mention the rerunning, with a thoughtful commentary, of selected segments of the part of the match that was televised live.

At Forest Hills this year, only the final of the men's singles was televised. The American Broadcasting Company, which handled the telecast, set aside two hours of air time, from 3 to 5 P.M., and asked that the start of the men's final coincide with the start of the telecast. The United States Lawn Tennis Association acceded to A.B.C.'s request. As it turned out, this created a very awkward situation at Forest Hills, for the preceding event—the final of the women's singles—was over at ten minutes after two, and the twelve thousand-odd spectators in the stadium were obliged to sit staring at an empty court for fifty minutes before the two men's finalists, Fred Stolle and John Newcombe, made their appearance. It is not a very healthy state of affairs, to say the least, when television, for all its importance, makes a major sports event dance so obeisantly to its tune. Moreover, A.B.C. would have been in a much safer position if the men's final had begun immediately after the women's finished, for there was always the possibility that Stolle vs. Newcombe might not accommodate television by wrapping itself up neatly within the appointed time. Indeed, it didn't. At five minutes to five, owing to a 12-10 second set, Stolle was leading, two sets to one, and the conclusive tennis lay ahead. In this tight corner, A.B.C. prudently elected to continue its coverage until the match was over. If this decision made criticism of the arrangements for this particular match largely academic, the point remains that a great deal of work still needs to be done, both by the networks and by



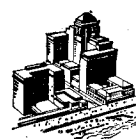
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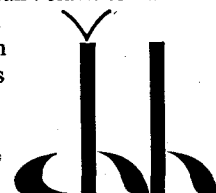
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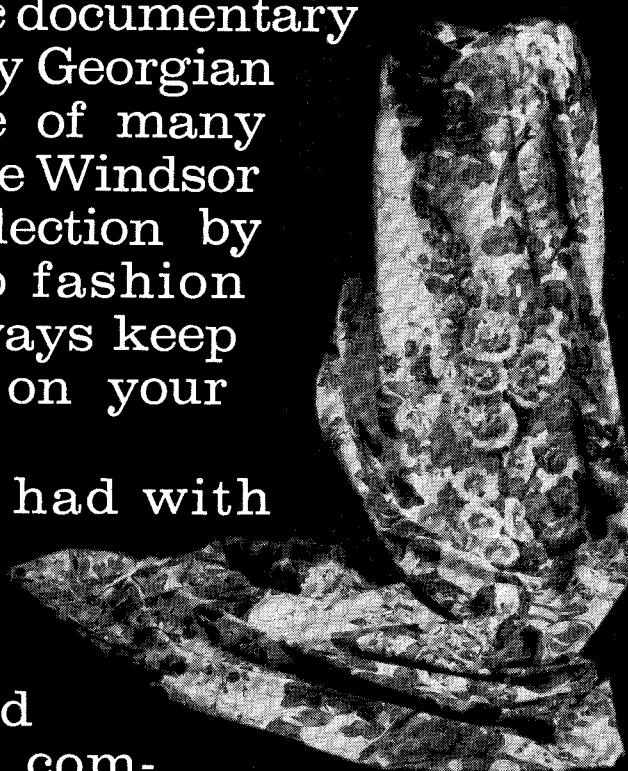
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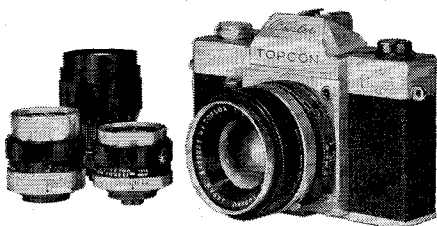
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the U.S.L.T.A., before the best way of presenting televised tennis is determined. Furthermore, I would like to think that next September the entire country will have a chance to watch not only the men's finals but the women's, and all the semifinal matches as well. This is asking very little, really, when one considers that this fall the networks will be sending your way and mine no fewer than one hundred and sixty-three pro football games.

THERE was, to be sure, a good deal more to busy oneself with at Forest Hills than long reflections on the present state of tennis and some clock-watching on the afternoon of the finals. This year, the championships came to life much earlier than they generally do. On the Monday afternoon, when the second-round matches in the women's draw were held, Billy Jean King, the No. 1 seed, was defeated in straight sets by Kerry Melville, a pretty Australian girl who plays her tennis in a most becoming large-crowned, floppy white hat, turning the brim up when she's serving and down when she's receiving service. In addition to her nice taste in millinery, Miss Melville has a robust forehand, and this was all she needed against Mrs. King, who had not fully recovered from a virus attack and appeared to be strangely abstracted about the whole affair. That same afternoon, in the second round of the men's singles, there was another surprise of sorts when Davidson of Australia ousted the young Texan Cliff Richey, seeded eighth, in straight sets, 7-5, 8-6, 6-1. Every multi-round championship is bound to include a fair percentage of upsets—it's part of the game. (For some years now, I gather, the London bookmakers have, with comparative impunity, been offering to hand over a handsome packet to anyone who can correctly predict the eight quarter-finalists at Wimbledon.) What gave the quick elimination of Mrs. King and Richey a particular significance was that it forecast the shape of things to come. In round after round of the men's division, almost without exception, one favorite after another was knocked out, and since in recent years form had never taken quite such a beating, it was only historically just that for the first time ever at Forest Hills two unseeded players should meet in the final. Long before this came about, however—in fact, even before the tournament got under way—there was a feeling in some quarters that the seeding, and consequently the structure of the draw,



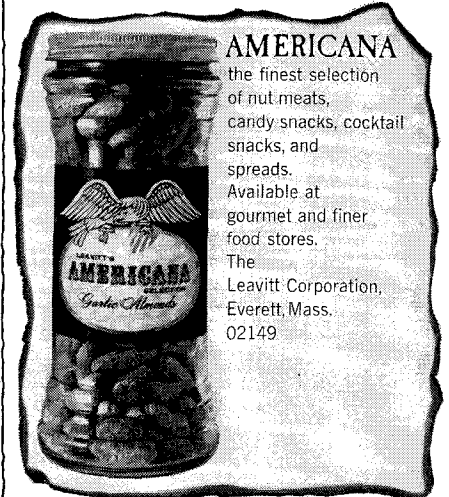
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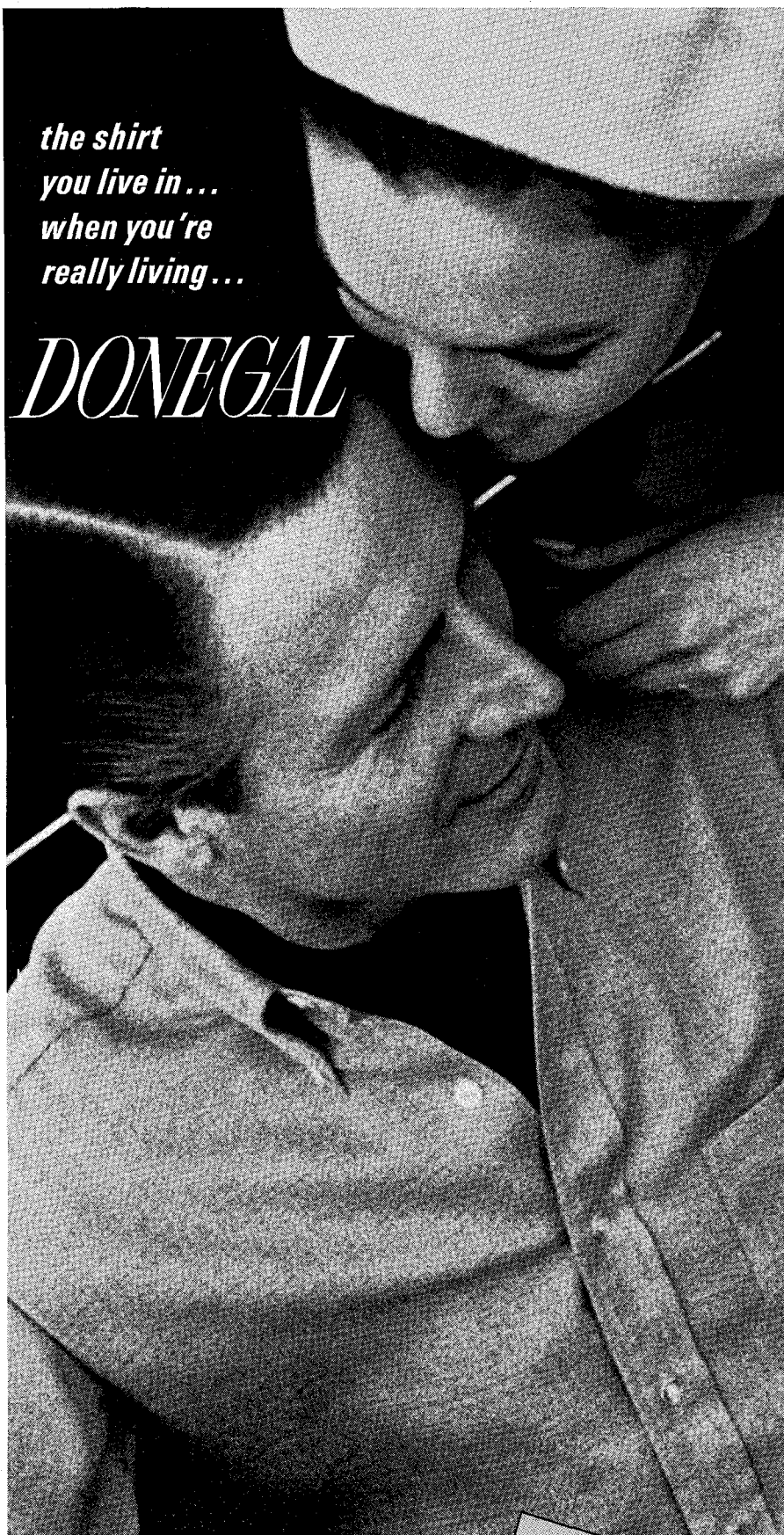
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had been somewhat less than inspired. No one argued with the awarding of the first four spots to Santana, Emerson, Ralston, and Roche, in that order, but there was a substantial difference of opinion on whether Ashe deserved to be seeded fifth, Cliff Drysdale (of South Africa) sixth, Clark Graebner (of the United States Davis Cup team) seventh, and Richey eighth. A great many veteran observers felt, for example, that Richey should not have been rated above Davidson, who had carried Santana to five sets at Wimbledon, and they were anything but boggle-eyed by the outcome of that meeting. However, it was the omission of Stolle from the list of seeded players that was most confounding—to Stolle as much as to anyone. Over the past five years, Stolle, the second-ranked Australian, had not once failed to be seeded in a major championship. While he had not enjoyed a very successful European campaign this year—he had won the German Championship, a lesser tournament, but had been put out by Drysdale in the quarters of the French and by his countryman Bob Hewitt in the second round at Wimbledon—he felt that on the strength of his over-all record he should have been seeded about sixth. At Forest Hills, he was far less jocular and talkative than he is customarily, and it was evident from his first match on that he was determined to show the tennis world that a mistake had been made.

On Tuesday, when the third-round matches were held, things really began to pop. While Stolle was advancing at the expense of Daniel Contet, of France, three more seeded players—Ashe, Drysdale, and Roche—were dispatched, Ashe by Newcombe, Drysdale by Bowrey, and Roche by Mark Cox, a cotton-haired Englishman, who captained this year's Cambridge University team. Roche's defeat, I suppose, was the most unexpected of the three, for in Cox's limited appearances in the big time he had never beaten, or even threatened to beat, a player of international stature. Still, Ashe's defeat came as a severe shock to the American spectators. Perhaps it shouldn't have. For one thing, Newcombe, a handsome, strapping twenty-two-year-old Sydneysider, is an extremely rough customer; at Wimbledon, for instance, he had been seeded fifth, behind Emerson, Roche, Stolle, and Santana. (He was eliminated in the third round by Ken Fletcher, yet another Australian, but he and Fletcher won the doubles.) For another, Ashe, following his return in July from his R.O.T.C. course,

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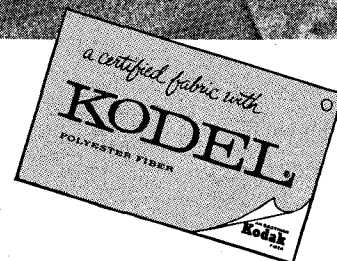
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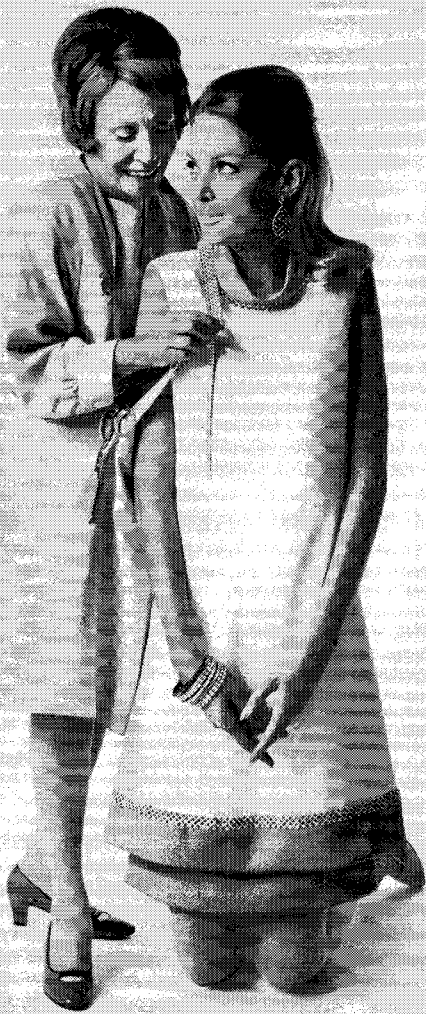


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had not been able to get his game back to the wonderfully high level he reached a year ago. Some people suggested that the knowledge that he will begin a two-year hitch in the Army this coming winter may have made it hard for him to pour himself into tennis body and soul, but, be that as it may, on this particular afternoon he was hardly a match for Newcombe. The scores were 6-2, 6-3, 6-4, and they accurately reflected the degree of Newcombe's superiority. The stunning thing was the ease with which the Australian handled Ashe's vaunted cannonball service. He frequently returned it for outright winners, and the rest of the time he hammered it back with such pace and control that Ashe was forced to play tentative, defensive volleys. Newcombe himself served beautifully, and, all in all, produced far and away the best tennis he has ever displayed in this country. Incidentally, Cox and Bowrey also managed their conquests in straight sets. In defeating Roche, 10-8, 6-4, 7-5, Cox outERVED him, outPLAYED him in the forecourt, and outran him. When he stood on the brink of victory, he did not falter but, instead, brought off a series of coruscating returns of service. I have never seen a player improve as much in one year as Cox, who may well be the best-equipped young player to have come out of England since Fred Perry. How he fares will be largely a question of whether or not he possesses the basic ambition and toughness. As for the Bowrey-Drysdale match, it had a curious undertone. Bowrey, another twenty-two-year-old Sydneysider, lean in build and introspective by nature, took the first two sets, 6-1, 8-6, but in the third set he succumbed to an attack of nerves and served close to a dozen double faults—three in a row at one juncture, and two more when he held match point. This generosity, however, was lost on Drysdale, who was in such a listless mood throughout the afternoon that an unverified report got around to the effect that earlier in the day, after learning of the assassination of Prime Minister Verwoerd, the South African star had contemplated defaulting his match but had decided against it on the ground that his action might be misconstrued. When he was asked about this after his defeat, he declined to make any comment.

The fourth round—the round of sixteen—was a relatively uneventful one except for the two eventual finalists. While Stolle was overcoming Ralston on the stadium court in three tense-

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ly fought sets, Newcombe was squeezing by Bungert on the grandstand court in one of the most puzzling matches I have ever seen. Bungert, a slim, serious Düsseldorf who runs a sporting-goods shop, is one of the last of the "amateur amateurs." He works at his business, plays no competitive tennis before May, and accords his Davis Cup matches for West Germany definite priority over his individual efforts in European tournaments. On his day, Bungert can give any player in the world all he can handle, though when you first watch him this seems unlikely. He stands almost erect, with a minimum flexing of the knees, when hitting his ground strokes and volleys, and he whips into the ball with an exceedingly wristy action. But what a wrist it is—quick, flexible, powerful. Against Newcombe, he stood a full step inside the baseline to receive the big Australian's heavy service, and he took it on the rise with no trouble at all. His own swift service, almost all wrist snap, was working efficiently, so even though Newcombe was digging in hard, Bungert held a perceptible edge from the beginning and pulled out the first two sets, 11-9 and 7-5. Near the end of the second set, Newcombe, certainly the thinnest-skinned member of the Australian contingent, was bothered by the loudspeaker announcements floating over from the stadium, and, just as if he were a young American tennis player, he dramatized his irritation after nearly every point that went against him; upon losing the set he flipped a derisive salute in the direction of the stadium. No one thought the third set would come easy for Bungert—Newcombe is a good fighter—but, what with the Australian obviously having his difficulties collecting his concentration, this was surely the moment for Bungert to pour it on. Instead, to everyone's amazement, he began to serve at three-quarter speed and to play his other strokes as if he had lost interest in the match. He fell behind quickly, and presented Newcombe with the set, 6-2. Well, maybe Bungert had just wanted a respite and would now be all charged up and ready to go after the fourth set. Not at all. It proved to be a duplicate of the third, Bungert unaccountably making no effort to play at full steam and ceding this set, too, at 6-2. And that is exactly how the last set went, right down to the score. What lay behind this baffling performance? One friend I talked with felt that Bungert might have been so offended by Newcombe's antics at the close of the second set that he really did lose in-



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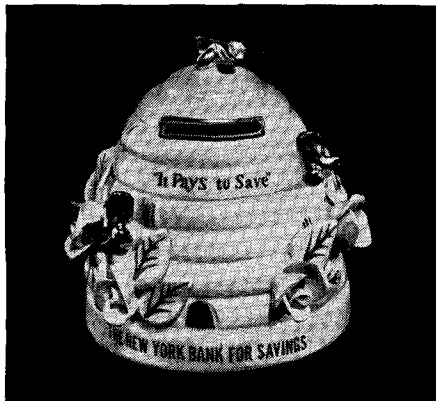
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terest in the match. This surmise left a lot unanswered, however, and so did the one advanced by another friend—that Bungert, after taking the first two sets, might have concluded that he had gone as far as he could go. Why *did* Bungert suddenly shift from third gear into second? I have no idea.

Stolle vs. Ralston was a different matter. From start to finish, both men battled all out for every point. They were so evenly matched that practically every point counted, and both seemed to sense this from the moment they took the court. It was their fifth meeting. Ralston had twice beaten Stolle in comparatively minor tournaments, but the two times they had met on important occasions Stolle had won—6-2, 6-3, 4-6, 3-6, 9-7 in the quarter-finals at Forest Hills two years ago, and 7-5, 6-3, 3-6, 9-11, 6-4 some two weeks after that, in the contest that virtually decided the 1964 Davis Cup Challenge Round. For this rubber match, both were at the top of their game. Neither had relinquished a set up to that point, though Ralston, through the vagaries of the draw, had already met two pretty formidable opponents—Osuna and that colorful transplant Marty Mulligan, who is Australia's gift to the Via Veneto and Italian tennis. Early in the first set, after losing several bang-bang exchanges at net to Stolle, Ralston began resorting to the lob as an offensive weapon. Since Stolle stands six feet three and has an exceptionally long reach, he is not the easiest man to pass overhead, but with the score 4-4 Ralston beat him twice with perfect lobs and went on to break through his serve. In retrospect, the tenth game was the pivotal one of the match. Serving for the set, Ralston went ahead 30-0 only to be broken back; he was unable to get his first serve in, and Stolle, pouncing on the second, ripped off a succession of returns that could not be handled. Ralston digested his disappointment without so much as a grimace, and this was pleasant to see, but Stolle, as was to be expected, received a terrific lift from his escape, and went on to break Ralston again and take the set, 7-5. He added the second set, 6-3. It wasn't that Ralston wasn't playing well. He was—very well—but Stolle was now in full flight, serving powerfully, riposting Ralston's attack by getting down to one difficult knee-high volley after another, and busting his backhand with complete assurance from all over the court. At set point—a critical point: 40-30, Stolle serving—he came through with a great shot. Ralston,

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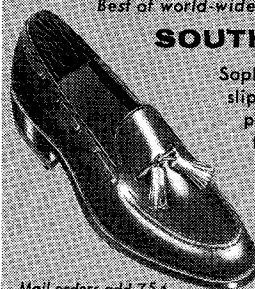
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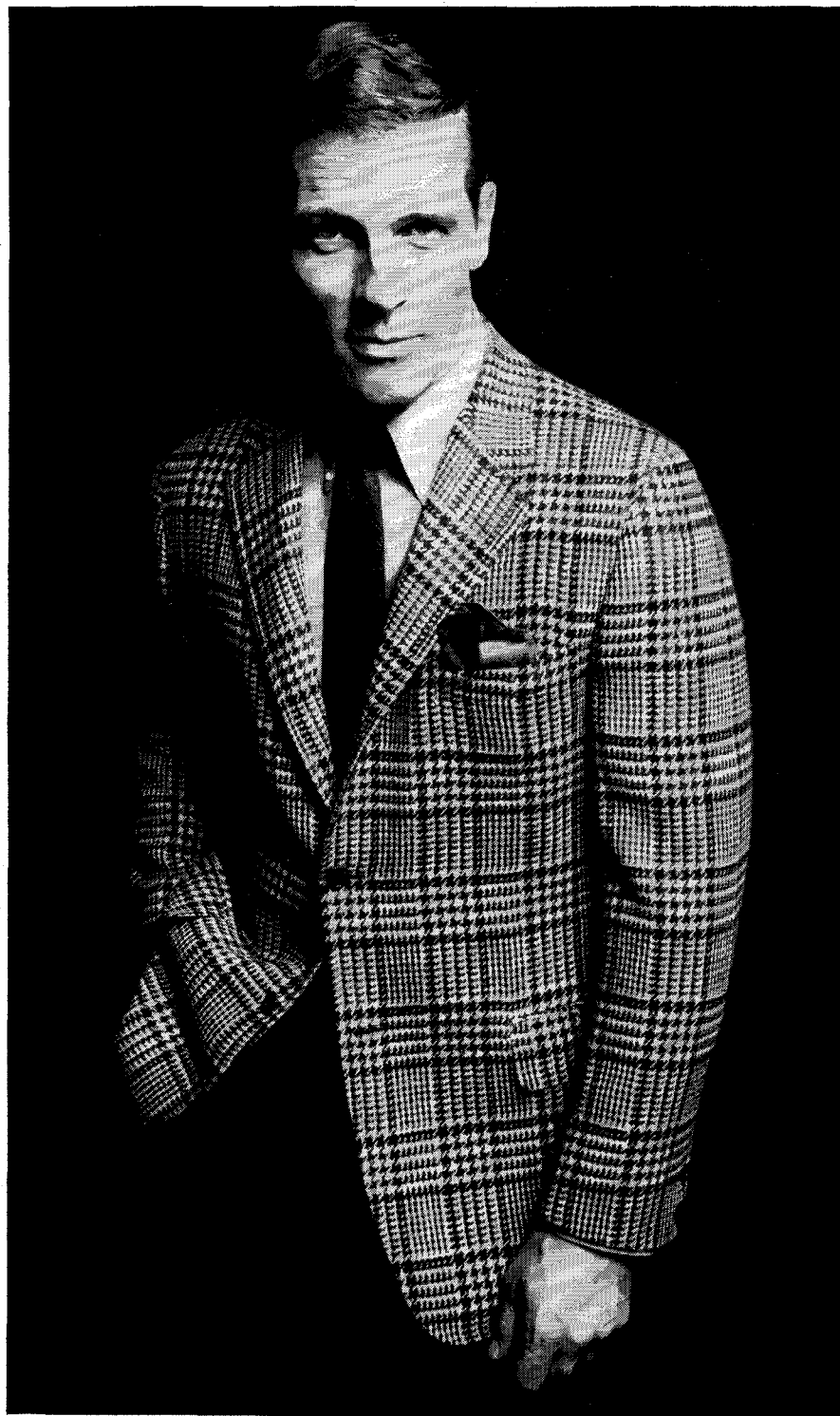


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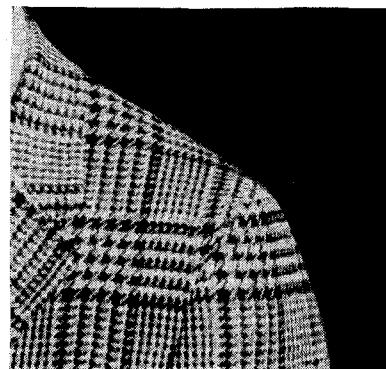
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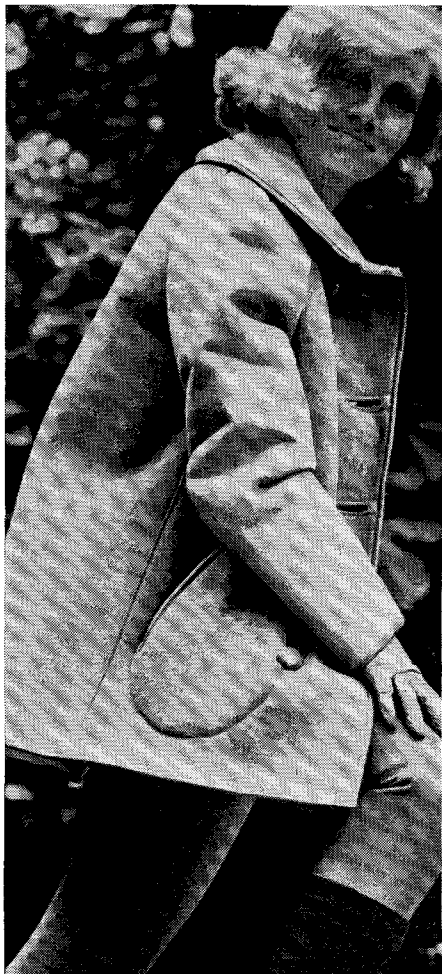
after returning service, had gained control of the rally by lobbing Stolle deep; when Stolle, after returning the lob defensively, followed his next stroke from the baseline in to net, Ralston replied with an exquisite lob into the backhand corner; Stolle, racing hard, his back to the net, just managed to reach the ball, and, taking it on his backhand as he whirled around, lashed it cross-court past Ralston for a dazzling placement. And still Ralston came on, working like the very devil to crack Stolle's service and get back in the match. In the tenth game, he got to game and set point against it, but Stolle fought him off. In the twelfth game, Ralston held two more set points, but a blazing serve by Stolle saved the first and Ralston blew the second when, with an open court, he netted a low forehand volley. Stolle at length pulled the game out. Three games later, he broke Ralston at 15 to go in front, 8-7, and then served out for the set and match—the best-played match of the championship, in my opinion. Service was what had made the difference. As the afternoon wore on, Stolle had got in an increasing number of first serves, while the opposite had been true of Ralston. This year, Ralston has improved his service discernibly, but it is still not up to the quality of the rest of his strokes. (One reason Ralston always has so much trouble with Stolle is that when he serves to Stolle's forehand, the ball bounces at just the height Stolle likes it.) In any event, with Ralston's exit the only serious American threat was removed from the tournament. (No American, by the way, has won our national championship since 1955, Tony Trabert's year.)

NOT that this came as a startling surprise, since they had been largely responsible for the rout of the seeded players, but five Australians were clustered in the quarter-finals. In the bottom of the fourth quarter of the draw, fratricide was inevitable, for Emerson faced Davidson. Emerson had looked sluggish in his earlier matches, but in defeating Davidson in four sets he seemed finally to be coming on to his game. He would need to, for in the semifinals he would be opposing Stolle, who in the third quarter of the draw utterly outclassed Graebner, the last surviving American. In the second quarter, Newcombe, after trailing Cox two sets to one, won as he pleased. In the top quarter, young Bowrey went down to Santana, the defending champion, as had been expected, but only after extending the Spanish star to five



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punishing sets. Bowrey's tennis far surpassed anything he had shown us before—he scored repeatedly with his solid backhand, and in the forecourt he was as agile and unfakable as a young Emerson—but it must be pointed out that on this day Santana was at no more than seventy-five per cent of his maximum efficiency. In his third-round match, he had reinjured his right ankle (he had severely sprained a lateral ligament in July), and he was so hobbled by it that, as later came to light, he considered defaulting then and there. Against Chuck McKinley in the next round—and what an exhibition of inventive shotmaking those two entertainers put on!—Santana, with his ankle heavily taped, moved around the court fairly well, but the possibility of slipping on the spongy turf and aggravating the injury was never far from his thoughts. This much he admitted but no more when he was asked about the ankle, though it was evident that he was having trouble pushing off on his right foot. At net, for example, where he ordinarily darts after would-be passing shots with two or three quick little steps, he was settling for one lunging stride. Speed in moving to the ball and perfect balance are fundamental to Santana's artistry, and since in the Bowrey match he had still less mobility than against McKinley, his supporters were worried about his chances of getting by Newcombe in the semifinals.

These trepidations proved to be warranted. Apart from one exalted passage in the third set, during which Santana won a run of clutch points with the incisive stop volleys and acutely angled cross-court flips he loves to pull off, he was forced to play Newcombe's game—serve and volley—and Newcombe played it better. He broke Santana's serve once in the first set and once in the second, and this was all that was necessary, for in those two sets he was never once in jeopardy of losing his own. After Wimbledon, Newcombe devoted six weeks almost exclusively to working on his service, and to judge by his showing at Forest Hills he could not have invested his time to better advantage. It is now a very sound, unornate, integrated delivery. Newcombe bounces the ball once as he leans forward, tosses it about two feet inside the baseline as he rocks back and starts his racket moving in a wide arc, and then gets all his weight and sinew behind the stroke as he comes directly overhand with his racket and crashes the ball. He has his timing down so well that he powders his second serve almost as hard as his first—and he

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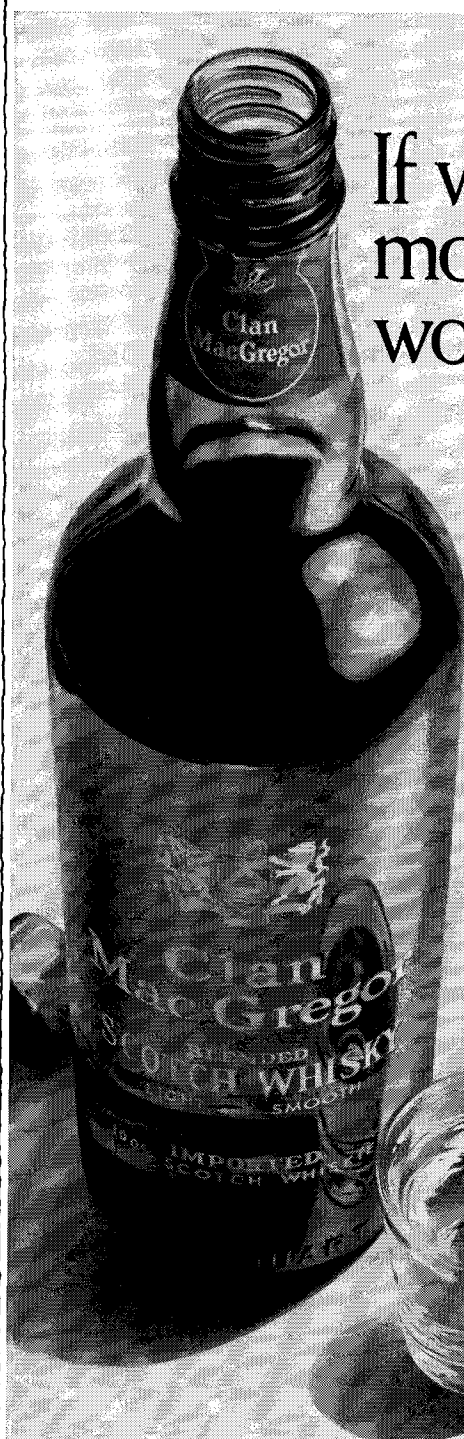
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knows where the ball is going. Most athletes—however well conditioned—would be unable to sustain for very long such a physically exhausting delivery, but Newcombe is as strong as a horse. The only time he let down against Santana came in the closing stages of the third set, which Santana won, 8-6. In the fourth set, crashing his serve again, Newcombe took no fewer than *six* service games at love, including the game that nailed down the set, 8-6. While the pattern of this match was somewhat surprising, it wasn't a patch on the other semifinal. In the opening game, Emerson dropped his service, but he came back to win Stolle's in the sixth game, and it seemed that we were in for the *n*th reënactment of the old, old story of their encounters: Emerson would prove to be a fraction too fast, and after he had turned a few of Stolle's likely winners into losers with those incredible punch volleys of his, Stolle's confidence would ebb, and, hurrying his shots, he would give in to error. However, in the ninth game—before Stolle had had time to grow vexed with himself—Emerson misplayed two volleys, and Stolle, hitting out bravely with his backhand, broke Emerson's serve again. Stolle then held, and the first set was his, 6-4. Thereafter, he never looked back. He accelerated his serve. He became more daring in returning Emerson's, which was slightly off. Whenever Emerson made one of his patented diving volleys off Stolle's down-the-line Sunday drive, Stolle came right back with a better passing shot, which even Emerson couldn't touch. Up front, Stolle was quicker with his racket than Emerson, and outmaneuvered him continually. In short, Stolle could do nothing wrong. After racing through the second set, 6-1, he ran off five straight games in the third before Emerson managed to hold service. Stolle then wrapped it up: 6-4, 6-1, 6-1. When you take fourteen games out of sixteen from Roy Emerson, you are playing bravura tennis, and that was precisely what Stolle treated us to. After the match, Emerson remarked that on a faster court he might have been somewhat better, and then added, shaking his head, that it probably wouldn't have made any difference at all.

And so, at length, it was Sunday, the clock was at three, and we were ready for the final between the two Australians—Stolle, slender, blond, twenty-seven, and Newcombe, huskier, a little darker, five years younger. My sympathies were with Stolle—partly because I hadn't cared for Newcombe's



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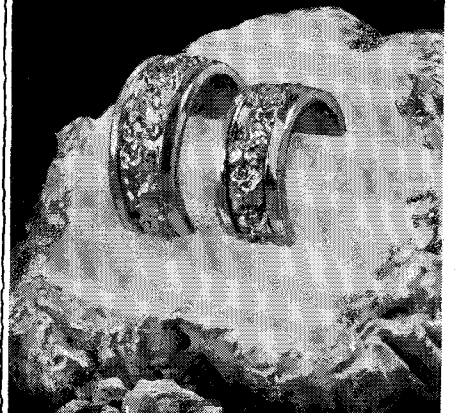
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flareup in his match with Bungert but mostly because Stolle had three times been a finalist at Wimbledon, twice a finalist in the Australian Championship, and once a finalist in our championship, and had never succeeded in winning even one of these three major championships played on grass. That's enough bridesmaiding for anyone. The final turned out to be a rather uninteresting match—too much of a serve-and-volley duel. It is not an oversimplification to say that when Stolle failed to hold serve in the opening game, he lost the first set, for otherwise games infallibly followed the server. They continued to do so in the long second set until Newcombe, after serving five love games, lost his service, at 30, in the twenty-second game. As the third set got under way, Stolle began to gain the upper hand. Both men were clearly tired by this time, but Newcombe, having played forty-seven games the previous day to Stolle's twenty-four, appeared to be feeling the pace far more. His errors, both overhead and off the ground, became more frequent, and, for all his percheron stamina, he was no longer as intimidating at the service line. (Can even a Marichal pitch two full games on successive days?) At 3-4 in the third set, Newcombe yielded service, and, with it, in effect, the set. Slower now in following his service in to intercept Stolle's sharp returns, he netted two backhand half-volleys and one forehand volley, then lost game point by netting a drive from the back court. In the fourth set, Stolle forced the crucial service break in the ninth game and served out carefully for game, set, match, and championship. He finished with a flourish. On match point, when he was apparently beaten by a lob deep into the backhand corner, he caught up with the ball at the last fraction of a second and, spinning around, unleashed a breathtaking variation on his set-winning placement against Ralston—a backhand right down the line, which flew past Newcombe like an arrow. The scores: 4-6, 12-10, 6-3, 6-4. Well done, Fred Stolle. *Mieux vaut tard que jamais*, as they say in the Outback.

A BRIEF word about the women. In the absence of both Margaret Smith, who was last year's champion, and Ann (Haydon) Jones, who is currently the top European player, the field was not a strong one. After the early elimination of Billie Jean King, it was more or less a foregone conclusion that in the final Maria Bueno, the Brazilian artiste, would come up

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against Nancy Richey, who shares the No. 1 spot with Mrs. King in our rankings. This is what happened, and, as was also expected, Miss Bueno scored a rather unpressed victory—6-3, 6-1—to become the first four-time winner of the United States women's championship since Alice Marble. The day before, however, Miss Bueno had been subjected to a considerable test by Rosemary Casals, and had had to call on all her skill and experience in winning one of the most rousing women's matches in years, 6-2, 10-12, 6-3. In the first round, the little Casals girl had got by Winnie Shaw, the fine young Scottish star, only by the skin of her teeth, but from there on she had played with immense authority in marching past Patti Hogan, Peaches Bartkowicz, and Françoise Durr of France on her way to the semifinals and her meeting with Miss Bueno. There was tremendous interest in this match—we would soon find out how good Miss Casals really is. Well, in the first set she was overwhelmed. Miss Bueno's service, the best in women's tennis, was much too much for her; in fact, she won but one point off it during the set. Then, when all we were hoping for was that Miss Casals might acquit herself somewhat more creditably in the second set, she began to come on. She broke Miss Bueno's serve to go ahead 3-1, and after chucking away a chance for the set by losing her own serve at 5-3 she muffled her discouragement and, before you knew it, was commanding the play—rifling placements off Miss Bueno's first serve, surprising her with the unexpected shot, exploding aces when she needed them, and scurrying all over the court to pull off unbelievable gets. When she broke through Miss Bueno at love in the twenty-second game to take the second set, the gallery went wild. Midway through the third set, Miss Casals' touch went off under the pressure of a renewed attack by Miss Bueno, and after that the seasoned Brazilian had things under control. For my part, I think it was a good thing Miss Casals did not win this match. One giant step at a time will do. She has just turned eighteen, and, all things being equal, she has a chance to develop into a truly great player, and a prodigious attraction to boot. She has courage, she appears to have a fleck of genius, and she is so enchanting to watch that you can't take your eyes off her. A young athlete like her shouldn't be burdened with extravagant expectations, but I can't refrain from predicting that one of these years the little Casals girl may

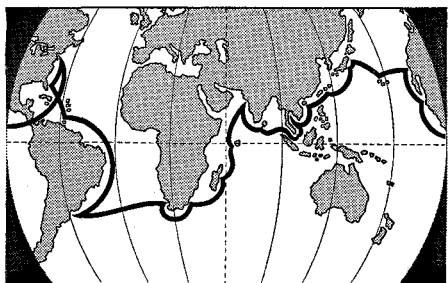


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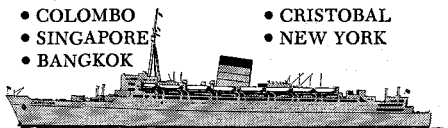
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have them lined up in queues outside Forest Hills.

One word more. In spite of the loss of one Sunday crowd because of rain, attendance at the championships was again excellent, over eighty-five thousand people turning out for the ten days of play. In the near future, whether or not Miss Casals works it single-handed, Forest Hills should have sell-outs on several days, and total attendance should far exceed a hundred thousand. I mention this because when that time arrives it would be wrong if all the appurtenances of our championship were not of a standard befitting the second-most-important tennis tournament in the world. They certainly weren't this year. Several of the umpires were guilty of gratuitous editorializing. Some of the linesmen were simply unqualified for their job, and a number of others were too slow and indistinct with their calls. The grass was well below championship quality. It was a hard summer for grass, admittedly, but it seemed that the courts might have been better if they had been rolled more often and with a heavier roller. In the Bowrey-Santana match, a soft stadium court was so badly dug up that it became unplayable, and the gallery looked on aghast as two patches of turf—the larger one a bit smaller than a breadbox, I'd say—were removed by the ground crew (at the direction of the chairman of the U.S.L.T.A.'s Championships Committee) and the match then resumed on the pocked surface. Moreover, it is about time something was done about the grandstand court, on which many consequential matches are held. Not only is the grass poor but the proximity of a small maple tree to the north end of the court bothers most players, and the shadow that the maple throws on the court doesn't help. It must be quite upsetting to both foreign and native contestants to find that at fabled Forest Hills they must adapt themselves to conditions of a kind one associates with a public court in the sticks. It would never happen at Wimbledon. That is why Wimbledon is Wimbledon.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

AUSTIN, TEX. UPI—Pat and Luci Nugent, on a grocery shopping trip, picked out the food together.

Pat picked up one brand of English peas. "I like these," he said.

"No, these are better," said President Johnson's daughter, reaching for another brand.—U.P.I. wire.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 22

THE autumn theatre season has begun at the fusty, overdecorated, elderly Gymnase, today nearly a hundred and fifty years old but still holding up on the now shabby lower-boulevard frontier of Montmartre, where Mme. Françoise Sagan's new comedy, "Le Cheval Évanoui," or "The Fainting Horse," is the major social and theatrical Paris event. According to the opening-night reaction, it is the best play she has written since her first, "Château en Suède," and it is an undoubted hit, which should run three years, or a thou-



sand and one performances, and bring her in another fortune, estimated in advance at two million francs. Part of its instantaneous success certainly lies in its having been directed to a pitch of unusual expert, useful speed by Jacques Charon, of the Comédie-Française. Set amid the sporting high life of county England, where animal lovers reign (the cast even contains a stuffed pug dog mounted on rollers—a sentimental ornament of a splendid drawing room that has been identified as a replica of the famous salon in the Rothschild country house at Ferrières), the play is about money and love and the difficulty of getting both for nothing, especially in upper-class circles. It contains two solid characters with whom Sagan has become familiar in her career. One is the inevitable older man, of forty, who since her late teens has never been absent from her personnel—in this case, he is Mr. Henry James Chesterfield, the witty, tactfully unfaithful, penniless husband of a rich wife, who gladly bought him, like a civilized conjugal bibelot, when both were young. The other is the attractive, no longer virginal, though still unmarried, youngish Frenchwoman, in this case named Coralie, who is Sagan's *porte-parole* and interpreter. There also turns up among the Chesterfields' house guests a brutish, loutish young Frenchman, the violent lover of the non-virgin, whom he plans to marry as soon as he can first marry and then be divorced from the silly, rich Chesterfield schoolgirl daughter, to whom he has managed to become engaged and on whose *dot* he plans ultimately to live in idle, amorous sloth with his Coralie. To establish the faint flavor of incest that Sagan often uses to spice her social scene, the French lover and Coralie pass themselves off as brother and sis-

ter—a piece of flummery that Henry James sees through as soon as his concupiscent, cynical eye first lights on Coralie's answering gaze. As usual, the dominant psychology of Sagan's play lies in her endowing the two major characters with a capacity for real passion, as something rare, important, and costly in private life, and there are

scenes of embraces accompanied by vivid, always fresh-sounding ardent dialogue that invariably has an indubitable quality of personal Saganesque wisdom, commentary, and experience. These scenes are played to perfection by Jacques François,

who has made of his pastiche Briton Chesterfield a remarkably subtle, intelligent, disabused, and complicated new boulevard character, and, in a well-paced, charming performance, by the blond, sensuous Nicole Courcel (whom you may recall from that notable film "Sundays and Cybèle"). In the end, Henry James settles things by buying a pair of airplane tickets to fly somewhere—anywhere—that Coralie will go, either because he can no longer endure what he is at home or maybe so that she can use them to fly back to France with her penniless French brute, in order to make him take a job and let them both lead a decent life in which neither money nor love will come easy or free. The rest of the play's characters are mere window dressing—and how sumptuous they look! Only on a Paris stage would you see actresses dressed with such chic, their clothes having been designed for them by Marc Bohan, of the late Christian Dior's *maison de couture*. Mrs. Chesterfield's first-act informal, non-décolleté floating dinner gown of some pale-blue gold-flecked fabric garbs her in beauty like a rich British piece of pallid sunset sky, cut to fit perfectly over her narrow, defrauded wifely shoulders. Nicole Courcel wears one especially enchanting short scarlet silk frock in which *diamants* are concealed in the rare pleats, to flicker under movement like hidden information.

In all her plays since "Château en Suède," a modern French classic in lunatic fantasy, rich characterizations, amorality, tight technique, and hard, civilized French hearts, Mme. Sagan has vainly competed against herself as her own superior, with whom she never seems able to catch up—a curious professional destiny in which she seems



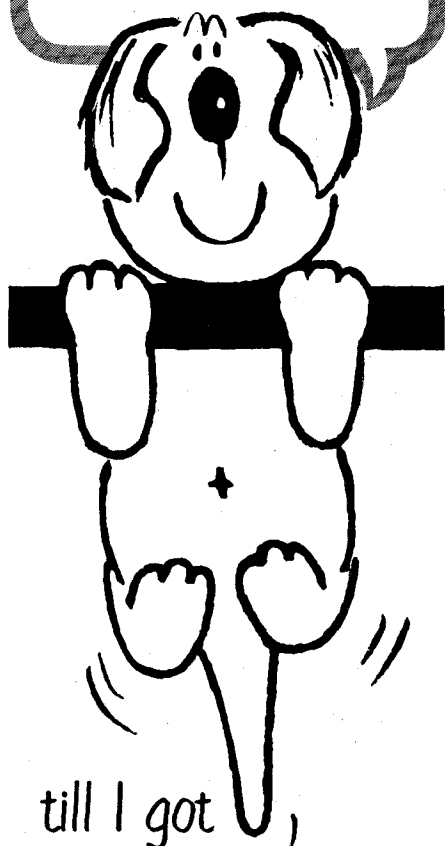
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THE greatest surprise of Jean Genet's play "Les Paravents" ("The Screens"), appearing in revival at the Odéon-Théâtre de France after its tempestuous spring performances, which called out the riot police in answer to screams of protest from members of the audience, is that it is now popular. It seems humorous as well as rationally tragic, being a rich, sprawling, tumultuous report on man's fate; seems feministic (odd indeed, considering the author's professional preference for men); seems an enrichment to the listening imagination of the beholder, instead of an insult to it; and is certainly an extraordinary, inventive, stylistic spectacle in color—all brought to a final focus in what must be regarded as an oddly resurrectional happy ending, since the main characters are now dead and glad to be. In an epilogue, the dead sit in gossiping critical judgment on their past erroneous lives. The door to death is represented by a paper-filled frame from which each human being, on crashing through, salutes eternity with the same commonplace astonished lines: "Well, what do you know? And they make such a fuss about it!" This is the only instance where Genet seems to minimize his poetic sense of human fate. The cast is enormous, with some sixty speaking parts. Time is condensed by having actions in group pantomime serve as backgrounds to conversations by individuals on entirely different affairs. The stage technique aims at making everything visible, even what characters are thinking. "Les Paravents" was written in 1959, but no French producer could risk producing it during the Algerian war, since its main male character, Saïd the Arab, in a typical Genet paradox, was a half local hero, half traitor who sold out to the French.

Jean-Louis Barrault, the producer, and Roger Blin, the director (who gave Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" its first showing here), have created a theatrical miracle in uniting the meanders of Genet's scope, which contains four affiliated stories. There is that of the hero-traitor Saïd's marriage to the ugliest woman of the next village—all he could afford to purchase. There is the growing Algerian insurrection. There are the careers of Saïd's mother (played with screaming laughter by Maria Casarès) and her friend Warda, owner of the local bordello (played by Madeleine Renaud in such a splendor

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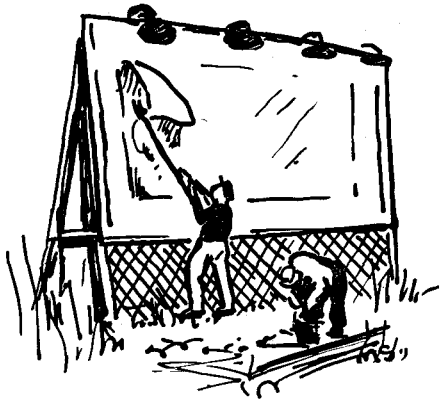
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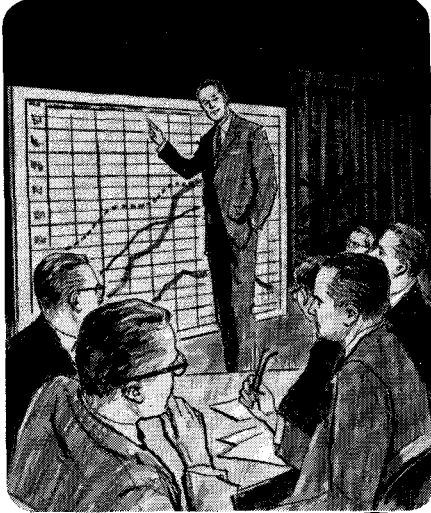
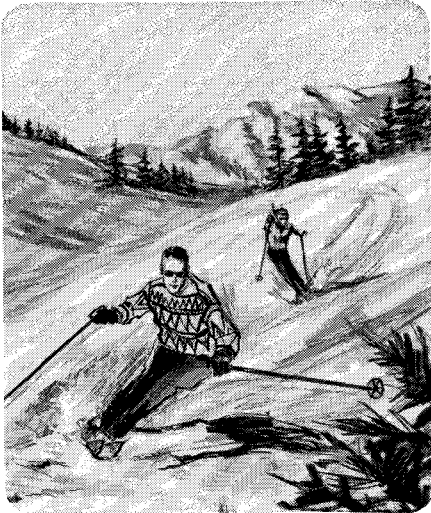
of gold-and-silver panelled skirts and tautly elevated pale-blue wig as to be on a level with the superiority of her diction in tossing off gutter talk). And there is the homosexual love story of the handsomest soldier in the French company and his handsome lieutenant, with its scatological ending—part of the smashing caricatures of sacrosanct patriotism that at first so offended Parisians (now calmed by the suppression onstage of the French flag). What is so amazing is that in all these village developments it is the women who, in their cackling and screaming, arrive at wisdom and common sense, while the men continue to goad themselves and their neighbors by their follies committed as divine right—the right to be superior and wrong. One of the most striking roles is played by Barrault himself as a putrescent, greenish cadaver who still has something to say about life and death.

The brilliance of the play's complete theatricality—with the beggars' rainbow rags of the finest frayed, multi-colored chiffon; with its screens, which Genet declared should represent "the walls of corruption and fear, which prevent men from seeing the truth," suddenly moving forward or upward on silent rollers until they sink to final invisibility to make way for the epilogue by the dead—can be comprehended only by seeing it all. With Genet's dramatic, errant text, it constitutes the most stimulating, triumphant achievement of the French theatre since the end of the Second World War.

IF "Fahrenheit 451" had been given a prize at the recent XXVII Venice Film Festival (and a pity this was not the case), it would have won it as a British film, though it was made in the English language (from the American Ray Bradbury's best-known old science-fiction novel of that name) in a London studio, backed there by American money, and entered in the Venetian lists as a proper British production in color—which it is, all right, except that



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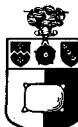
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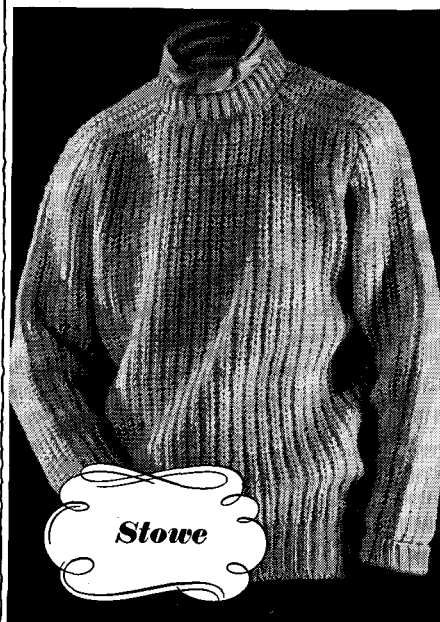


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it was directed by François Truffaut, which automatically turns it into a completely French movie. Truffaut's fame started when he was twenty-seven with "Les Quatre Cents Coups," and this new production is merely the fifth film in his sparse ten-year directing career, since he is a special, finical, and fitful worker. He also, it seems, has a particular passion for books. This last is what led him to make "Fahrenheit 451," which not only is about books but in its title indicates the degree of heat at which paper ignites. For book burning is what the new film is about, as practiced in some up-to-date, only slightly imaginary country, where the national firemen's job is not to put out fires but to kindle them in libraries, creating autos-da-fé of the printed word like those the Nazis organized, as did the Spanish Inquisitors—both warming their bigotries before the same kind of infernal flames. Truffaut's fantasy movie is close to a chef-d'œuvre, especially in its final intellectual, tender scenes. Being an artist, he has made it strictly apolitical. He has also avoided the claptrap of mechanical gadgetry that afflicts most sci-fi celluloid creations, except for one excellent grotesque moment when the firemen, on a hurry call to raid a bibliophile's cache of hidden volumes, float down from the sky, their trousers filled by the wind like funnelled sails. He has also evaded sadism. The fat, elderly female book lover who is burned along with her books seems a minor sad figure in Truffaut's eyes compared to the authors and books involved in the holocaust—Dostoevski, Sartre, Balzac, Henry Miller, Henry James, even Hitler with his "Mein Kampf," Cervantes, Proust, Shakespeare, Gide, a Spanish crossword-puzzle book, and so on—many of the greatest names in inherited literature kindled in a heap, as if mankind's recorded ideas, and even its pastimes, could literally go up in smoke and thus be destroyed forever.

The society that Truffaut caricatures is only a little more perilously advanced than ours today on its collective diet of television, on the dwindling ability of its human beings to communicate with each other, on its beatifically prosperous push-button civilization, seated in comfort amid the increasing dangers of uncontrollable progress. Truffaut's protagonists are a leading junior fireman named Montag, played with just the right amount of leftover Austrian accent by Oskar Werner, and two versions of the new star Julie Christie: one long-haired, as Montag's conservative, docile wife, who later denounces him, and the other short-haired, as the modern rebel

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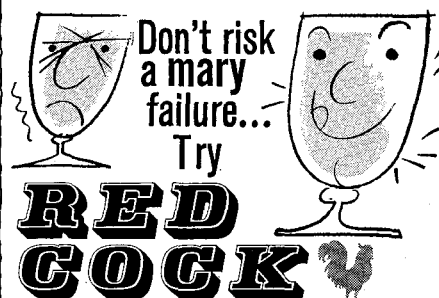


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who leads him into literacy, secret reading, and his downfall—a role in which Miss Christie looks like only the top or facial portion of a Carnaby Street mannequin, so devoid of human expression as to seem to lack any vital organs, such as a heart, below. Truffaut's film has a humorous, happy, fantastic ending, filled with his personal emotion about books, which is his special gift to the viewer and warming to any bookworm's soul. Montag flees to the forest (with his short-haired mistress), where all the book lovers live in exile while learning by heart the text of some favorite great book, which they will thus save for a time for posterity, such as the memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon—a jocular touch, since they run in any good memorizable edition to a punishing number of volumes. There is a pair of male twins who should be female working together at memorizing "Pride and Prejudice," there is an old public-library reader type memorizing Stendhal's "Vie de Henri Brulard," and there is a threadbare scholar who is becoming the conservator of Machiavelli's "The Prince"—all refugees strolling around with portions, at least, of the world's greatest literature in various languages printed through memory inside their heads. By chance, while Truffaut was still laboring to clear the way to making "Fahrenheit 451" he was offered the job of directing Proust's "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu," his great modern favorite, which he believes to be unfilmable, especially the chapters on Mme. Verdurin's salon. This assumption will be easy to check four or five years from now, since somebody else has already started turning this *insaisissable*, voluminous opus of genius into celluloid in some Paris suburban studio. —GENËT

Sabicas will bring his flamingo magic to Jordan Hall on Nov. 5. The self-taught Andalusian has not only broadened the range of flamingo from folk to classic proportions, but has also retained the natural spark, the fire, the exotic blending of beauty and savagery that is real flamingo.—*Boston Sunday Herald*.

Yeah, but we like fellows that pull the little doves from the handkerchief.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Post]

In the last 24 hours Roberts has been reported in dozens of places—hiding in a girls' school in Essex, strolling through Harrod's Department Store in Knightsbridge, wearing a pinstripe suit on the London underground aboard an airliner at London Airport.

FIRST I TURN TO STEPHANIE HARRINGTON, SALLY KEMPTON, AND SUSAN BROWNMILLER TO FIND OUT WHAT'S NEW WITH POP CAMP, AND THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION. THEN I TURN TO BARBARA LONG FOR THE LATEST IN SPORTS. AFTER THAT I SWITCH TO THE CULTURAL SECTION TO GET ANDREW SARRIS' VIEWS ON WHY PREMINGER IS MORE TALENTED THAN FELLINI; AND TO READ JONAS MEKAS EXPLAIN WHY THIS WEEK'S UNDERGROUND MOVIE THAT EVERYBODY WALKED OUT ON WAS REALLY A TEST TO SEE IF WE DARED FACE THE TRUTH. NEXT I CHECK THE THEATRE PAGE TO SEE IF MICHAEL SMITH IS FEELING ALL RIGHT. THEN I READ NAT HENTOFF TO SEE WHO SOLD OUT, FOLLOWED BY JACK NEWFIELD'S LATEST EXPLANATION OF THE NEW LEFT, FOLLOWED BY IRVING HOWE'S CORRECTION OF NEWFIELD. THEN I READ THE MAIL WHICH CORRECTS HARRINGTON, KEMPTON, BROWNMILLER, LONG, SARRIS, MEKAS, SMITH, HENTOFF, NEWFIELD, AND HOWE. THEN I CHECK FEIFFER TO SEE IF HE'S LEARNED HOW TO DRAW YET. I USUALLY FINISH WITH THE EDITORIAL ON DE SAPIO. THEN I WRITE MY LETTER ACCUSING THEM OF GOING ESTABLISHMENT.



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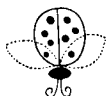
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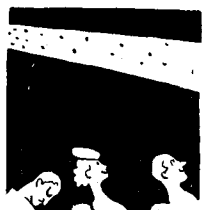


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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Deluge and After



THE first thing to be noted about "The Bible" is that it isn't *really* the Bible, being but a tiny fraction of the whole of that cumbersome work. The movie is bone-achingly long—two hours and fifty-eight minutes, with intermission—and has been made on a scale and with an opulence that signal "Epic!" "Epic!" "Epic!" and "Money!" "Money!" "Money!" from one gorgeously be-daubed and bedizened sequence to the next, but the four or five episodes that provide the sum of its disjointed plot have all been taken from the first few pages of the Book of Genesis. One is relieved that the movie offers so much less than its title promises; at the same time, one's heart quails at the thought that if the movie is a hit, its producer, Dino De Laurentiis, and its director, John Huston, both supercolossally ambitious and energetic men, will feel tempted to shoot their Technicolored way through the rest of Genesis and on into the steamy canebrake of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. Amen, amen, I say unto you that if this should come to pass, then Mr. De Laurentiis and Mr. Huston will have left at least one weary straggler by the roadside, for even as Arphaxad begat Salah, and Salah begat Eber, and Eber begat Peleg, so movies based on the Bible beget Boredom, and I find it hard to believe that I will ever sit through another such epic except in the line of duty.

The second thing to be noted about "The Bible" is that it has something in it to offend everybody, from marine architects (the Ark is a distinctly unseaworthy-looking craft, and when the waters rise and cover the face of the earth, one expects them to cover the lubberly Ark as well, leaving poor Noah with, as the Hollywood Revised Version has it, egg on his face) to members of the A.S.P.C.A. (Abraham's live offerings and burnt sacrifices are all too vividly depicted). If the movie doesn't offend practicing Christians, it will certainly make them uneasy, because the several heroes of the movie are human but the single villain is divine. The screenplay was written by Christopher Fry, and it is plain that he and his associates have attempted to

Barely Decent

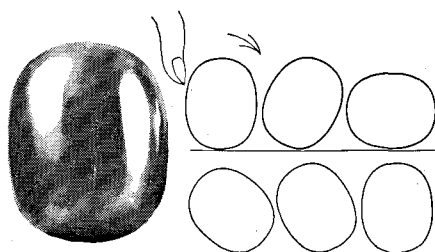
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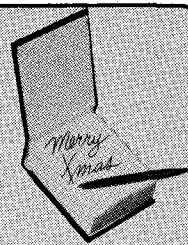
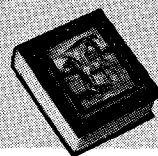
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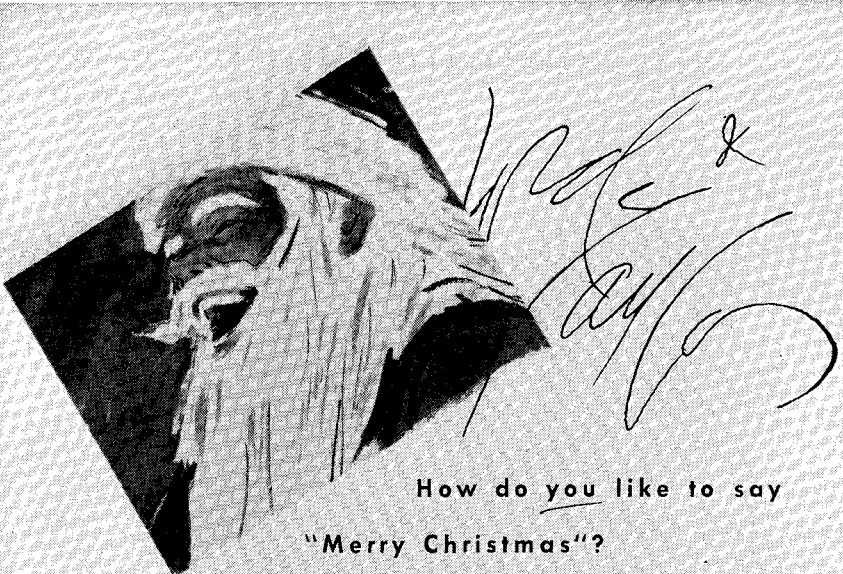
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deal reverently with the ancient legends that make up Genesis, but no amount of gingerly bowdlerizing can keep Jehovah from seeming a bad-tempered, capricious tyrant, who, having been unable to leave well enough alone, created man and then goaded and taunted him beyond endurance. The sequences that precede the intermission—Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, their expulsion from the Garden, Cain's slaying of Abel, the building of the Tower of Babel, and the Flood—have been filmed in a fashion to invite showings before properly brought-up girls and boys in Sunday schools all over the world; the second half of the movie, which has to do with Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, Isaac, and Lot, introduces sex (most of it unintentionally laughable) and is better suited to a church smoker, but no attentive viewer of the movie as a whole can fail to conclude that its moral is "Never trust anybody, not even your own God."

The actor who appears to be having the best time in "The Bible" is Mr. Huston, hamming it up in the role of Noah. The actor who appears to be having the worst time is George C. Scott, as hairy old Abraham. Also present, and more or less indifferent to their fates, are Ava Gardner, as Sarah; Michael Parks, as Adam; Ulla Bergryd, as Eve; Stephen Boyd, as Nimrod; and Peter O'Toole, as no fewer than three angels, all of them myopic. The camerawork is by Giuseppe Rotunno, with additional footage of sky, water, and fire, eerily beautiful, by Ernst Haas, and the portentous music is by Toshiro Mayuzumi.

"KALEIDOSCOPE" is a pleasant little thriller in which quick turns in the plot suffice to entertain us even though no one has taken the trouble to render them believable. A young gambler and man-about-town hits on a means of secretly entering the factory in Geneva where the playing cards used in most of the big casinos in Europe are turned out. He makes infinitesimal alterations in the designs on the metal sheets from which the cards are printed, thus enabling him to tell the suits and values of the cards by a quick glance at their backs. The young man travels from Monte Carlo to Paris to Deauville to Baden-Baden, raking in heaps of chips, and his succession of crooked triumphs is interrupted only when an English girl whom he has been careless enough to fall in love with chooses to pit him against her father, a Scotland Yard man. Having discovered



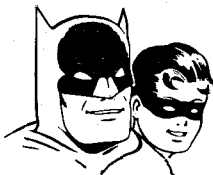
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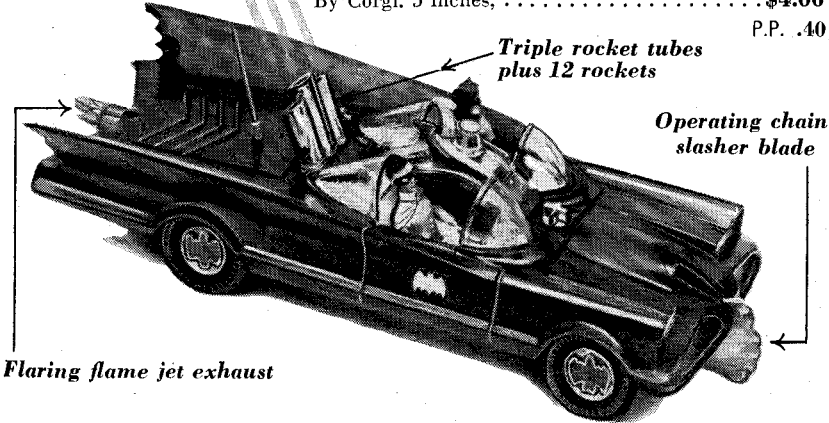
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the young man's secret, Daddy-o blackmails him into doing a bit of dirty work for the Yard—to wit, bringing about the financial ruin, at poker, of a London gambler who is also the biggest and wickedest dealer in drugs in the entire world. You will have to see for yourself how the fateful poker duel ends, but I am free to mention that the authors of the screenplay, Robert and Jane-Howard Carrington, have set the climactic scene in a genuine nineteenth-century mock-medieval flint-stone castle, complete with moat and portcullis, and in gratitude for this amusing architectural lagniappe I will refrain from criticizing the untidiness of their storytelling. In fact, they have left enough loose ends lying about to knit a blanket for quite a big dog; Agatha Christie would be ashamed of them. The picture, which was directed at good-humored high speed by Jack Smight, stars Warren Beatty and Sussannah York. Mr. Beatty is better than I thought he knew how to be, and Miss York is worse than I thought *anyone* knew how to be. The acting honors, exiguous as they are, go to Eric Porter, as the suave and villainous pusher.

“**L**OVING COUPLES” is the first movie to be directed by the Swedish actress Mai Zetterling. Despite the period charm of the costumes and settings—the time is the First World War, and much of the action takes place in a lovely white manor house outside Stockholm—“Loving Couples” amounts to little more than a strident, long-drawn-out howl of protest over the hardship of being a woman. Only Harriet Andersson, as a saucy baggage who likes making love, enjoys her lot in life; the other women we see are frustrated and miserable, or, if happy, only timidly and momentarily so. Besides Miss Andersson, the cast includes Gunnel Lindblom and Gunnar Björnstrand. The screenplay is by Miss Zetterling and David Hughes, who have taken it from what must be a very grim novel indeed by Agnes von Krusenstjerna.

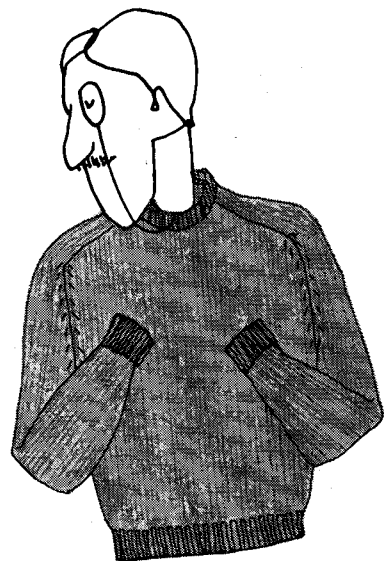
—BRENDAN GILL

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So much for *that* preamble writer!

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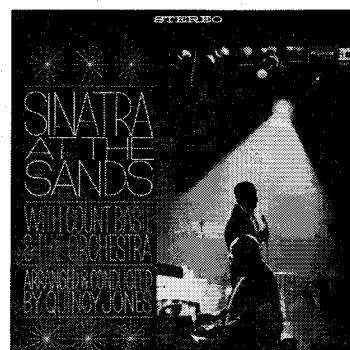
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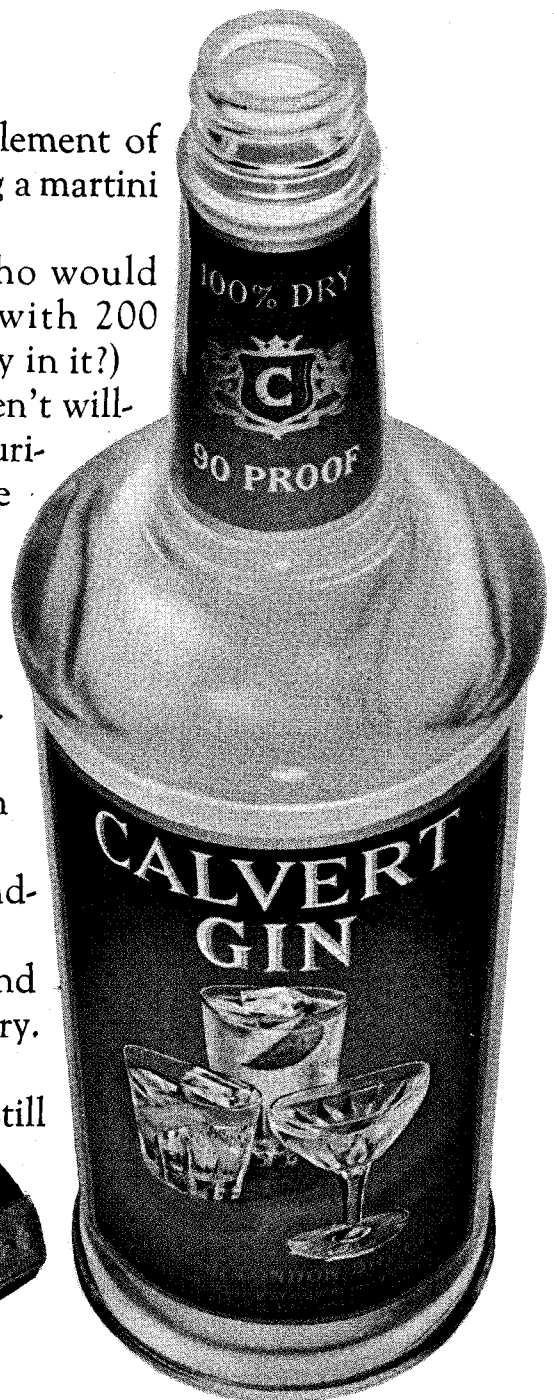
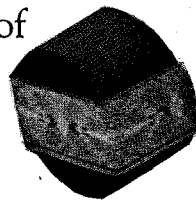
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LETTER FROM SAIGON

SEPTEMBER 19

THE new spirit of optimism in South Vietnam produced by the election of a Constituent Assembly on September 11th may serve as a much needed tonic for a nation whose mood in recent years has typically been one of frustration and despair. Nevertheless, in the opinion of certain Vietnamese who have come to view all new developments here with skepticism, the establishment of the Assembly must be regarded as, at best, a challenge and an opportunity rather than an accomplishment in itself. To be sure, as an exercise in organization and promotion the vote was very impressive, particularly in the midst of a war and in the face of Vietcong threats and harassment; even though there may have been a certain amount of exaggeration, as is widely suspected, in the government claim that eighty-one per cent of the registered voters cast ballots, and even though the voting was limited to the fifty-five per cent of the country that is under government control, it was still without doubt the fairest election ever held in South Vietnam. The quiet and orderly manner in which men and women (many dressed in their best clothes) went to the polls was clearly an expression of their desire, or at least their willingness, to take part in the democratic process. The skeptics point out, however, that so far the process has more form than content and that the Constituent Assembly could actually aggravate rather than ameliorate the uncertainties that plague this country.

The role the Assembly will play in Vietnamese politics is still to be defined—in large measure by its hundred and seventeen delegates, who will convene for the first time late in September. Their primary task, of course, is to write a new constitution within the next six months, and if they buckle down to work, there is no reason they couldn't finish that job by the end of the year. The question is whether they will buckle down to work or be diverted by other matters. On the basis of the Assembly's composition, it is difficult to predict how it will operate. Aside from about half a dozen nationally known figures, most of them elected in Saigon or in the adjoining province of Gia Dinh, the members of the new body are generally unknown outside their own communities. (Candidates were allowed to run anywhere they wished, but the majority of those elected are natives of the provinces in which they ran.) The average age of

the delegates is less than forty—quite young anywhere, and very young in a nation where lawmaking and the conduct of government have traditionally been carried out by older men. Among the delegates, there are—in addition to nine representatives of tribal areas—twenty-three professors and teachers (including the Assembly's one woman), twenty-two businessmen, twenty active or retired military men, eighteen civil servants, eight farmers or small landowners, seven doctors or pharmacists, five lawyers, three judges, one journalist, and one labor leader. It might have been expected that in an election for a conclave designated to draw up a constitution more lawyers and judges would be chosen, but in fact the constitution was scarcely an issue in itself, and there was very little talk about it during the campaign. For

the most part, the candidates discussed matters that had greater political appeal, such as food shortages and the rising cost of living, local security in battle areas, and the hopes for peace. The election of only twenty of the sixty-four military men who ran was less than might have been expected, but, even so, it has been generally acknowledged that the Directory that now runs the government in Saigon—ten generals and ten carefully chosen civilians—will control at least half of the Assembly. Thus, the Directory will presumably be able to get whatever kind of constitution it wants, since it has the power to pass on the one the Assembly presents—it can revise it, reject it, or even propose a substitute—and can be overridden only by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly.

The Assembly may try to modify the Directory's veto power as one of its first acts. Indeed, the new body, espe-



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cially in view of its youthful composition, could turn out to be a rambunctious one in various ways. The desire to stay in power as long as possible, for instance, is natural to any elected group. According to present law, the Assembly is to be dissolved after a constitution has been adopted, a second election being scheduled for next year, to choose a legislative assembly and whatever sort of executive—probably a president—the new constitution prescribes. To assert its power and prolong its life, the Constituent Assembly could follow one of several courses: it could move ahead quickly to prepare a constitution and then either vote to remain in office until a legislative assembly is elected or vote to turn itself into the first legislative assembly, putting the next election off for one or two years; it could declare its determination to stay in office right at the outset, before proceeding to the business of writing a constitution; or it could dillydally over the constitution indefinitely and devote all its time and effort to politicking. If it adopts the last course, it may end up like the Council of Notables appointed after the overthrow of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime in November, 1963; that was simply disbanded after a couple of months of futile bickering.

IT is possible, of course, that the delegates, having learned something from the chaotic experience of the last three years, will take their responsibilities seriously and work harmoniously together, both to write a constitution and to form the two or three major parties that have been constantly called for since the fall of Diem but have yet to be created, because of the jealousies and conflicting ambitions besetting some of the individuals who might be expected to form them. Much will depend on the sort of leadership provided by four of the elected delegates. These four, who are among the few veteran politicians in the Assembly, are Dr. Phan Quang Dan, a politician with a fairly substantial national following who has recently been active in provincial affairs in Gia Dinh; Dr. Dang Van Sung, who publishes *Chinh Luan*, a major Saigon newspaper; Dr. Phan Khac Suu, who was Chief of State during two of the post-Diem regimes; and Tran Van Van, who was head of the Council of Notables and now heads the Army-Civilian Advisory Council, a rather ineffective group set up by the present administration. At the moment, Dr. Dan and Dr. Sung seem to have joined forces against Dr. Suu and Van. The first two were born in central

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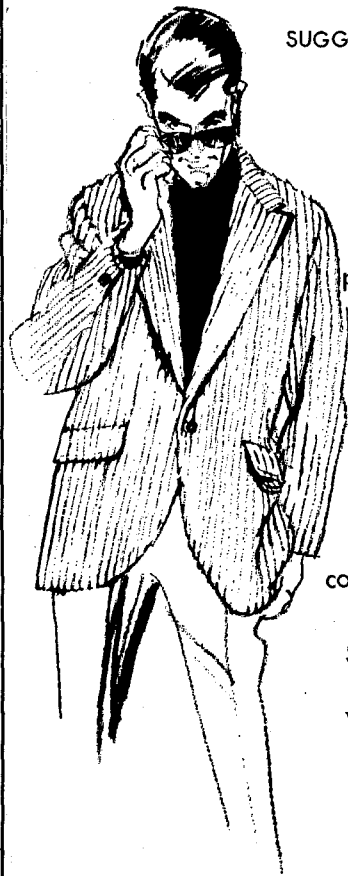
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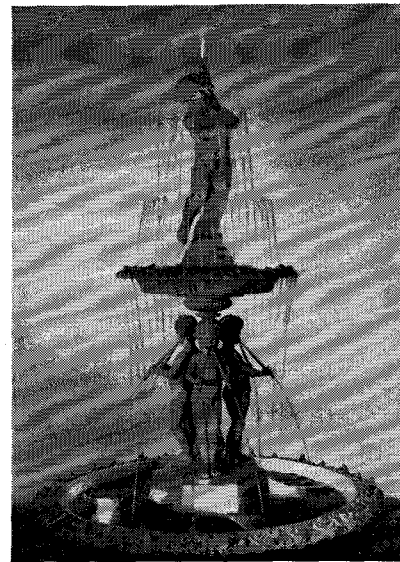


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Vietnam and educated in the north, while the second two are southerners, and geography is always an important factor in Vietnamese politics. Although the dozen candidates who ran on a platform of southern separatism were all defeated, forty-four of the individual delegates are southerners, forming the largest single regional bloc, and this gives Dr. Suu and Van something of an edge in the competition. While Dr. Dan is eager to acquire a recognized position of national leadership, Dr. Sung, the newspaper publisher, prefers to work quietly behind the scenes. His objective at the moment is to form an independent bloc of about thirty Assembly members, half of them affiliated with different factions of the Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang, an old nationalist party (it has sometimes been called the Fatherland Front, or the Vietnamese Kuomintang), and the other half affiliated with another old-line group, the Dai Viet Revolutionary Party. While most of these delegates were elected in central Vietnam, a few won their seats in the south, and could thus further Dr. Sung's ultimate aim of bringing about a much broader coalition—one that would include members of the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects, as well as Buddhists and Catholics. (About thirty-four Buddhists and thirty Catholics were elected as individuals running on various local tickets.) If Dr. Sung succeeds in forming his independent bloc, he hopes to use it to achieve a temporary balance of power in the Assembly—temporary because he has made it clear that his position is essentially one of support for Dr. Dan, who is busy attempting to build a bloc of his own among provincial and municipal leaders in the new Assembly. Dr. Sung and Dr. Dan talk of eventually joining forces to form a permanent national farmer-labor party. A farmer-labor party that reached into the provinces could serve as a loyal opposition, in effect, to what might emerge from the Constituent Assembly as a government party, headed by some of the military and civil-servant delegates.

The trend at the moment is away from religious sectarianism. The Buddhists, who had split into extremist and moderate wings as a result of the political crises that arose this spring in Hué and Danang, are showing signs of reaching a new agreement among themselves and also of attempting a reconciliation with the present government, which cracked down on them harshly in May. The events of September 11th made it clear that the Buddhists' call for a boycott of the election



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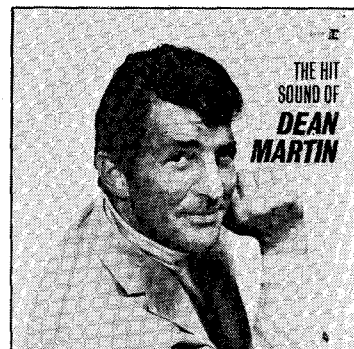


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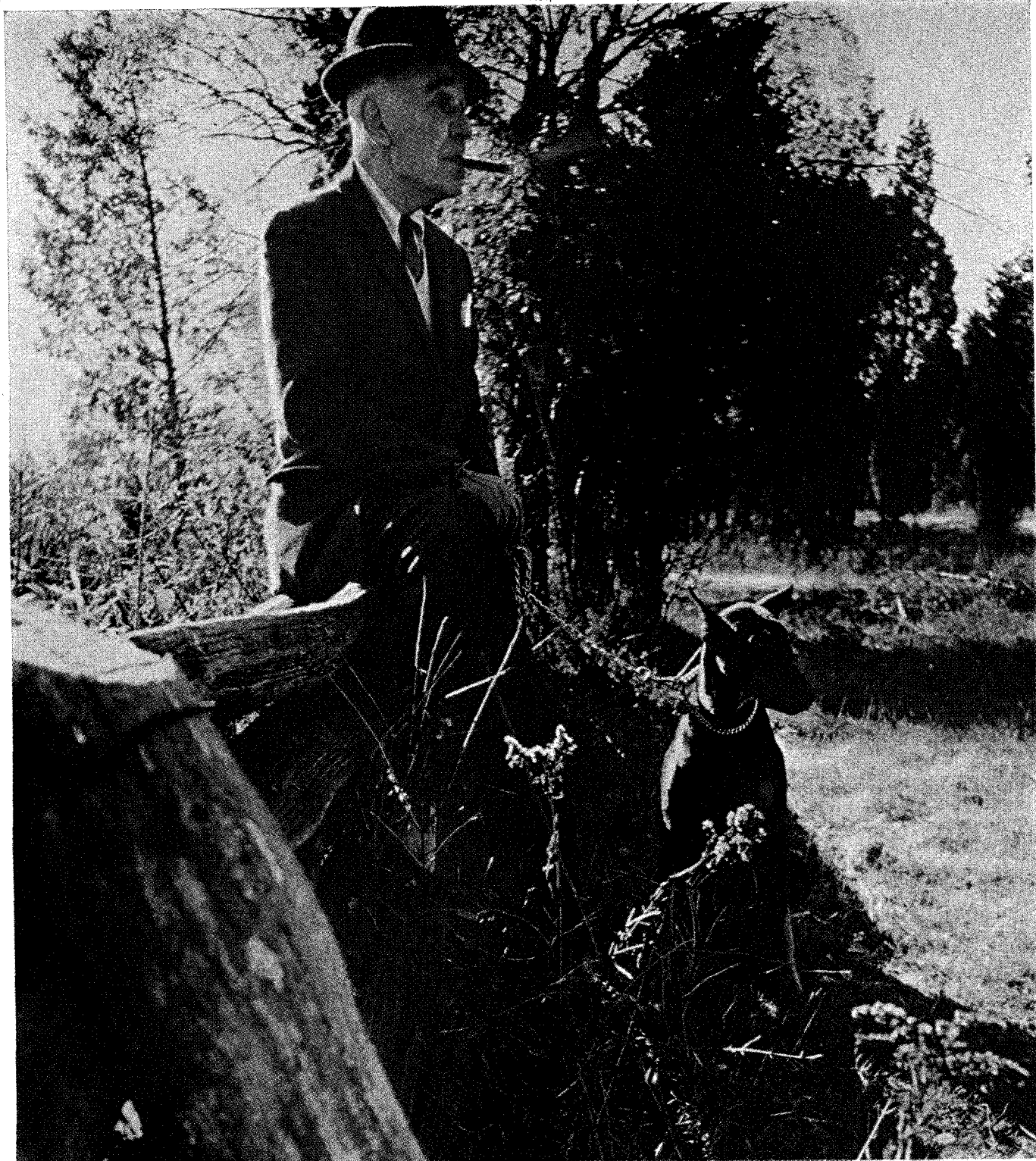
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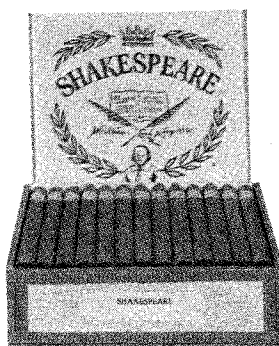
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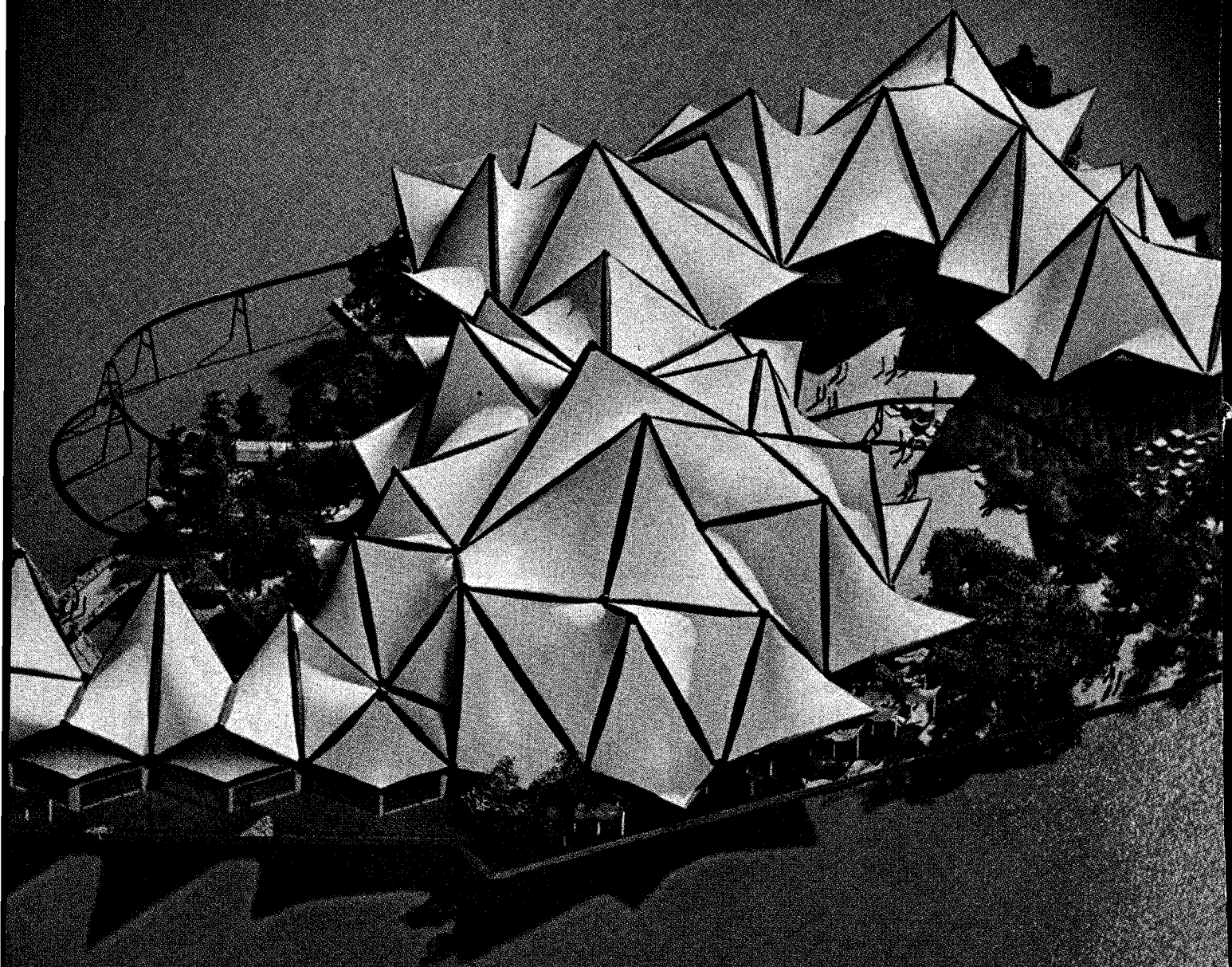


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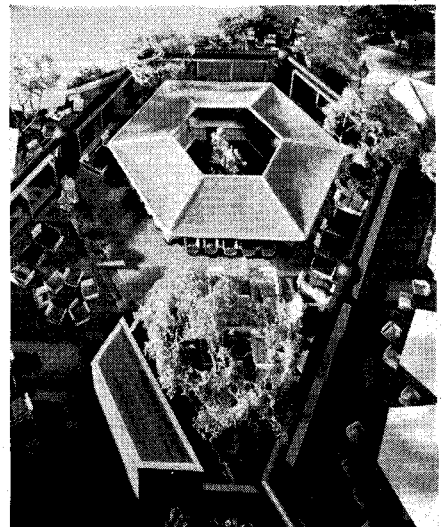
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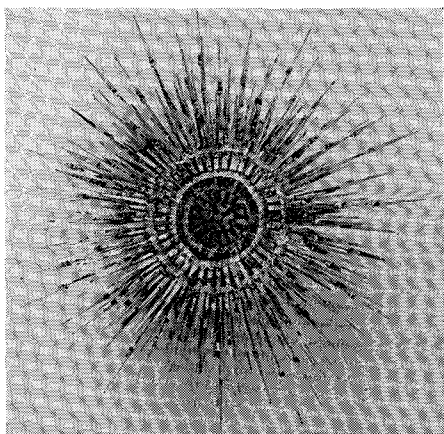
was no more effective than the Vietcong's threats to attack voters, and a number of the Buddhist leaders are said to be considering giving up their anti-government campaign altogether. They can hardly hope to achieve much by continuing to demand that Chief of State General Nguyen Van Thieu and Premier Nguyen Cao Ky—or, anyway, one of them—must resign as the price of Buddhist cooperation in an interim government, for it now seems obvious to nearly everyone that this government will stay in office until a new one is chosen legally. Whatever course the Buddhists adopt will be determined in large part by Thich Tri Quang, the extremist monk who has been the leader of the anti-government movement in central Vietnam and who has just given up a three-month-long hunger strike. Until his superiors ordered him to start eating again, he was apparently prepared to continue his fast until he died—a demonstration of defiance that would undoubtedly have led to a period of national mourning, with obvious political significance. (The mourning would surely have had anti-American overtones, since the Americans are still widely condemned here for having urged the government to put down the Buddhist opposition last spring.) Tri Quang, who has by no means abandoned his militant views, is now being subjected to pressure from various quarters to leave the country temporarily, perhaps for a period of rest and contemplation in a Japanese pagoda. If any sort of reconciliation should take place between the Buddhists and the government, assurances of Tri Quang's safety would have to be part of the deal; certainly the Buddhists would insist on a guarantee of his freedom to return in the future. A thousand Buddhists, including both clerical and lay leaders, are still in jail as a result of last spring's disorders, and their release, with a collective pardon, would also be part of the deal. In any event, the future of the Buddhists as a political force is obscure at the moment, and the Catholics, who have not tried to form a Catholic party as such, are remaining quiet. If both the religious and the military leaders can stay out of politics, or at least stay in the background for the time being, there may be some hope that the civilian politicians, including those just elected, can begin to develop a certain amount of genuine interest in national institutions of self-government among the peasants.

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Segregation in the North

Examines the causes of racial tensions in Northern cities.
Sunday, Oct. 2 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

The National Sports and Physical Fitness Test

Audience involvement broadcast examines what Americans should know about keeping fit.
Tuesday, Oct. 4 (10-11 P.M.)

The World Series

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The Kennedy Wit

Jack Paar is host as Stage 67 reviews the late President's wit.
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Carol & Company

Carol Burnett with guest stars Rock Hudson, Frank Gorshin and Ken Berry.
Sunday, Oct. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

Crazier Than Cotton

Chrysler Theatre: Jean Simmons in a drama about a sculptor.
Wednesday, Oct. 12 (9-10 P.M.)

Brigadoon

Robert Goulet stars in the Lerner and Loewe Broadway musical.
Saturday, Oct. 15 (9:30-11 P.M.)

Bell Telephone Hour

A portrait of young American pianist Van Cliburn.
Sunday, Oct. 16 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

The Confession

Stage 67's original drama with Arthur Kennedy and Brandon de Wilde.
Wednesday, Oct. 19 (10-11 P.M.)

We Are Not Alone

Documentary based on the book examining the possibility of life elsewhere in the universe.
Friday, Oct. 21 (10-11 P.M.)

Lucy in London

Comedy special starring Lucille Ball with Anthony Newley and other British stars.
Monday, Oct. 24 (8:30-9:30 P.M.)

To Save a Soldier

The story of air medical evacuation work in Vietnam.
Monday, Oct. 24 (10-11 P.M.)

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown.

Halloween hijinks with Charlie and the Peanuts Players.
Thursday, Oct. 27 (8:30-9 P.M.)

The Campaign and the Candidates

A look at the men and issues in the November elections.
Sunday, Oct. 30 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

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Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:

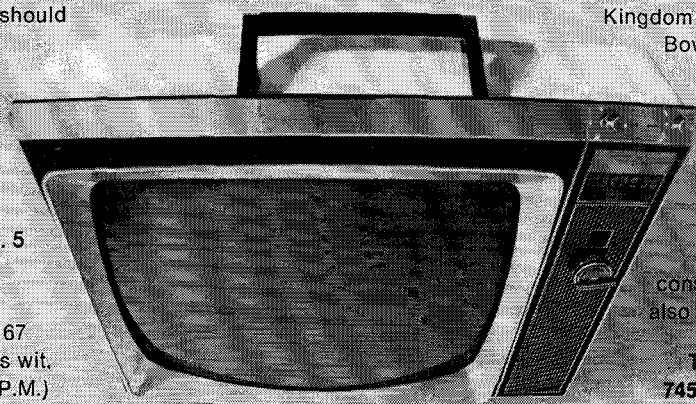
Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian (Premiere Oct. 15) / Animal Secrets (Premiere Oct. 15) / Wide World of Sports / ABC Scope: The War In Vietnam.

Sundays:

Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery '67 / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Frontiers of Faith / Issues and Answers / Vietnam Weekly Review / Wild Kingdom (Premiere Oct. 23) / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (New York Time), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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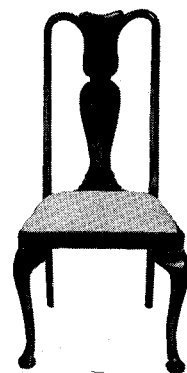
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will have to be convinced that their craving for security and social justice can be satisfied, at least in some measure, by the government in Saigon. The slow progress of the government's Revolutionary Development program in the hamlets and villages has certainly not given them much cause for optimism so far. While the election did show that a surprisingly large number of people cared enough about the future of their nation to go to the polls, their doing so scarcely amounted to a demonstration of nationalist fervor. It is generally agreed that willingness to support a central government must be inculcated, for a start, in the people of the hamlets and villages, and the question of how to do this will play an important part in the constitutional discussions that are about to begin. While most of the delegates now engaged in preparing drafts agree that the constitution should provide for a strong executive, there is also considerable support for providing a constitutional guarantee of local elections. All past elections in Vietnam, including the most recent one, were ordered by decree, and they have always been called or postponed according to the whim of the national executive. In the opinion of Dr. Dan, who has given much thought to the matter, a formula must be worked out that will combine political freedom at all levels with provision for a strong executive. Dr. Dan believes that a chief executive should be elected but that a premier should be appointed by the chief executive. He also believes that elections for village officials as well as for a national legislative assembly should be guaranteed in the constitution, that the villages should have some degree of fiscal as well as administrative autonomy, and that after the village electoral and administrative procedures have been established they should gradually be extended to the provincial level, so that province chiefs and other provincial officials would ultimately be elected by the people rather than appointed by the central government, as they are now. All the experts who are working on the constitution agree that it should include positive guarantees of fundamental human rights, including habeas corpus, freedom of religion and of the press, freedom of assembly, and the right to work, to own property, and to obtain an education. There is less agreement about the matter of checks and balances, though there is a general desire to establish firm legal bulwarks against the threat of dictatorship. Everyone grants the desirability of protecting the independence of the judiciary, but how



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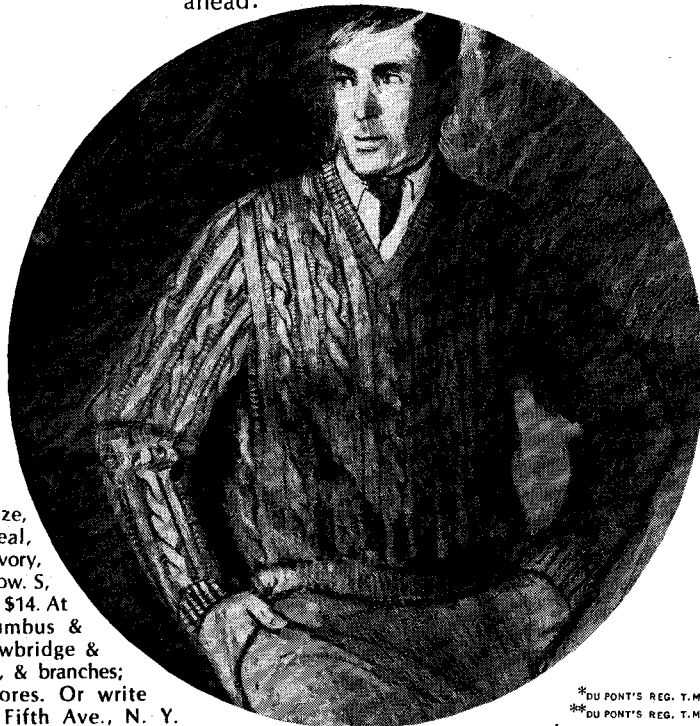
to let the legislature maintain some control over the executive without impeding it unduly is clearly a subject that will call for a good deal of debate.

WITH the formation of the Constituent Assembly as a first step toward establishing a civilian government, the Directory may be said to have entered a kind of interregnum. There are growing indications that this interregnum will not be a quiet one. While there is no overt dissension among the generals who dominate the Directory, their relations do show signs of strain—not severe enough, probably, to touch off another coup, but sufficient to make what is openly referred to as a shuffle or a housecleaning seem likely. The two men principally concerned are Chief of State Thieu and Premier Ky, who have been engaged in an elaborate pas de deux in which each has from time to time affirmed and then denied any desire to stay on as either first or second man in whatever government the new constitution establishes. Ky, in particular, has played an astonishingly coquettish game with the press concerning his availability. The Premier has gained a certain amount of maturity in the last six months, and the success of the election has further increased his stature. At the celebration of his thirty-sixth birthday, a fortnight ago, he declared that he might allow himself to be drafted, especially if General Thieu meant what he said a few days before about not wanting to become the chief executive. Then, a week later, ostensibly at the suggestion of his wife, Ky indicated that he wouldn't allow himself to be drafted after all; he wanted to lead a quieter life, he said, in the job he has retained throughout his tenure as Premier, that of head of the Air Force. The fact remains, as Ky managed to admit almost modestly, that there is a dearth of potential candidates for chief executive, among both civilians and military men. Of course, one can scarcely regard Ky, a notably



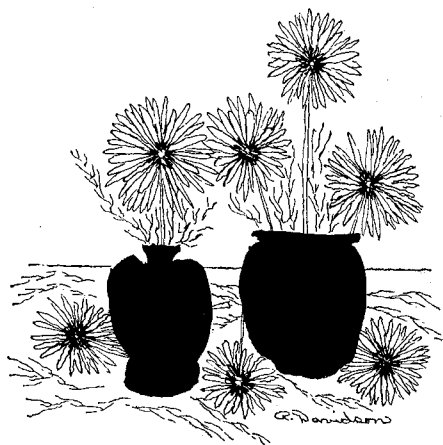
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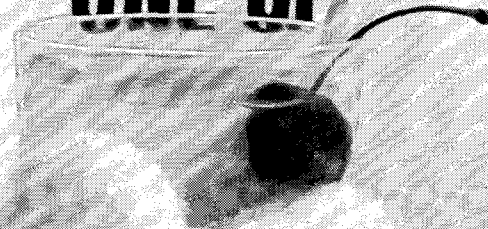


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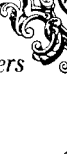
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flamboyant and unpredictable figure, as the indispensable man, and as for Thieu, a much less colorful personality, he seems to lack the popular appeal necessary for political success. Besides, Thieu has a reputation as a behind-the-scenes operator, with close ties to the old Dai Viet Party, and that is another count against him. Among the civilians who might emerge as candidates are Dr. Dan; Au Truong Thanh, the present Minister of Economics; and Nguyen Luu Vien, a Deputy Premier. All in all, not a very impressive list. One observer of the many coups and counter-coups of the last three years has said, "The trouble is they've eaten up all their young."

In the long run, the public contest between Ky and Thieu may be far less significant than an undercover struggle currently going on among some of the other generals on the Directory. Next to the Chief of State and the Premier, its most important and powerful members are General Cao Van Vien, the Chief of Staff, and General Le Nguyen Khang, the head of the III Corps, which controls the territory surrounding Saigon. The most vulnerable, at the moment, are General Nguyen Huu Co, a Deputy Premier and the Minister of Defense; General Vinh Loc, the head of the II Corps, in the highlands; and General Dang Van Quang, the head of the IV Corps, in the Delta. Loc and Quang rule their areas like warlords, almost without reference to Saigon, and, according to reports, enjoy the benefits that traditionally accompany that kind of rule. Any housecleaning in the Directory could very well involve these two, as part of a deliberate plan to reverse the process of decentralization that began after the overthrow of Diem and to restore a centralized system of military control from Saigon. Since Quang is an ardent southerner, shifting or removing him would have special repercussions, which could change the shape of the entire structure of Vietnamese politics. On several past occasions when Quang was reported to be on the way out, he fought back tenaciously with the help of civilian political friends, and he might do so again. As for General Co, he is closely allied with Quang and Loc, and is thus almost bound to be caught in the middle of any contest for power. In the current jockeying for position in Saigon, one man to watch is General Nguyen Duc Thang, who is a sort of superminister, in charge of Revolutionary Development, the Ministries of both Agriculture and the Interior, and the Department of Public

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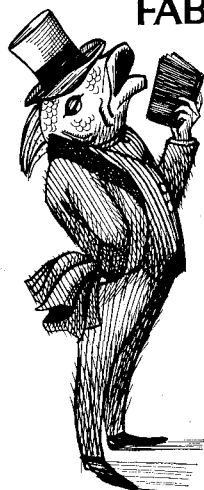
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Administration. It was General Thang who ran the recent election, and he deserves much of the credit for the way it went off. He is a man of tremendous energy, whose star is surely rising, but he is known as a pet of the Americans and he lacks any special allies among the other generals, so he has to watch his step in his dealings with the Directory. A newly important figure is General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, who is chief of both the National Police and the Military Security Service. Loan, just promoted from colonel, is now one of the most powerful men in the country; he is a protégé of Ky's, and in any contest he can be counted on to remain in the Premier's corner.

In addition to straight power politics, the current struggle among the generals involves the role of the French in Vietnam today. Early in September, just after President de Gaulle's speech in Cambodia urging the withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, Premier Ky, during a vehement attack on de Gaulle, announced the arrest of two prominent French businessmen in Saigon, whom he accused of paying the Vietcong to interfere with the election. The charge, which has not been substantiated, is now said to have been simply a way of enabling Ky to implicate some of his fellow-generals in a profiteering plot. Ky referred obliquely to the generals when he asserted that some financial shenanigans involving the French were going on and that he meant to stop them, no matter who got hurt. The French here—there are about fifteen hundred of them left, and another fifteen hundred persons of mixed blood—are trying desperately to maintain as much of an economic and cultural position as they can in their former Southeast Asian possession. According to Vietnamese financial sources, they have spent large amounts to buy friendship and information, and it is an open secret that French business concerns—along with other foreign companies, including some American ones—have been paying taxes to the Vietcong in order to be able to go on operating. The French still have four major rubber plantations in Vietnam, each of which represents an investment of at least a hundred million piastres, or about a million dollars at the unofficial rate of exchange; loss of these investments would be a financial disaster for a number of French banks. The Vietnamese government annually collects between thirty and forty million piastres in taxes from each of the plantations, and while this is a drop in the bucket compared to American aid,



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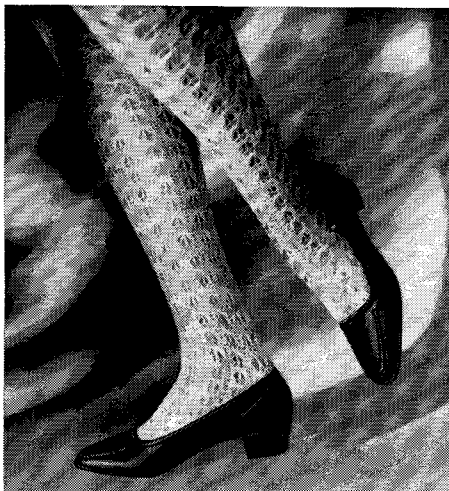
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the plantations are a potentially important tax source if one looks ahead to the end of war and the withdrawal of American financial support; furthermore, rubber is a major Vietnamese export in ordinary times. There are about a hundred thousand Vietnamese workers on the four plantations, and it has been said that if the plantations were forced to shut down, at least a third of these workers would turn to the Vietcong, so the government has yet another reason to keep them going. Because of the war—more specifically, because vital roads have been cut by the Vietcong—the job of keeping them going is becoming increasingly difficult, and stocks of latex are piling up at the plantations. To keep the routes open, more troops are required than have been available so far. The government is thus in something of a quandary; while it resents what Ky calls a “disruptive” French influence on Vietnamese politics, it also wants to keep the French economic influence alive.

AS political matters have taken over the center of the stage in recent weeks, it has sometimes seemed as if the war were going on in another country. This has been especially true in Saigon, where American troops were kept off the streets in the days immediately before and during the election; the city hasn't been so quiet in a year or more, and the relative calm is still being maintained, for a permanent limit has been placed on the number of troops allowed in town at any one time. The city has become a much more orderly place in various ways. For one thing, the collection of garbage, which for a time seemed to have been abandoned entirely, has been resumed on a regular basis. There are still plenty of reminders of the war, of course—especially economic ones. The prices of most commodities, including such essentials as rice and pork, remain high, and though there are signs that the point of stabilization is being reached, it is a point that is far too high for most people's pocketbooks. Financial experts are now saying that the stringent financial measures taken several months ago—particularly the devaluation of the piastre—proved to be an overdose of reform, drying up the money market and stopping all speculative investment, so that in many areas of business, including shipping and the export-import trade, all but the largest firms are in serious trouble. One banker has explained, “We stopped the monetary escalation, but if we keep on deescalating at the present rate, we will soon

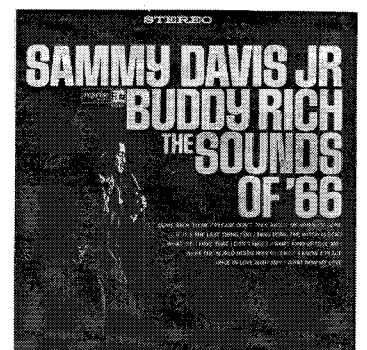
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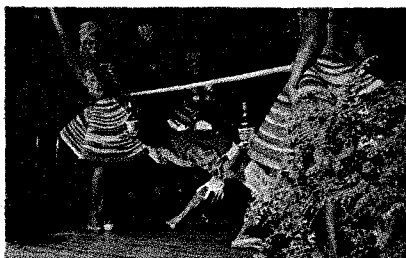
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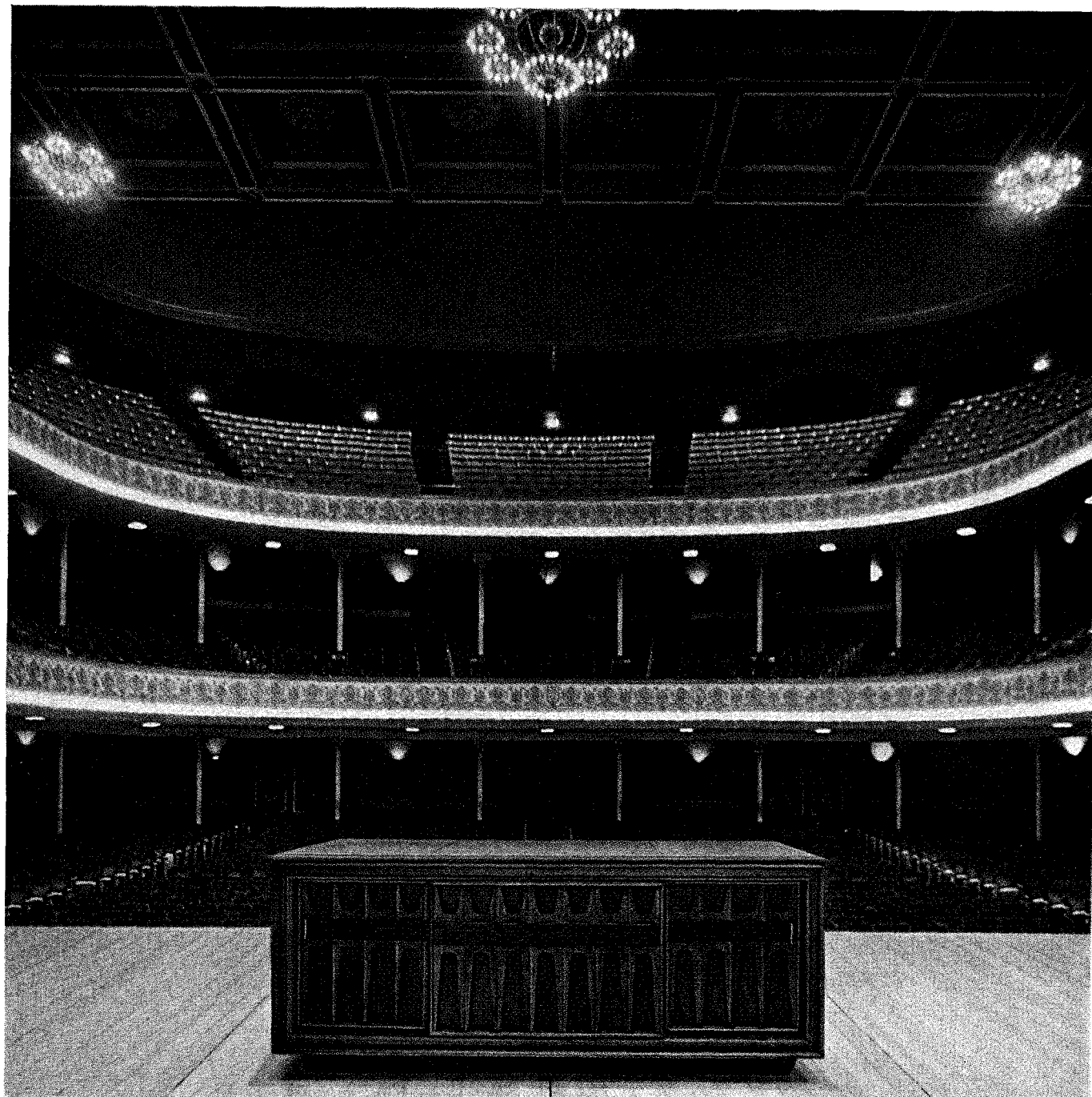
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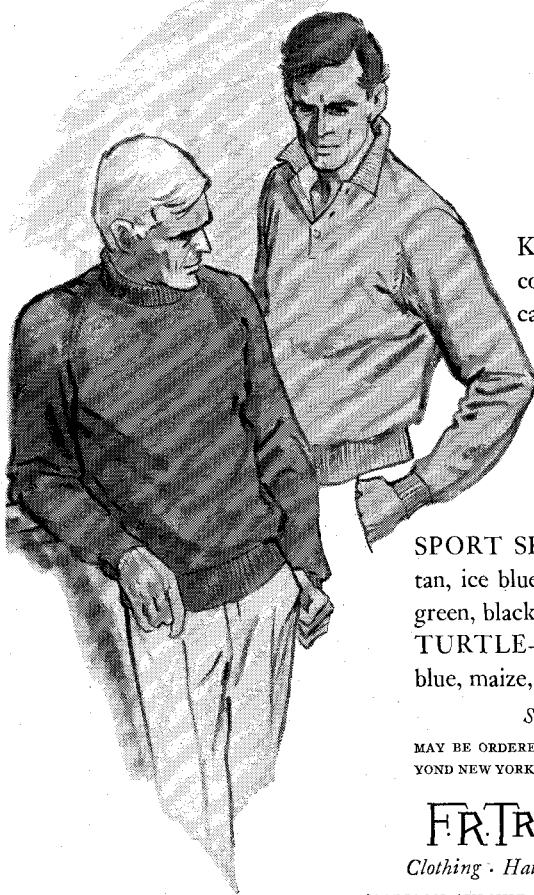
Even though the Vietcong failed to sabotage the election to any large extent, they have certainly not been inactive. In areas not far from Saigon, their presence is very apparent at night, when the skies are filled with flares and tracers and the flash and boom of artillery. Considerable numbers of enemy troops are known to be concentrated around the capital, and the authorities here anticipate a fresh attempt to cut off the city's food supplies. Although Hanoi is claiming general success throughout the country on the basis of the fact that the Vietcong have kept the Americans running after them all summer, the Communists have failed to achieve any major military victories during the rainy season, which is when they usually make their hardest strikes, and it is clear that purely defensive tactics cannot bring about the ultimate defeat of the South Vietnamese and the American “imperialists” that the enemy has constantly been promising. The rainy season will last a month and a half longer, and some large-scale battles are expected, chiefly in the area near Danang, where there are known to be heavy concentrations of North Vietnamese troops; in and around the demilitarized zone; and in the highlands near the Cambodian border. Activity in the Delta region, south of Saigon, also seems to be picking up, and the expectation is that American troops will soon be engaged there, for the first time. The ever heavier bombardment of the North shows no sign of forcing Hanoi to yield, and, indeed, those who know the North Vietnamese best say that, short of the total obliteration of their country, air assaults alone will never bring them to heel. The same experts predict an intensive dry-season campaign by the Americans and the South Vietnamese, followed by another monsoon period of on-again, off-again fighting. The Communist strategy, it would appear, is still one of continuing the war until finally, for political reasons, the United States is ready to quit. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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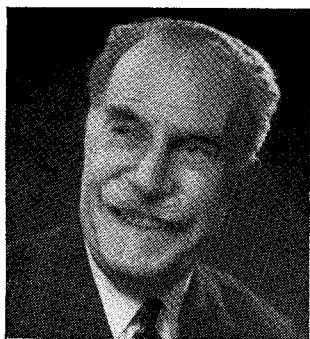
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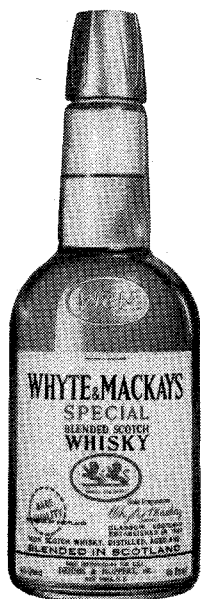
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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Calm After the Storm

THE preliminaries of opening night having been put behind, the new Metropolitan Opera settled down last week to standard repertory, and though there had been several postponements because of the brief strike by the musicians' union, two new productions managed to emerge, both in the lavish tradition established by Rudolf Bing. If the Bing administration can be said to have had any overriding tendency, it has been to convert what was once a singer's and conductor's house into a producer's and director's house. That is not to say that Mr. Bing has not hired quite a number of remarkable singers. But what he will be remembered for is his insistence on the visual side of opera. The new Met is an ideal theatre for this sort of thing. It has backstage machinery capable of the most astounding visual effects. I had feared until last week that every new stage designer and director would insist on using *all* of this machinery, producing a terrific spectacle that would take one's mind entirely off the music. But my fears were groundless. Only Mr. Zeffirelli offended in this direction, with "Antony and Cleopatra." Last week's new productions were conventional and fairly splendid.

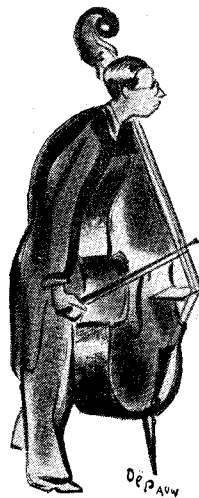
I should, in fact, term Beni Montresor's and Margherita Wallmann's "La Gioconda" *entirely* splendid. Its first showing took place last Thursday night. Though some of its sets—particularly in Act I—were a little disorienting to those acquainted with the geography of Venice, the spirit of the place was admirably conveyed. Mr. Montresor had created an ideal background for the affluent, frivolous, and murderous seventeenth-century society with which "La Gioconda" presents us. During the overture, a series of projections on scrim showed us first a market scene near the Campanile, next the Piazzetta (or something like it), and finally a scene suggesting at once both the exterior and the courtyard of the Doges' Palace. The ship in the second act did not blow up (the one disappointment) but merely emitted a little smoke. The Ca' d'Oro interiors of Act III were extremely lavish, with four half-nude female statues holding chande-

liers, and the Giudecca scene of Act IV, looking out over the lagoon, was appropriately grim and dilapidated.

Renata Tebaldi sang the title role, and provided two surprises. Her singing did not in any way show the defects that I have noticed for the past several years. She had recovered her voice completely and sang as well as I have ever heard her sing—which is saying a great deal. The second surprise was her acting. Miss Tebaldi has always heretofore had a tendency toward reserve in her stage demeanor. This time she was as passionate and uninhibited a Gioconda as anybody could wish. Franco Corelli sang opposite her as Enzo. He is still not the most cultivated tenor in the world, and he had a good deal of trouble with his pianissimos and in *mezza voce*, but when he sang out, there was that magnificent vocal organ that

makes Corelli buffs swoon—a voice unequalled today, as far as I know, for power and brilliant edge. Just by way of swank, he began his "Cielo e mar" with his back to the audience. Cornell MacNeil made a superb Barnaba, villainous to the eye and eloquent to the ear. From both the singing and the acting points of view, he seems to be becoming a logical successor to the late Leonard Warren, and his physical build is handsomer than Warren's was. Mignon Dunn's La Cieca was one of the finest I have encountered—large and rounded in tone, and knowing in matters of phrase. Cesare Siepi, as Alvisè, was not in good voice. For the first time, I heard this polished artist sing flat during an important aria. Biserka Cvejic was, I am afraid, not outstanding in the role of Laura. Her voice was breathy, insecure at the top, and afflicted here and there by a tremolo.

For the third act, Zachary Solov had choreographed a fairly decent "Dance of the Hours" ballet, but operatic ballet, when it is not a simple nuisance, seems every so often to go wrong in one way or another. This time, the principal male dancer stumbled about the stage in an outrageous manner and several times nearly let the female star fall to the floor. The effect was a satire on ballet, and the occurrence was roundly booed by the audience. The veteran



Fausto Cleva conducted the performance with authority and coherence.

THE second new production was Cecil Beaton's and Alfred Lunt's "La Traviata," on Saturday night. The settings for the first and third acts were, I thought, excellent, the latter, with a double grand staircase in gold, being particularly effective. But the scenery for Act II (Violetta's summer place) was more appropriate to "The Gypsy Baron," and it was in no way comparable to the same act in Oliver Smith's production of the opera. I can't see Violetta running a farm, and that was the impression given. The last-act set was again inferior to that of the old production, being merely a routine one. Mr. Lunt had done a gratifyingly unobtrusive job of staging. There was an absurdly cute bit of ballet in Act III, choreographed by John Butler, intended, no doubt, as comic relief, but actually disturbing to the atmosphere of the drama.

Anna Moffo is probably the most satisfying Violetta around today. The role has been sung more brilliantly by Joan Sutherland, and done, both vocally and dramatically, in a more heartrending manner by Maria Callas, who was, during her brief appearance in the role here several years ago, the greatest Violetta in all my operatic experience. But Miss Moffo has her admirable points. She is very pretty. Her voice is a warm, vibrant, agile instrument capable of negotiating all the role's coloratura passages with ease and accuracy. Her acting is skilled, appropriate, and heartfelt. The only point at which she let me down a little was her spoken monologue at the beginning of Act IV; her speaking voice did not show the emotional power of her singing voice. One would have to look far to find a contemporary singer better suited to the role.

Bruno Prevedi, who sang the role of Alfredo, is a handsome fellow who fits very well into Mr. Bing's visual requirements. He is not a particularly refined tenor, and he sang flat several times in unaccompanied passages during the first act, forcing Miss Moffo down with him. But he has a robust, basically attractive Italianate voice, and his good looks made him a credible figure as Violetta's lover. Robert Merrill was an admirable Elder Germont, though, for a reason that escapes me, he sang "Di provenza" less successfully than he did the rest of his role. Generally, the Merrill voice was at its golden best. It is possible that he was



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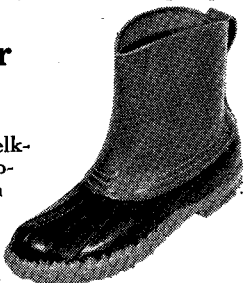
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thrown off in that one important aria by the conductor, Georges Prêtre, who presided over what can be described only as a highly eccentric performance as far as tempo was concerned. Mr. Prêtre conducted the opening phrases of the overture at such a slow pace that they became unintelligible; when they appeared again in the introduction to Act IV they were equally unintelligible. And in many other places the music was deformed by arbitrary changes in its normal speed. The grand design of "La Traviata" was, in fact, not evident the other night as it has been made evident, now and then, by numerous conductors of the past. Mr. Prêtre has many things to recommend him, including vigor, but there are times when he seems unacquainted with the basic traditions of his art.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Monterey Journal

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH: I came to the Monterey Jazz Festival, which began tonight, by way of Los Angeles, where I poked around in the ruins of West Coast Jazz, a movement that flourished in that city in the fifties. Los Angeles is not the sort of place you'd expect a night creature like jazz to flourish in. The sky is immense and blinding, and the city is immense and blinding. On a smogless day, one can easily drown in sunlight right on the street. As a result, West Coast Jazz, which got going in the early fifties, was almost diaphanous. Sired largely by the 1949 Gil Evans-Miles Davis-Gerry Mulligan Capitol recordings, it was cool, manicured, and fey. It was a blond music, which had, as Bud Shank, one of its founders and survivors, told me, a "soft, intellectual" quality. Its founders, who also included Shorty Rogers, Jimmy Giuffre, Art Pepper, Carson Smith, and Shelly Manne, were graduates of the finishing schools of Stan Kenton and/or Woody Herman as well as assiduous music students who admired Bartók and Stravinsky. They were supported by several jazz clubs, and, more important, by recordings, which seemed at the time to be released at the rate of two or three a week. "It got so any new bass player or drummer who came on the scene was signed up for his own L.P.," Shank told me. The movement even fostered its own unofficial recording firms—Contemporary and Pacific Jazz. (The first now issues an L.P. or so a year, and the second has been bought out by Liberty Records.) It reached an apogee in some recordings

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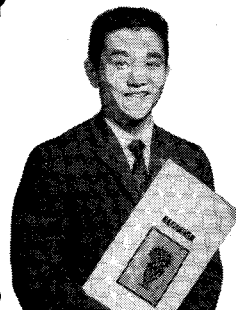
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by Manne and Giuffre and Rogers in which free improvisation and free rhythms were toyed with, and then, according to Shank, two things happened. "New York struck back with hard bop, and so damned many recordings were made the market flooded." West Coast Jazz expired in 1958, and its members drifted into the movie and television studios, where most of them continue as staff musicians, contentedly amassing Porsches, horses, swimming pools, and thirty-foot ketches. The principal jazz clubs in Los Angeles—Shelly's Manne-Hole, in Hollywood, and the Light-house, in Hermosa Beach—now house either out-of-town musicians or such non-studio West Coast performers as John Handy, Charles Lloyd, and Bola Sete. The rest of the jazz in the city is limited to the Neophonic Orchestra, a large Stan Kenton Third Stream group, which gives half a dozen concerts a year, and an experimental big band organized by the trumpeter Don Ellis, which has been holding forth on Monday nights during the past year in a bar called Bonesville. Los Angeles, like New York, has its share of starving jazz musicians, but they appear to be mostly Negroes who, Shank says, are not proficient enough to work in the studios. "The Negro saxophonists just play saxophone," he told me, "and the trumpeters trumpet. In the studios, saxophonists have to double on everything from flute to oboe, and the trumpeters have to play in three or four styles. So, in spite of all the screaming and crying, it's not racial. Benny Carter has grown rich in the studios, and so have other Negroes."

The concert tonight was ghostly and sad, for half of it was taken up by desultory performances by three of the movers and founders of West Coast Jazz—Evans, Mulligan, and Dave Brubeck, the last of whom presided over a miniature West Coast movement in San Francisco in the late forties. Evans appeared with a twelve-piece band, recruited on both coasts and including Mulligan, Elvin Jones, Johnny Coles (trumpet), and Howard Johnson (tuba). It had reportedly been rehearsing for a week, but nothing went right. The solos were weak, the brass and reed sections faltered, and the rhythm section communed with itself. (Near the beginning of "Godchild," Mulligan, who led the band in four numbers, brought everything to a halt when Jones, twenty sweltering paces ahead of his compeers, disappeared around the next bend.) Even the amplification system was awry. Evans' music, with its butterfly sonorities and

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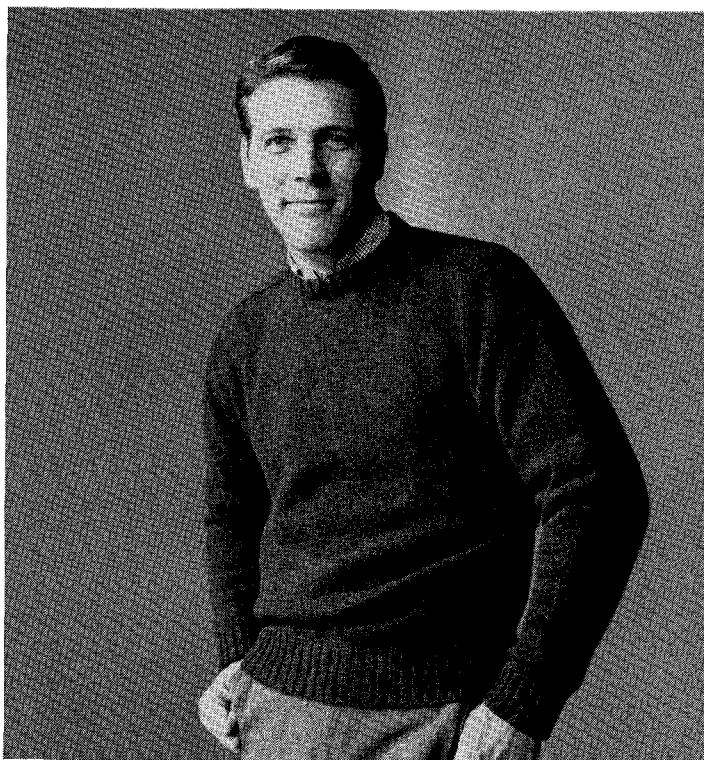
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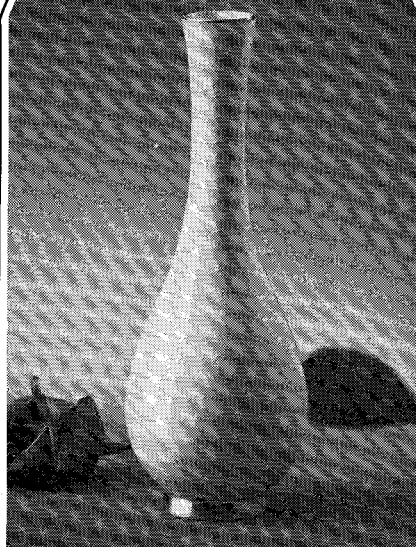
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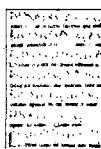
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tricky rhythmic turns, demands perfection. Brubeck's quartet seemed to be visibly coming apart. Joe Morello and Gene Wright, at stage left, literally huddled together throughout the performance, Brubeck pumped aimlessly away at stage center, and Paul Desmond, usually an articulate and flourishing improviser, shaped Styrofoam sounds at stage right. It is disheartening that Brubeck, as safe as I.B.M. for over a decade, hasn't seen fit to experiment by adding new instruments and new blood.

The evening, graced by giant stars and a sly moon, freshened considerably when Vi Redd, a blunt, funny singer and alto saxophonist, came onstage. Miss Redd, who worked with the exotic organ-and-vocal-trio group Earl Hines brought to New York a couple of years ago, sings in the hard, glancing fashion of the early Dinah Washington and plays like a backwoods Charlie Parker. She is apt to sustain one or two notes on her saxophone when five or six would do nicely. Count Basie, minus the recently added Roy Eldridge, who once mysteriously said he *never* goes to California, marched through a dozen numbers, most of which suggested that he should strip down, as he did in 1950, to a first-rate small band built chiefly around his piano—one of the hidden glories of the age.

SATURDAY: Bola Sete, the Brazilian guitarist, appeared midway tonight with Sebastian Neto on bass and Paulinho on drums, and it was a stunning event. (Monterey audiences tend to be of the bravo-shoot-to-their-feet variety, and the audience tonight almost lifted off its pad at the end of Sete's performance.) Sete plays unamplified guitar, achieving a richness and clarity of tone that shame all amplified guitarists. He uses a great many chords, connecting them with short, dark single-note passages, and he invariably plays softly. His style is free of the pedestalled histrionics of the flamencan guitarists and of the neon drone of most contemporary jazz guitarists. Sete's bassist and drummer work beautifully with him, and in the last of half a dozen numbers, all done in South American rhythms, the group became indivisible. It turned into a delicate, rippling rhythmic machine that moved gradually over tambourines, tuned bells, gourds, and the like to a marvellous drum solo by Paulinho. He used a *cuica* (a drumlike instrument with variable pitch) and sticks, which flickered quietly and effortlessly back and forth between his

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tuned bells, his tomtoms, the domes of his cymbals, and the rims of his drums, and he brought to mind—so gentle and fresh were his movements—the off-hand displays Sid Catlett warmed himself and his audiences up with.

The rest of the concert was passable. The tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin preceded Sete. Ervin invariably plays with considerable fervor, but somewhere between his imagination and the sounds that emerge from his horn a peculiar transformation takes place. Everything turns to wood. Wooden notes follow wooden smears that follow wooden runs, and one soon falls into a bamboo dream. These sounds possessed Ervin tonight, and he whittled and carved and chopped at them with such diligence that it wouldn't have been surprising to see a pile of shavings at his feet at the end of each number. Evans was on hand again and sounded brighter, in his mother-of-pearl way, and there were rundowns by an intolerably arch singer named Carol Sloane, by Cannonball Adderley and his brother Nat, who ladled out their customary thin soul soup, and by a quasi-new-thing tenor saxophonist named Joe Henderson. By this time it was midnight, and I wondered if Newportitis, which causes bloated concerts, had begun to afflict Monterey, a festival long celebrated for its tidiness and economy.

The notion that jazz needs to be buttressed by m.c.s, narrators, and other such apologists dies hard. In fact, this afternoon, it almost stifled what turned out to be a magnificent performance. When the curtain opened, Jon Hendricks, the singer and people's poet, was seated before a dozen small children. He proceeded to read them a poem, written in couplets by himself, that was a loose history of the Negro in America, and every now and then he paused to allow the performers stationed behind him to sing and/or play. (These included Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton, Muddy Waters, Shaky Horton (a harmonica player), Mem-



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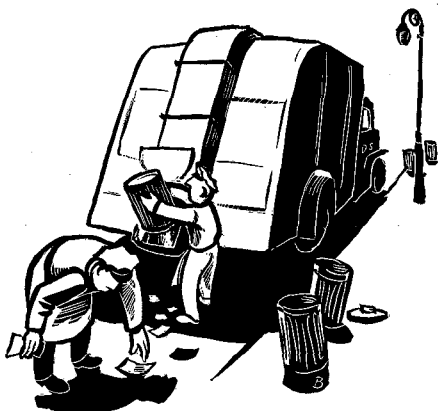
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phus Slim, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, and a rock-'n'-roll group called Jefferson Airplane.) Hendricks spoke repeatedly of the "children," by which he meant the Negro people and the squirming semicircle before him, and of the "un-Civil War," and then gave a facetious imitation of a slave auctioneer that had the audience braving itself hoarse. (O false art! If a real slave auction had been presented onstage, the audience would have fainted.) But the performers finally broke into the clear. Muddy Waters and Memphis Slim were in excellent voice (Memphis Slim sang one of his aching, tempoless blues), and Big Mama Thornton, an unheralded blues singer who rarely wanders from Oakland, where she lives, was empyrean. She is a giant woman, who affects short hair and ankle-length skirts, and she moves with the inimitable grace that only certain outsized people seem to possess. She has a fine contralto voice, and her sense of dynamics is striking. She can move from a whisper to a shout in one bar, and she knows Billie Holiday's trick of wandering along behind the beat and then pouncing on it by jamming five or six words together in one sustained note. She sang a dozen numbers, most of them blues, and their sheer power and invention and grace stayed with the listener well into the evening. It was marrow music. Jefferson Airplane and the Paul Butterfield Band were surprises. Jefferson Airplane (an inanimate name apparently chosen to offset the animate titles used by so many rock-'n'-roll groups) consists of two singers, two guitarists, a bassist, and a drummer. They sang and played two good blues, but it was too bad that their sole female member, Signe Anderson, wasn't given a number to herself. She has a strong, affecting voice, which was rarely audible. The Butterfield group includes two Negroes and four whites (electric harmonica, two electric guitars, electric organ, electric bass, and drums), who worked their way through three numbers, the last of which was a ten-minute collective free-for-all blues that had much in common with some of the new-thing scrambles. (I was told in Los Angeles that the newest rock-'n'-roll groups are tuning in on the new thing. A merger would be welcome and edifying.) The electronic din was terrific, but the music it amplified stayed afloat.

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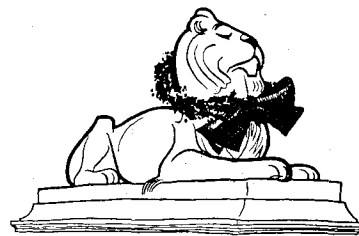
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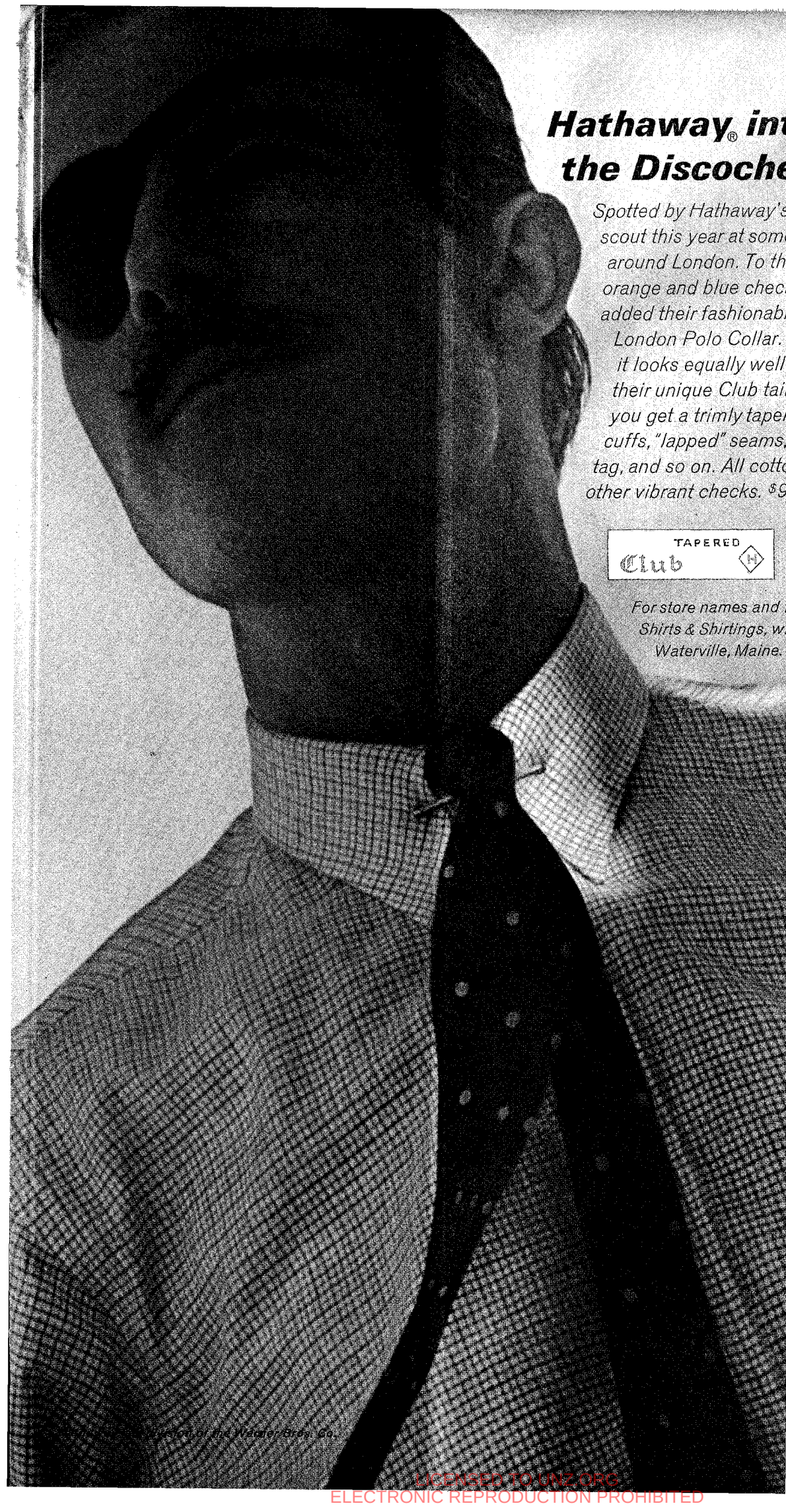
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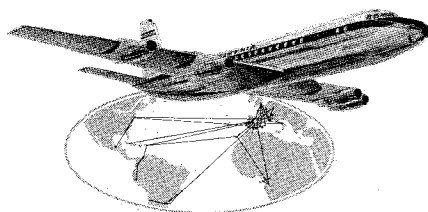
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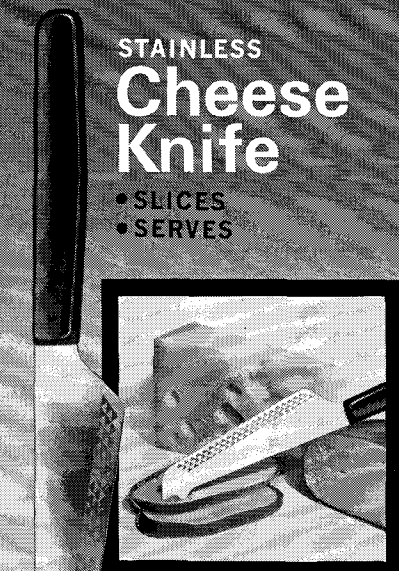
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on the market, and John Coltrane and Benny Carter have each bought one), and it has been proved that popular music is again moving toward jazz for sustenance and direction. More news was offered this afternoon: The four-four beat is practically dead. More than half the groups we have heard have used odd time signatures, and this afternoon Don Ellis and his twenty-piece band played five crowning numbers that were in five-eight, five-four, twenty-seven-sixteen, seven-eight, and nine-four. The countdown alone on the twenty-seven-sixteen number took about a minute, and all through the number lips moved and heads nodded. The results here and elsewhere were mixed; melodic content was often sacrificed for rhythmic complexity. Nonetheless, the band plays with fire and precision, thanks to Ellis, who is a demonic and startling conductor. One could see him pulling difficult chords out of the brass and reed sections. Equally startling was Steve Bohannon, a nineteen-year-old drummer who plays with exceptional invention and authority. Ellis himself plays a special four-valve trumpet, which enables him to reach quarter tones more easily. He tends, accordingly, to quarter-tone it all over the scale, and at times he resembled an avant-garde Al Hirt. One cool observer summed up the band this way: "Man, it's just the Stan Kenton band of today. You remember, everybody thought what Kenton was doing in the forties was so strange? Well, they got used to it. And the same thing will happen with Ellis. People'll be dancing to him in twenty-seven-sixteen, and with their eyes closed, too."

Ellis was followed by Charles Lloyd, a tenor saxophonist and flutist, who wears new-thing clothes (an Army officer's jacket, tinted glasses, and bell-bottom trousers) but who appears to be on the verge of coating the leatherneck inventions of John Coltrane with the renaissance lyricism of Ben Webster. John Handy, the golden-throated alto saxophonist, was also present, but it had been a long afternoon, and Newportitis again set in.

Tonight was, with one exception, anticlimactic. Randy Weston, a blurred post-bop pianist, played for an hour and twenty-five minutes, in company with Ray Copeland, an earnest bebop trumpeter, Cecil Payne, another bebop holdover, and Booker Ervin. Denny Zeitlin, the bearded San Francisco psychiatrist and pianist, was fast and empty, and Carmen McRae demonstrated again that she is probably the

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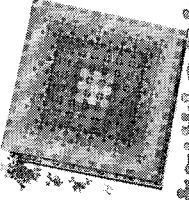
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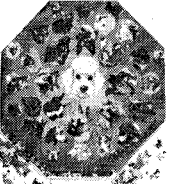
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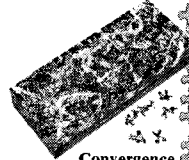
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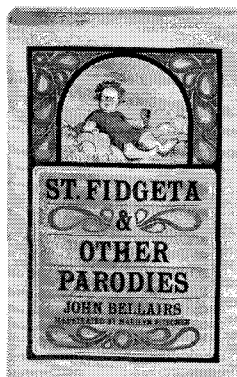
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most skilled—albeit mannered and brittle—popular singer alive. The Ellington band, in satisfactory form, closed the weekend, and accompanied Bunny Briggs in "David Danced Before the Lord With All His Might" and "Honeysuckle Rose." Briggs was, as usual, a total delight. He executed spinning, stomping offbeat steps; he raced from one side of the stage to the other, his feet clicking a thousand to the yard; he slid through huge, funny half-time strides and sudden running tiptoe steps; and, for good measure, he did the Frug and the Watusi. Even Johnny Hodges, who had spent an hour stonily contemplating the middle distance, watched.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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[Letter received by a Cleveland firm]

DEAR Mr. B—:

We received and have reviewed the general plan for the Franklin County Incinerator District No. 1.

Our only comment concerns the use of the terms "Incinerator," "garbage and rubbish," and "garbage and refuse." The entire industry is now known as the "Solid Waste Disposal Industry" and we have standardized on describing the material processed as "Solid Wastes" and the system for processing the material as a "Solid Waste Disposal System."

In Franklin County, one-third of the material to be disposed of is non-combustible rubble; nearly one-half is paper and wood; and only one fifteenth is garbage.

We suggest that the term "garbage and rubbish" is not broad enough; the term "garbage and refuse" is redundant since garbage is refuse; and both tend to emphasize "garbage" as a major part of the problem which is no longer factual.

We further suggest that the term "Incinerator District" is not truly descriptive of the processes under consideration since interim landfill, sterile landfill, incineration, and future composting are all proposed for the disposal of the solid wastes produced in Franklin County. We recommend the title "Franklin County Solid Waste Disposal District" be used.

We recognize that the district is named in Section 343.04 of the Revised Code as a "Garbage and Refuse Disposal District" and probably must be described as such at least once in this plan, but we would like to play this down as much as possible.

Frankly, our major objection to the usage of the terms incinerator and garbage is a matter of public relations. Incinerator plants, garbage burners, dumps, and landfills, are very difficult to "sell," especially to persons living in the vicinity of the proposed sites for these facilities. We have and will continue to make a strong effort toward usage of these new descriptive names and we are hoping that the old obnoxious names are forgotten.



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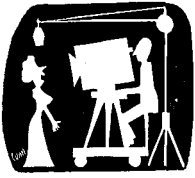
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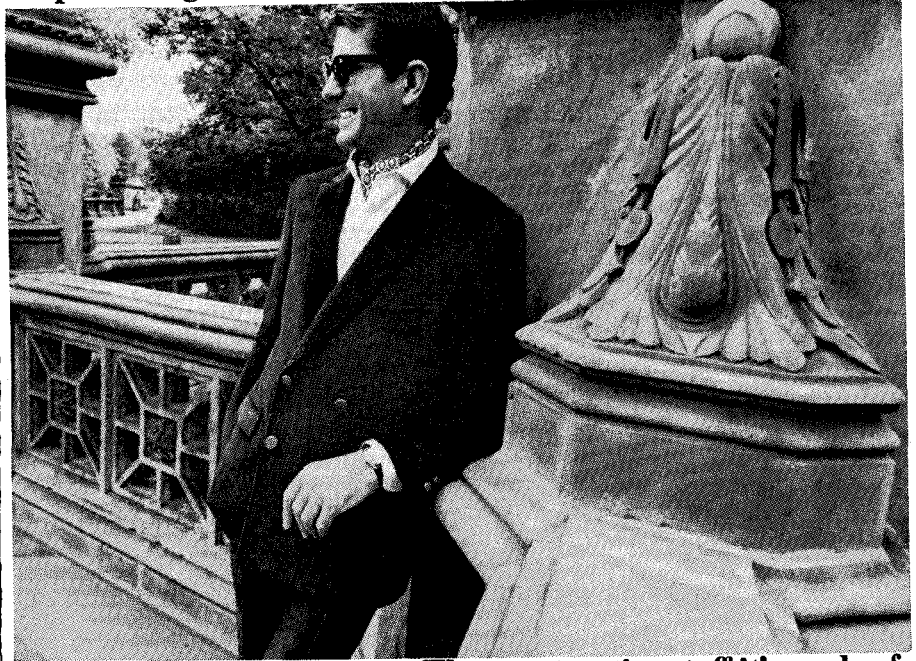
At Least



"STAGE 67" (10 to 11 P.M. on Wednesdays) is the American Broadcasting Company's big effort this year to lure back to his darkened and cobwebbed TV set a species of recalcitrant gentlefolk referred to in the trade press as "the elite viewer." Much money has been spent. Much talent has been signed. Many ballyhoos have been ballyhoosed. Words and phrases like "quality" and "culture" and "programmatic leadership" flutter out of open windows above Sixth Avenue and fall like stones upon the heads and shoulders of innocent bystanders on the street below. I saw the two shows shown so far, and they seemed fine. They were very professional. I can't imagine what the elite viewer is going to do about all this. In the first place, the phrase "the elite viewer" automatically conjures up in my mind the figure of somebody like Baron von Thyssen, which isn't helpful. In the second place, whoever the elite viewer may be, my guess is that he's been so traumatized by television entertainment in the past, cultural and non-cultural, that, except for football games, live coverage of Chiang Kai-shek invading the mainland of China, Errol Flynn in "Montana," and an occasional debauch into "The Dick Van Dyke Show," he wouldn't sit in front of a turned-on TV set at ten in the evening if the poet Whittier himself were scheduled to appear and read a selection of his poems. (Who knows? Maybe *especially* if the poet Whittier were scheduled to appear and read a selection of his poems.) But I think A.B.C. has done a good job so far. Television people talk a lot about "quality programming," of course, and that tends to put one off, especially since they generally talk about it in a fashion, or in a language, that tends to make the teeth curl. ("We all need to prime the creative pump again to help produce the talents that will give us the cream now and the bread and butter later," a quality-program television exec declared the other day.) But what television people seem to be able to do nowadays, when they put their minds to it, and spend some money, and don't go out of their way to be foolish, is to turn out something that is at least creditably professional and workable as entertainment. At least, and at most.

The first of the "Stage 67" pro-

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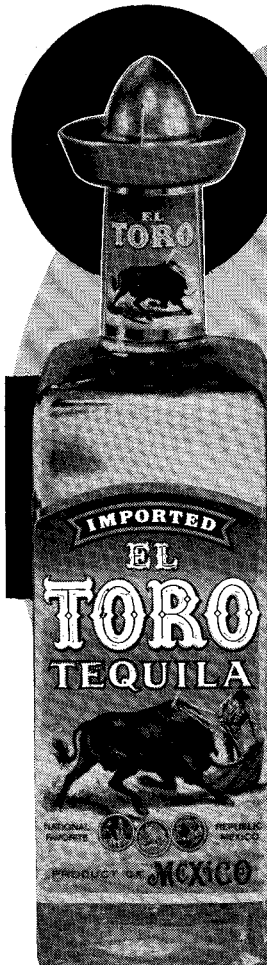


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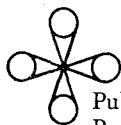
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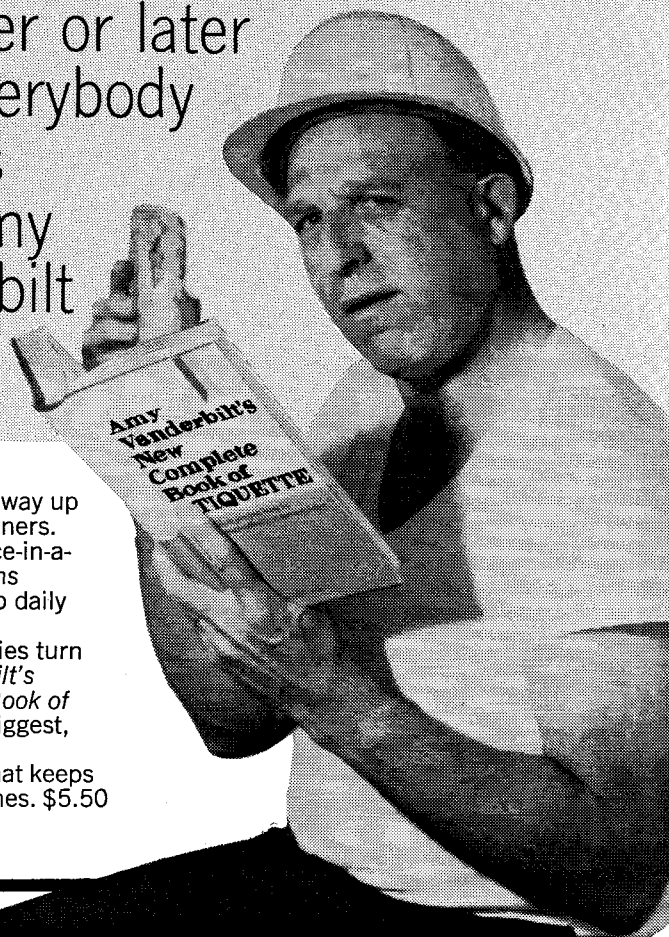
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DOUBLEDAY



grams I saw was called "The Love Song of Barney Kempinski," which had been written by Murray Schisgal, the author of "Luv." It starred Alan Arkin, an actor I greatly like, and was really, I thought, a pretty nice show. Admittedly, Schisgal has a tendency to slip into Schisgalesque, a quaint Basque village across the river from Saroyan-esque, when he isn't watching the road carefully, and maybe "Barney Kempinski" had a little too much of that. And too many cute, fey, funny bits of business that didn't quite make it. Even so, the whole thing had a nice flow, some great shots of New York (what's the matter with having some great shots of New York?), a decent idea, and—yes, well, Alan Arkin.

The second offering, "Dare I Weep, Dare I Mourn" (I thought everybody had agreed to stop using titles like that), didn't have Alan Arkin, and was in many ways a cut below "Barney Kempinski," or maybe two cuts—less ambitious, less inventive, less "poetic." But it seemed to hang together better as entertainment. There certainly wasn't anything extraordinary about the story, which, one gathers, had been somehow extracted from a piece of writing by John le Carré, and was set, naturally, in the Master's favorite locale, East Berlin—which, as everyone knows, is *the* contemporary, serious, on-the-cheap, Brechtian locale, where each day the drama of life and death, freedom and repression, democracy and totalitarianism, etc., etc., is played out against a stark gray metallic sky, and where you can always spot one of the principal le Carré characters because it is always raining on him or has recently been raining on him or is just about to rain on him. James Mason played the No. 1 Raincoat (actually, it was an overcoat, but, as is customary, he never took it off), and I'm not going to tell you what the story was about, because it would sound sillier than it seemed at the time. The truth is, I think this sort of stuff is all right. It was very well done. All those things, such as sets and costumes and camerawork, that I get so fed up reading about in reviews were very well done. So go to it, A.B.C. And let me know what you hear from von Thyssen.

—M. J. ARLEN

Although American Indians did not use the boomerang, they used an atlatl, or throwing stick which did not come back.

—Wilmington Evening Journal.

It was not without its advantages.

BOOKS

VERSE



WE have learned not to hate, fear, or deride the art and literature of our day, and we have developed new (or at least

newly sharpened) sets of critical tools to deal with those uses of the imagination we like to consider "modern." No infallible method has been found, however, for the tracking down of the moment when the transitional becomes the fixed, when experiment begins to harden into orthodoxy. After a half century during which poetry in English has been encouraged toward a free drift and flux, on the one hand, while it has been given the stiff, formal admonitions of "the new criticism," on the other, it is interesting to come upon an anthology that seems to announce, as far as American poetry is concerned, the emergence of a recognizable although still fairly fluid pattern of contemporary conventions, of a cluster of accepted attitudes, of what is proving itself to be a highly accessible style.

That this anthology should have been openly designed as a textbook ("to meet the needs of a variety of classroom situations") may or may not arouse and hold the attention of the ordinary reader. Short biographies, checklists of a poet's major writings and of things written about him, expository (but not critical) notes on individual poems—this sort of scholarly apparatus has its own kind of charm as well as its undoubted usefulness. And, although academics are supposed to be slightly behind the times, the three learned editors of "American Poetry" (Harper & Row), having advanced briskly through the Colonial period, the entire nineteenth century, and the first forty years of the twentieth, conclude with a group of "eight of the best poets who began to publish in the 1950s and 1960s." It is a relief to be pre-

sented with the solid and broad labors of Professors G. W. Allen, W. B. Rideout, and J. K. Robinson in a period when the latest manifestations of the poetic "modern" seem, as a British critic recently remarked, to be running toward parody or chaos. The British, by the way, have lately examined this impressive volume (nearly seven hundred poems, more than a thousand pages) with meticulous care, and a good deal of sympathy, in a full-page review in the *Times Literary Supplement*. The interest and appeal of "American Poetry" are, naturally, centered differently for the American, as opposed to the British, reader. The *Times* review ends by gracefully quoting a remark by T. S. Eliot—that Emerson escaped "a certain vulgarity which marks all the great Victorians"—and by crediting the entire body of American verse with a touching "wistfulness of radical innocence." The volume's centers of usefulness are perhaps three. In the first place, the editors (after giving Edward Taylor, writing metaphysical poems in a howling wilderness, his just due) go on to settle

the nineteenth century's business with all the thoroughness that Browning assigned to his grammarian. Secondly, we find ourselves, in the first part of the twentieth century, at a meeting point of several by now conventional and "received" attitudes toward its extraordinary productions. Here it is often the omissions that count. Finally, we get a good sample, with those eight youngest poets, of the poetic style that evolved just yesterday, is widely prevalent today, and, one might expect, will penetrate a largish section of tomorrow.

Let us look briefly at what has happened to the nineteenth century, under these editors' informed scrutiny. Restitution has been made to two neglected figures: to Jones Very (1813-80), admired by Emerson, whose mysticism burned with a supra-Unitarian intensity, and to Frederick Tuckerman (1821-73), a minor master of the sonnet form. But it is the largeness and completeness of the selections that are truly impressive. All has been sown with a full and generous hand, so the variety and the striking originality of the period's poetry (once considered

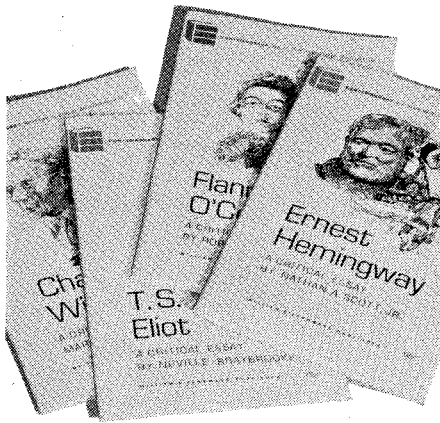
so tightly tied to Victorian contemporaries) are brilliantly displayed—the neglected (and remarkable) longer poems of Poe, Longfellow's delicate best, Melville's awkward profundities, Emerson's valid transcendent moments, Whitman from youth to age, Emily Dickinson in force, and dated according to the latest and best research. The poets of true originality and idiosyncratic power having come into their own, quarrels with many of the assumptions and with the forms and the diction of the period as a whole dwindle, while an all-over impression of the time's imaginative energy is inescapable.

We now come to the editors' summing up and showing forth of what they have agreed to be the heart of those works, written



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just before and directly after the 1914-18 war, that announced, in England and America, a long-overdue revolt. Delayed French influences, once they were released, hit hard, and Americans, history tells us, were everywhere in the vanguard of the fray. "American Poetry" gives a splendid view of many major engagements, including "Cantos I and II" and a comprehensive Eliot, through "Ash Wednesday." Here scholarly care outdoes itself: every scrap of foreign quotation is translated, and knotty passages yield to a clearheaded frontal attack. But the scope begins to narrow. The lyric poets *pur-sang* (with some notable exceptions, such as Frost) disappear, having been relegated to that "great mass of versifiers" who would, evidently, disturb the editors' plan to study their poets "in depth." Neither Edgar Lee Masters nor Vachel Lindsay is present, nor do we come upon Edna Millay or Elinor Wylie. Too simple, too vulgar, too Romantic? Carl Sandburg squeaks through, along with Robinson Jeffers, but W. H. Auden's long standing (not in the twenties, it is true) as an American citizen is overlooked. Wallace Stevens, that darling of professors, is well represented indeed.

In the case of close contemporaries, no bursts of vituperation or exhortation occur. The only connection with Beat rhetoric or attitude shows up in the selections from Robert Creeley, and these are frequently so slowed down that they seem to stutter a little. Although what has been called "the pathos and narcissism of existentialism" has to a certain extent worn itself out, secularized fear and trembling and an earthbound sickness unto death have become orthodox. The poets produce little anecdotes of anxiety, and these often resemble each other so closely that they can be interchanged from poet to poet. Discontinuity, fragmentation, and extreme illogicality have been around for a long time, but a kind of maundering logic, taken over from the later (and worse) Stevens, hinders intensity; many younger writers seem gloomy and dispirited rather than profound, and the original cold ferocity has disappeared from Surrealism. We are continually reminded that the subconscious, when dredged up without skill or imagination, can be every bit as tiresome as the conscious. But we are given examples of Robert Lowell, early and late, of Alan Dugan's real bitterness, of Theodore Roethke's varied insights into a long perspective of experience, of Richard Wilbur's authentic lyricism. Otherwise: a heartless immobility, post-

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—HORACE SUTTON, *Saturday Review*

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Surreal deadpan and throwaway, flicks of wit, flattened-out moods of nostalgia, in a poetry that dissembles more than it projects. But as we have seen, as we have applied ourselves to the rich material gathered between the covers of "American Poetry," nothing lasts forever, and it is the unexpected that always happens. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FOURTH HORSEMAN OF MIAMI BEACH, by Albert Halper (Norton). Mr. Halper's sombre tale of frightened middle-aged people takes a nightmarish tone from its background—the bright, efficiently run, sunshiny hotels and night clubs and cabañas of Miami Beach. In groups, Mr. Halper's characters have substance. Three or more of any of these people are better than one, because together their voices set up a chorus that offers some diversion—the kind of aimless, untaxing diversion offered by a radio disc jockey—and the companionship implied is real, even if it is based solely on the desire to please in order to be accepted. The chief characters are Leo Roth, a fifty-two-year-old dress manufacturer, and his cousin, Bernie Flugman, a compulsive gambler of forty-nine. Bernie has fled New York for two reasons. First, he has defrauded Leo of an enormous sum of money, and, second, he is in debt to some gangsters who intend to kill him if he doesn't pay up. Leo, who is divorced and lonely, pursues Bernie to Miami, and the story seesaws between Leo's life with the retired, moneyed crowd and Bernie's frantic attempts to get "where the action is," so that he can mend his fortunes and pay his debts before it is too late. Mr. Halper's extraordinarily realistic and convincing writing would be powerful if even one of his characters had a touch of spirit, but in their moments of solitude these men are revealed as empty, pathetic, and dulled with calculation.

GENERAL

EDUCATION BY UNCLES, by Abigail Adams Homans (Houghton Mifflin). With unpretending charm, the niece of Charles Francis, Jr., Henry, and Brooks Adams recalls her girlhood. The author is the daughter of a second John Quincy, who, alone among his brothers, stayed close to home. Mrs. Homans

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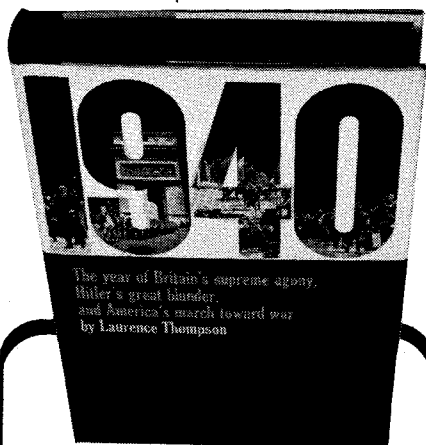
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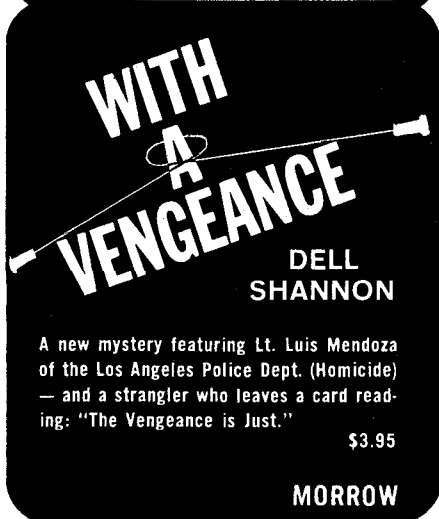
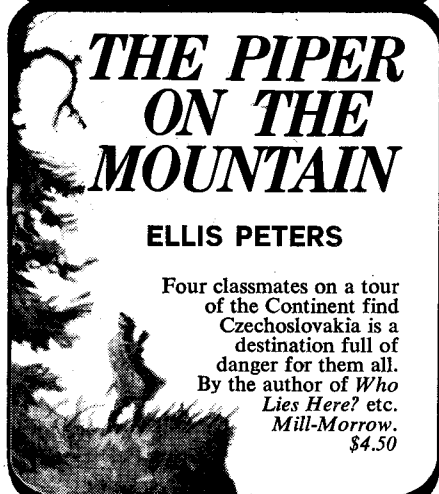
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therefore grew up in Boston and Quincy, but visits from or to her distinguished relatives increased her knowledge of the world in a manner that, as she describes it, was more haphazard than academic but wholly satisfactory. Though Henry and Brooks were considered by many of their contemporaries as odd, their young niece accepted them as children usually accept grownups in the family—as people who are formed and not to be questioned. Mrs. Homans loved them, she observed them, and now she describes them—and those difficult celebrities thereby become miraculously accessible.

AMERICA IN THE MARKET PLACE, by Paul H. Douglas (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Senator Douglas here clarifies the muddy subject of international trade in a brisk style that may reflect his having explained his ideas to his constituents. When he draws on his experiences as a legislator, he reminds the reader how domestic politics may affect foreign-trade policies, not to mention vice versa. The Senator believes that the largest free-trade area attainable would be the most desirable. He would like to see—ideally, that is—the Common Market, the European Free Trade Association (the Outer Seven), and the United States, plus others, form such an area. He does not think that we can get there by being namby-pamby; he regards many of de Gaulle's international-trade policies as destructive, and he regrets that the State Department has not always reacted very stiffly. Senator Douglas says much of value about dealings with undeveloped countries and about improving the current system of international monetary stabilization; he describes alternative policies and their pros and cons with the happy assurance of an expert who writes well.

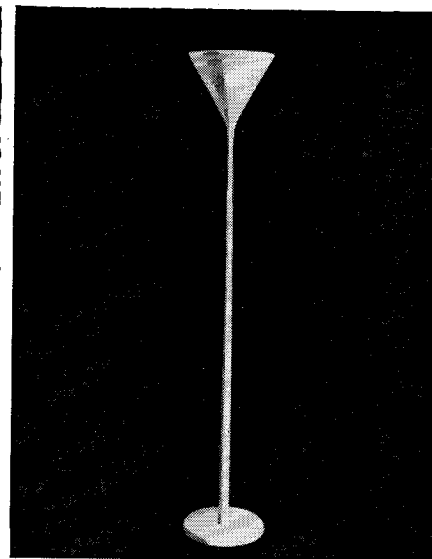
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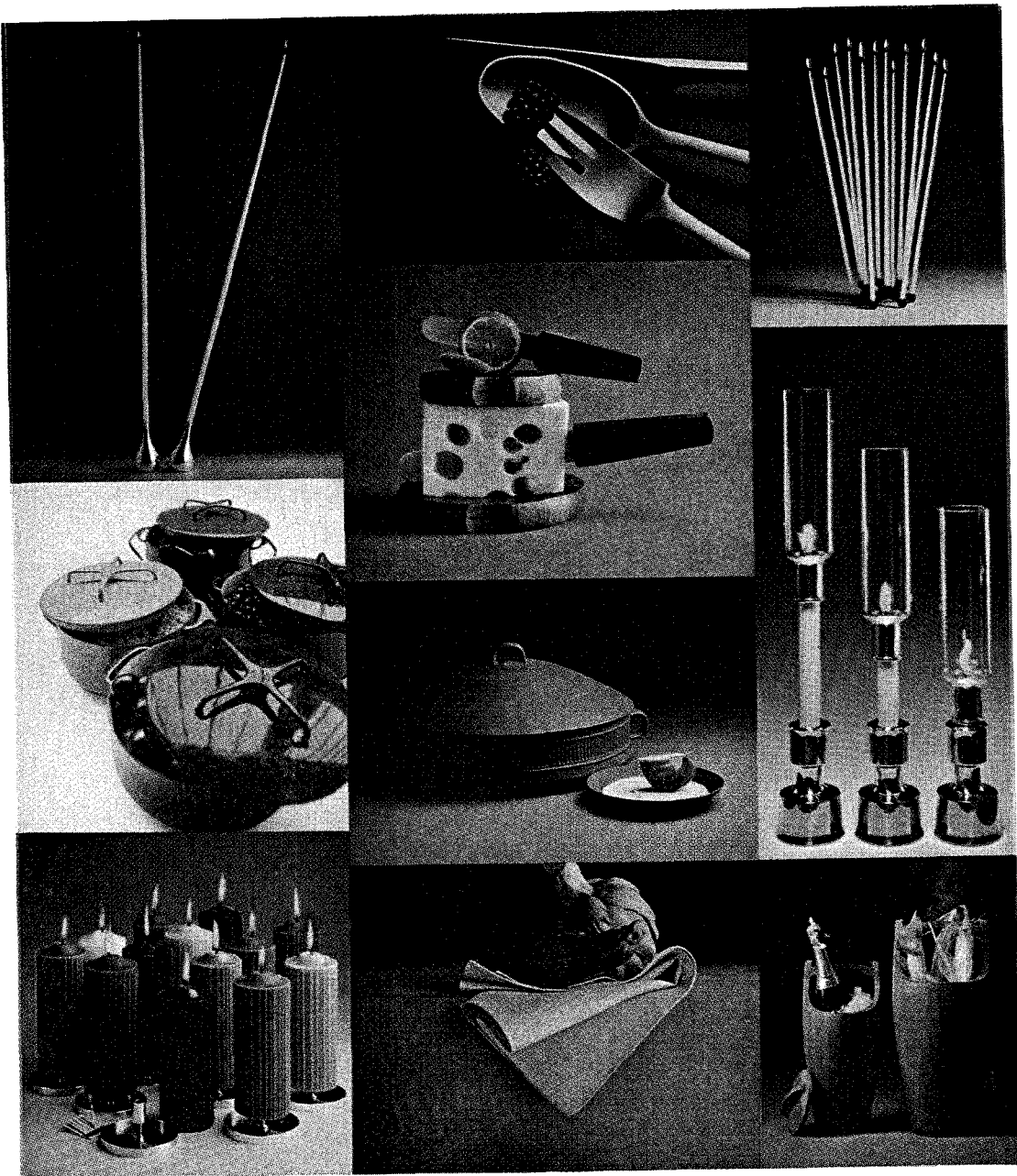
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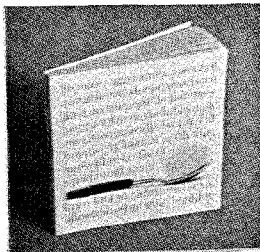
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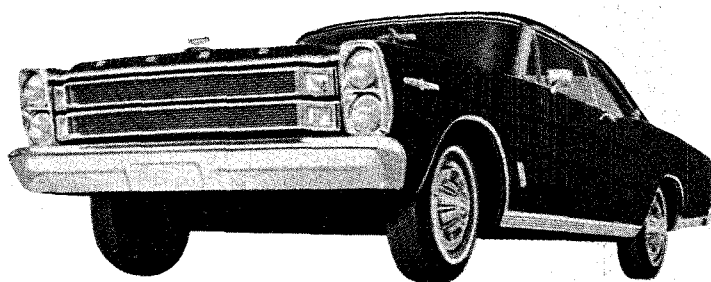
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